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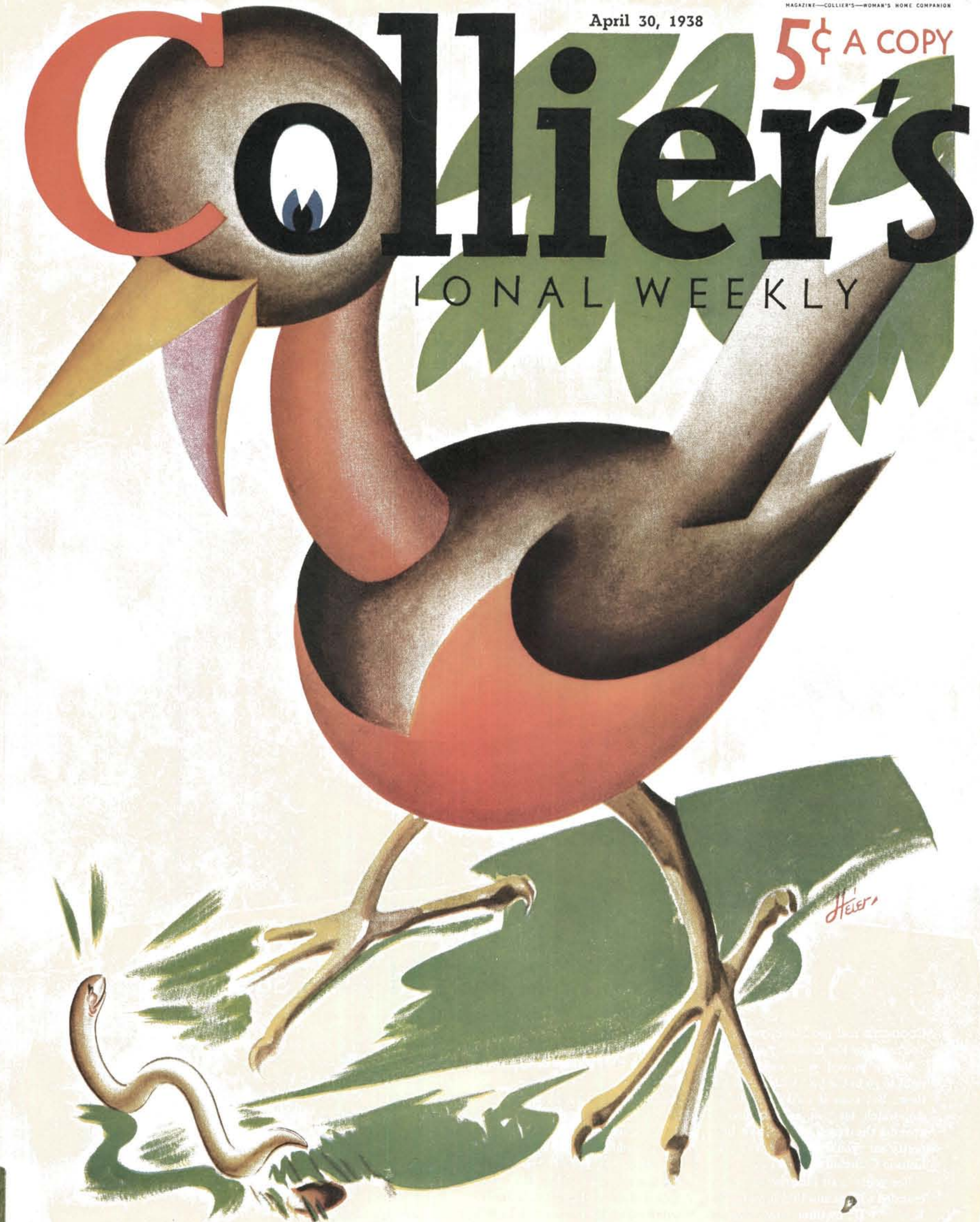
April 30, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

IONAL WEEKLY



Nothing Happens

BY DAM

IL 30, 1938

He's keeping a date made 20 years ago

GOOD-BYE and good luck, youngster! You're off for the Kentucky Derby!

You've proved your mettle—your right to go to the post with the best of them. But even if we'd never held a stop-watch on you as you breezed around the track, we'd have been pretty sure you'd be leaving today for historic Churchill Downs. . . .

For yours is an illustrious ancestry, crowded with names that have thrilled Kentucky Derby throngs over the past 20 years. In you are blended the forthright qualities of many a valiant thoroughbred. You're a stout-hearted fellow, with what it takes to win. So good luck!

. . .

Forthright qualities, blended together. That comes pretty close to describing *another* champion, too. We mean that glorious whiskey, Four Roses.

For you see, Four Roses is not just *one* fine straight whiskey. It's a combination of *several* straight whiskies—each outstanding for some special quality: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor*. Blended together, these whiskies merge *all* their virtues in *one* superlative liquor—*Four Roses!*

Four Roses is all whiskey—whiskey, every drop—and in it you'll find *every* superb quality that makes a whiskey truly great!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—
100% straight whiskies—90 proof

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated
Louisville & Baltimore

We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey, regardless of age or price

A Queen of Hearts at Seventeen must start at Seven to guard her Smile

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

EVEN at seven they're a perfect combination—little Mary Ann and her bright, sunny smile! And her dentist and her teachers and little Mary Ann herself want to *keep* that combination. Though she's only seven, Mary Ann has already learned the importance of massage to firm, healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth—and *practices* it, too!

Today's soft and creamy foods are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. For soft foods do deny our gums the work and stimulation they need for perfect health. Robbed of this work, gums tend to grow flabby, weak—and sooner or later your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

"Pink" on your tooth brush means only one thing—*see your dentist!* You may not be faced with serious gum trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will pronounce it a simple warning of underworked gums—gums that need more exercise—and he may suggest, as so many dentists often do, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

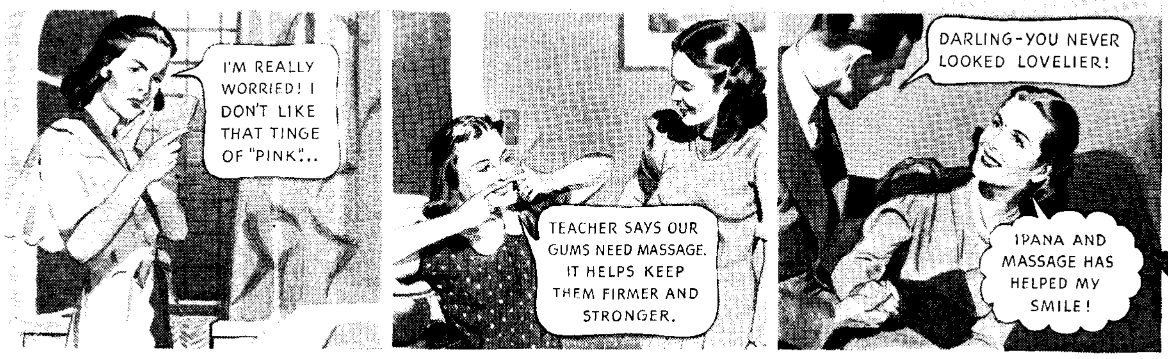
For with massage Ipana is especially designed to aid the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused in the gum tissues—gums tend to become stronger, teeth have a brighter look.

Schedule yourself for this healthful dental routine. Let Ipana Tooth Paste with massage help you to a more attractive smile!

* * *

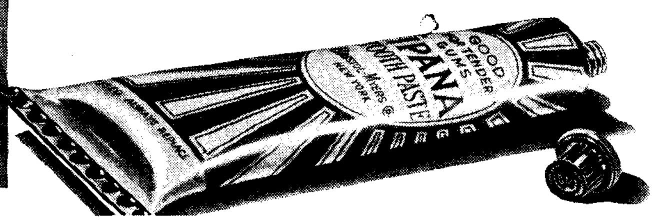
DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

EASY TO KEEP SMILES LOVELY WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE


I'M REALLY WORRIED! I DON'T LIKE THAT TINGE OF "PINK"..
TEACHER SAYS OUR GUMS NEED MASSAGE. IT HELPS KEEP THEM FIRMER AND STRONGER.
DARLING-YOU NEVER LOOKED LOVELIER!
IPANA AND MASSAGE HAS HELPED MY SMILE!

IPANA

Tooth Paste


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

April 30, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

IT WAS while she was at the opera that horror invaded the life of Rue Hatterick. Before that everything had been secure and serene. She had position, clothes, money, a handsome and famous husband. Afterward she lived in a nightmare world with no one in it she could trust. Suspicion of murder rested on her, and suspicion of everyone close to her made life hideous.

Into Rue's imposing and sedate Chicago home, where an undetected poisoner struck and struck again, Mignon G. Eberhart takes you to watch and to shudder. Her new mystery serial, "The Glass Slipper," begins next week.

TO THE newspapers, Matanuska Colony was a fine chance for jokes. They jeered at the "cream-puff pioneers" and they inquired discourteously whether Uncle Sam had to go so far to do so badly. But to the men and women who moved into the beautiful Alaskan valley the colony spelled the hope of a new life. W. B. Courtney went to see what shape their hopes had taken as they prepared the soil for their fourth season. In "Pilgrims' Progress" he reports what he saw and heard.

A LESSER man than Mr. Almus Wable might have been downhearted at the prospect. He was broke, he was out of a job, he was locked out of his room and he was in love. Mr. Wable was no ordinary man and he was situated in Washington, no ordinary town. By adroit manipulation of his four liabilities he was able to convert them all into tangible assets. "Capital Story," by Thomas McMorrow, explains this neat legerdemain.

THE clergyman disapproved of bingo, even under church auspices, so they asked him to come and see for himself. The experiment worked too well. He immediately opened up a competing game across the street. "With Benefit of Clergy," by Catharine Brody, describes the astounding sweep of this game.

IT WAS just a publicity stunt. Larry, the great lover of the radio, was to propose to Lucille, the sweetheart of the air waves. Only Lucille slipped up and said yes. And Larry's wife didn't like it. "No Time for Love" is by Richard English.

COLETTE writes the Short Short Story. Freling Foster obliges with a new set of barely credible facts. Kyle Crichton, Hortense Monath, Matt Taylor, Ernest Haycox, Louise Kennedy Mabie and others complete the issue.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

DAMON RUNYON
Nothing Happens in Brooklyn. Except battle, murder and sudden death. Page 9

RICHARD ENGLISH
Some Like It Simple. Love at a soda fountain. Page 12

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
A Proper Husband. When does a married man become a husband? Page 16

PETER PAUL O'MARA
Love and Learn. The First Citizen of Sin tries romance. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Little Children, by Edward Stevenson. Page 57

SERIAL STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOX
Man in the Saddle, Part V. Lead through the line cabin. Page 19

LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN
Sunset Voyage, Conclusion. Take to the boats! Page 20

ARTICLES

JIM MARSHALL
Farewell to Asia. Lo, the poor white man! Page 11

JOHN T. FLYNN
Shove Thy Neighbor. State eat state. Page 14

GROVER JONES
Star Shadows. Double, double, toil and trouble. Page 18

JACK MILEY
Evil Eye. Don't look now: it's Benny the hex-pert. Page 21

KYLE CRICHTON
Thar's Gold in Them Hillbillies. The world goes to school in Kentucky. Page 24

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Golden Waters. And regal trout. Page 30

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Take a long breath and try again. Page 6

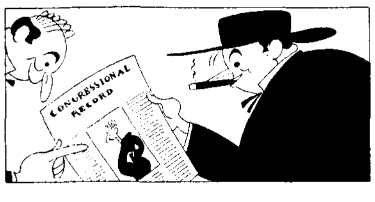
EDITORIAL
Blueprint of a Dictator. Page 78

COVER HENRY HEIER

Any Week

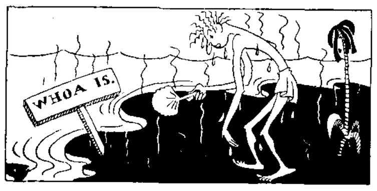
ONE of our less enthusiastic readers is Miss Louise Rice of New York City. She has doubts, too, about the authenticity of the letters we reproduce in this all too limited space. "I want," says Miss Rice, "to ask you a question, which I can best explain by a story. Last week I had to have a new secretary. One came, highly touted. But after taking dictation for half an hour she looked at me earnestly and said: 'Are these real words you use or do you just make them up as you go along?' "

WE ASSUME, therefore, that Miss Rice will not believe that we got a letter from Lieutenant Edgar O. Harper of Weippe, Idaho. We hadn't heard from Lieutenant Harper for years, having last seen him while we were helping him save the world (as it turns out) for a guy named Hitler. We may as well admit, before going any farther, that had we known what we were saving the world for we'd have let the whole silly business slide. Anyway, the lieutenant announces that he is about to run for Congress "advocating sufficient printing of currency to pay off the entire government bond issue, thereby forcing the holders of large amounts of currency to enter commercial enterprise and take the government out of business."



AND we almost don't dare tell you that we've one from Mr. Ike Scraper of Tulsa, Oklahoma, demanding to know "where members of Congress get all the false facts they print in the Congressional Record—from a special bureau that supplies them with misinformation or do they rely on the newspapers? Also, wouldn't it be a good thing to have illustrations in the Congressional Record to take up some of the space?"

BUT the next one we opened forced us to admit that some pretty suspicious stuff creeps into this department in spite of our eternal vigilance. For example, Major Josephus Bloodworthy of Lewiston, Maine, says that one of the Pacific islands that will doubtless be raked in by the United States is Whoa, "a coral atoll on which," says Major Bloodworthy, "the temperature is always from forty to fifty degrees hotter than the nearest island, which is two miles away. In fact," goes on Major Bloodworthy, "no one can live on Whoa more than an hour at a time, although an hour every now and then is very beneficial because Whoa is a natural open-air Turkish bath. The island was named for my great-uncle, a seafaring man named Captain Horace Whoa. He discovered it, being severely scalded in the process."



MR. ELLIS MacDOUGALL of San Antonio, Texas, dropped in to tell us that he had just come from Washington, where he filled his eye and warmed his heart, to say nothing of what happened to his ears, watching the Honorable Maury Maverick slappin' the country right back down its own throat. "A lot of us people in Texas are thinkin' about Maury for President," said Mr. MacDougall. "But some ain't. Before he was elected to Congress, Maury was an easygoin' feller who didn't do any more shoutin' than the feller next to him. But now we don't rightly know whether all the noise Maury is makin' is on account of the way things are goin' in Washington or just Maury."

FROM our stanch admirer, Mr. Jim Pierce of Hermosa Beach, California, comes the following encouraging note addressed to the Editor: "Please fire the guy who edits Any Week. I swear solemnly that I will not waste another nickel and then I get to wondering what the mug will get off and another nickel is gone. If he needs the money give him some other job on the magazine. Selecting cartoons, for instance. He can't do any worse than the guy who is doing that now. If you can't do that, make him editor. He couldn't be crazier than you are. But maybe you better can him and get it over with. No matter what you do, it's bound to be wrong."

AND Mr. Joseph Coody of Manchester, New Hampshire, insists that we put him on record as "irrevocably in favor of saving this country from worse than death by electing to the White House the man who would be to the nation what Tom Dewey has been to New York City—United States Senator Harry S. Bridges." He adds: "In all the essential virtues, Senator Bridges is exactly like the greatest President in our history—Calvin Coolidge."

RETICENCE, for example. W. D.

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To PROSPECTIVE FATHERS

THOUSANDS and thousands of American mothers are going safely through childbirth each year. One reason is because more prospective fathers have learned how to anticipate and provide needed care and attention which some expectant mothers hesitate to request.

Just as soon as his wife believes she is going to have a baby, the modern husband should get in touch with a competent doctor who can give her first-class care. Then he accompanies his wife on her first visit to the doctor's office, giving her added confidence, answering many of the doctor's questions and receiving the medical information every prospective father should possess.

The more enlightened modern husbands become, the more they want to share the problems of their wives. Realizing the value of peace and serenity, they do all within their power to maintain a happy and unworried home atmosphere.

If your wife expects a baby, be a modern husband. Remember that scientific maternity care, *from the very beginning,* is vitally important both to her and to your unborn child. Have her consult a qualified doctor at once and at regular intervals until after your baby is born.

Doctors and nurses can do a great deal to keep expectant mothers well and comfortable. They can help to give unborn babies healthier and stronger bodies and to make their arrival easier and safer.

A postcard will bring you a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet "Information for Expectant Mothers" which contains much additional information for both parents-to-be. Address Booklet Department 538-C.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, ***Chairman of the Board*** **ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.** **LEROY A. LINCOLN,** ***President***

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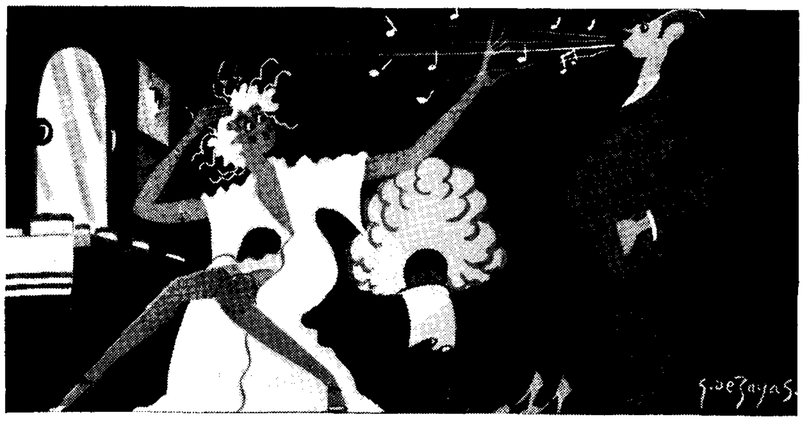


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In numerous parts of the world, whistling still is viewed with much superstition. Moslems call it "devil's music" and Icelanders believe it violates a divine law. Whistling in mines and theatrical dressing rooms is said to court disaster. Many languages have proverbs on its consequences, such as the French maxim: "A hen that crows and a girl who whistles bring the house bad luck."

The world's oldest patent medicine is "Singleton's Golden Eye Ointment," which was put on sale in London in 1596 by a Dr. Johnson. Since then it has been sold continuously in the majority of the chemists' shops of Great Britain.

A wealthy woman of Tamise, Belgium, died in 1925 and left a will in which all her living relatives were to participate, even those twelve times removed from her immediate family. She expected about two hundred such heirs. However, several genealogists have just completed the work and have found 4,760 of these unknown and unnamed beneficiaries.

According to occupational experts, there are at least 25,000 ways of earning a living in the United States today.—*By Gladys M. Relyea, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Although Calvary is one of the most sacred and important sites in Christendom, it is mentioned only once in the entire Bible—in St. Luke 23:33.

Early North American Indians are known to have used more than 1,100 different kinds of plants for food. The lily family contributed ninety varieties, including eighteen species of onions.—*By A. C. Hull, Jr., Ogden, Utah.*

The coin-testing mechanism in a new automatic vending machine takes silver only and subjects the coin to ten separate tests in less than two seconds.

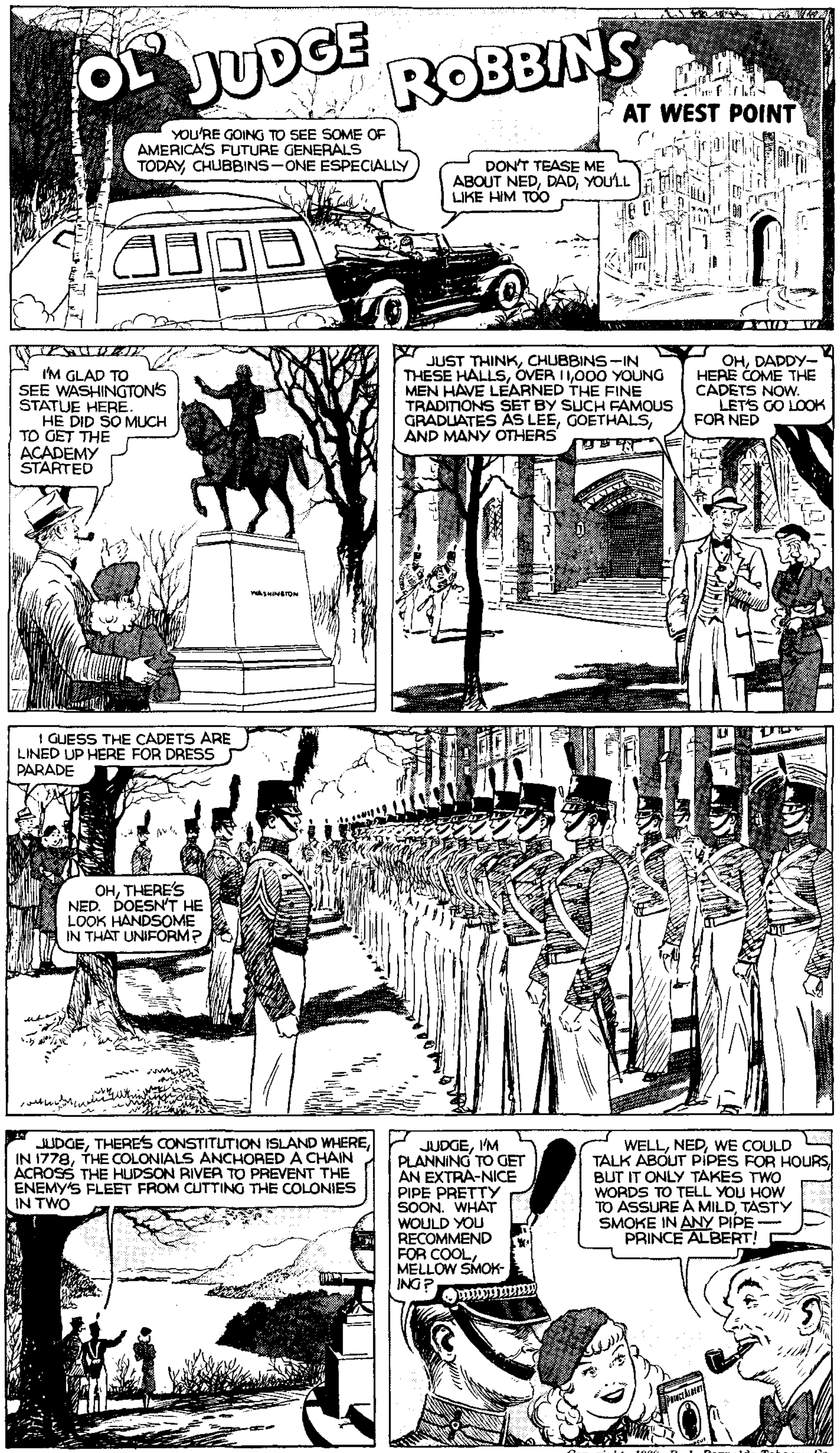
In old New England, many fashionable families set aside one room in their home as a "death chamber,' where they kept their dead until the time of the funeral. Covered with black wallpaper and furnished with a few benches, it was locked—and avoided—between these sad occasions.—*By Betty Peacock, Columbia, Missouri.*

Because water pressure increases with depth, fish constantly but slowly have to adjust the pressure in their swim bladder, as they move from one level to another, to avoid sinking below or rising above their desired depth. That is why, when a body of water is dynamited and fish are killed, those that were momentarily too buoyant come to the surface while the others sink to the bottom.—*By John E. Windram, Scotch Plains, New Jersey.*

One of the most persistent falsehoods on record is the story about the "Black Hole of Calcutta," in which 123 out of 146 British soldiers were alleged to have died of suffocation on the night of June 19-20, 1756, in a little cell in a Calcutta fort. Although the tale has been disproved by many historians no progress has been made toward the removal of the memorial and the elimination of the story from history books.

To avoid disturbing fellow classmen in near-by rooms, the students of Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, usually applaud a speaker by snapping their fingers.—*By Harry Leach, Brunswick, Maine.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT WEST POINT
YOU'RE GOING TO SEE SOME OF AMERICA'S FUTURE GENERALS TODAY, CHUBBINS—ONE ESPECIALLY
DON'T TEASE ME ABOUT NED, DAD, YOU'LL LIKE HIM TOO
I'M GLAD TO SEE WASHINGTON'S STATUE HERE. HE DID SO MUCH TO GET THE ACADEMY STARTED
WASHINGTON
JUST THINK, CHUBBINS—IN THESE HALLS, OVER 11,000 YOUNG MEN HAVE LEARNED THE FINE TRADITIONS SET BY SUCH FAMOUS GRADUATES AS LEE, GOETHALS, AND MANY OTHERS
OH, DADDY—HERE COME THE CADETS NOW. LET'S GO LOOK FOR NED
I GUESS THE CADETS ARE LINED UP HERE FOR DRESS PARADE
OH, THERE'S NED. DOESN'T HE LOOK HANDSOME IN THAT UNIFORM?
JUDGE, THERE'S CONSTITUTION ISLAND WHERE, IN 1778, THE COLONIALS ANCHORED A CHAIN ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER TO PREVENT THE ENEMY'S FLEET FROM CUTTING THE COLONIES IN TWO
JUDGE, I'M PLANNING TO GET AN EXTRA-NICE PIPE PRETTY SOON. WHAT WOULD YOU RECOMMEND FOR COOL, MELLOW SMOKING?
WELL, NED, WE COULD TALK ABOUT PIPES FOR HOURS, BUT IT ONLY TAKES TWO WORDS TO TELL YOU HOW TO ASSURE A MILD, TASTY SMOKE IN ANY PIPE—PRINCE ALBERT!

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★JOIN THE ARMY OF JOY-SMOKERS!★

Here's the world's favorite pipe tobacco for MILDNESS and RICH TASTE

DOES PRINCE ALBERT PACK AND DRAW BETTER—SMOKE COOLER AND MELLOWER? YOU BET! TRY IT AND SEE!
INSTRUCTOR

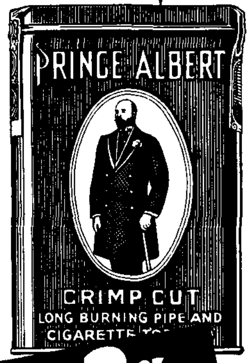
IT'S BETTER TOBACCO. THAT'S WHY PRINCE ALBERT HAS THAT FULL, RICH TASTE. AND THERE'S NO RAWNESS—P.A.'S NO-BITE TREATED!
CAPTAIN

MONEY-BACK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

P.A. IS MADE TO ORDER FOR BETTER "MAKIN'S" SMOKES TOO!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE

THE BIG 2 OZ. TIN
SO MILD SO TASTY

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

FACTS FOR BUYERS OF LOW-PRICED CARS

1. There are Important Differences among the 3 Leading Lowest Priced Cars.
2. The new Plymouth is Outstanding for Roominess and Comfort.
3. Plymouth's amazing new ride is the year's sensation among low-priced cars.
4. You'll save money with Plymouth—in gas, oil, upkeep, long life, resale value.

FIND OUT ABOUT THE 1938 PLYMOUTH!

1. "Are the three leading lowest priced cars about alike?" Only in price! The new Plymouth is nearly 7 inches longer than one...more than 10 inches longer than the other!

2. Plymouth's new ride is the year's sensation among low-priced cars. It steers faster, handles much easier.

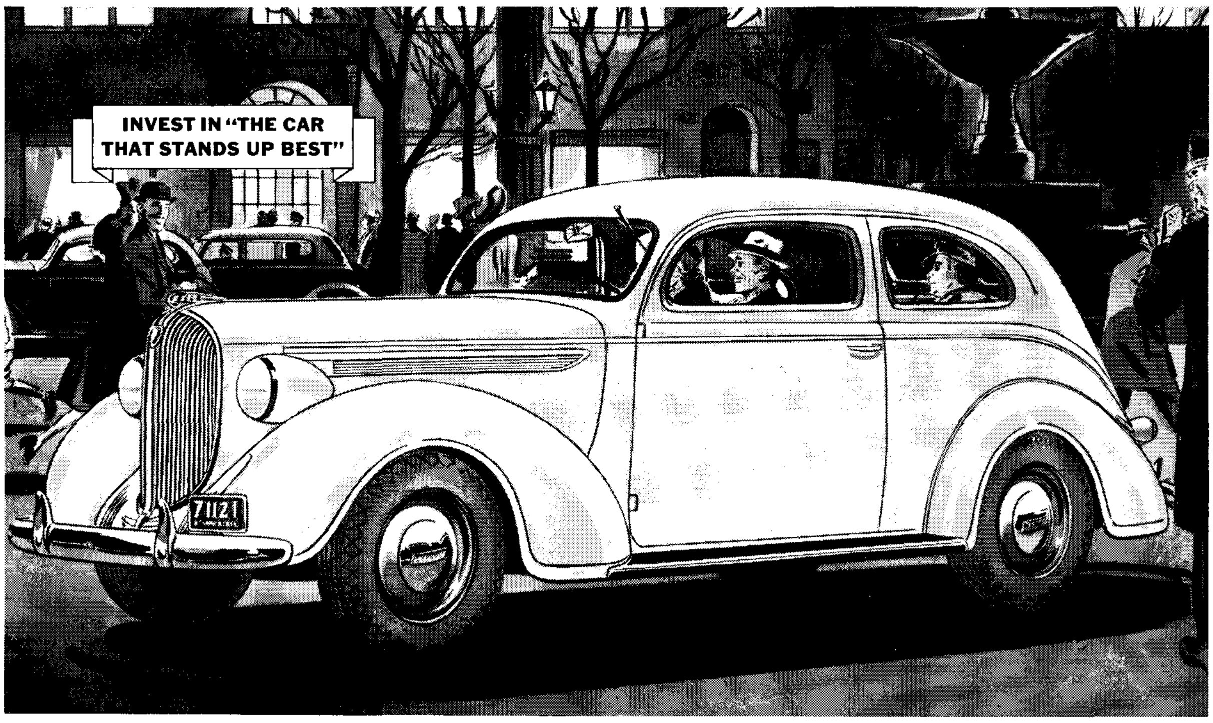
3. Annoying jolts, rumble and road vibration are blocked out by Plymouth's unique rubber body mountings and four big airplane-type shock-absorbers.

4. All Plymouth models have the same full-powered, 6-cylinder, "L-head" engine with patented Floating Power engine mountings which account for Plymouth's amazing smoothness.

5. Plymouth *alone* offers the protection of self-equalizing, double-action hydraulic brakes, all-steel body and the new Safety Styled interior.

6. Plymouth owners report 18 to 24 miles on gas...lowest oil consumption. And they save on upkeep because of Plymouth's many long-life features.

Drive the new Plymouth today. Phone any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer for a demonstration. No obligation.


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"
71121

5-PASSENGER SEDAN
(Illustrated above)
$685

This is the Detroit delivered price. Other models as low as $645. And Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes are not included. Remember, the only way to know this beautiful 1938 Plymouth is to see it and *drive* it...compare it with other low-priced cars. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 to 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Thanks to Sir Thomas, even a Queen has nothing on Mrs. Jones!

Sir Thomas Lipton was official "Tea Merchant By Appointment" to three different Royal Families. But his famous tea can be enjoyed by Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry.

For anyone, everyone, can afford the best, due to the happy fact that today tea—even a tea as fine as Lipton's—costs less than any other beverage except water!

1. **No one** did more to bring down the price of tea than Sir Thomas Lipton. When he entered the business, he found hold-over ideas from days when tea was known only to royal lips and $50 a pound was a not unusual price.

2. **Sir Thomas pioneered** in the scientific cultivation and blending of tea. And besides developing a tea flavor finer than the world had ever known, he also worked out ways to grow tea for less . . to ship, handle and sell it for less.

3. **So today,** even though this famous tea merchant was honored by royalty . . . even though his tea is known in America and in six other leading tea-drinking nations as "the world's most delicious" . . . it is within the reach of everyone. It's the largest selling tea in the world.

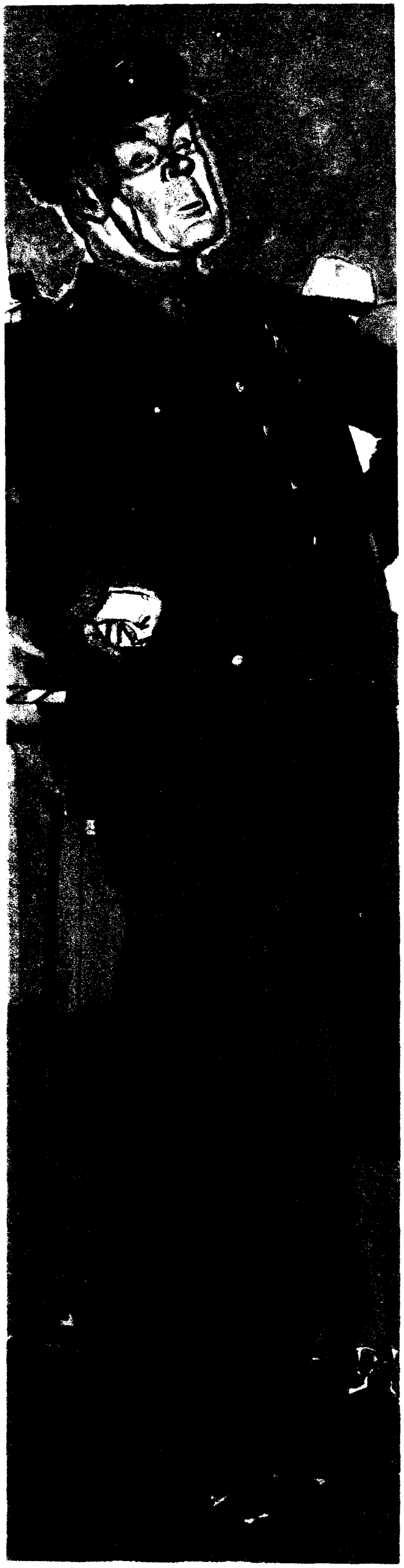
LIPTON'S TEA

4. **Buy a package** of Lipton's from your grocer today. Brew a clear, rich, inviting cup. As its enticing aroma arises and its delicious flavor warms you, you will understand why five great World's Fairs awarded top honors to Lipton's Tea . . . why the Great Tea Exposition of Ceylon and India proclaimed tea from Sir Thomas' own gardens "*The Choicest Tea Grown!*"

LIPTON
CEYLON
LIPTON'S
Known All Over the World for its Supreme Quality
FINEST TEA
LIPTON
ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE
TEA

The characters Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith are fictitious and represent no actual persons.

Collier's The National Weekly for April 30, 1938



Nothing Happens in Brooklyn

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

MONDAY night my wife Ethel ses to me Joe nothing ever happens in this Godforsaken part of Brooklyn. We might as well be dead and buried for all we ever see over here.

I ses look Ethel I have saw all I ever want to see and I am only too glad to get home to where it is peace and quiet after working hard all day. I ses anyway this part of Brooklyn is not Godforsaken. I ses my family the Turps have lived around here all my life and so has yours and none of them ever kicked about it much.

Ethel ses yes but nothing ever happens here. I get awful tired of setting around where nothing happens. I ses what do you want to happen? She ses well anything except morning noon and night. I would like to see something new and exciting now and then.

I ses well Ethel if you want a little excitement why don't you go down the street past the Cassidys' house. I ses I saw Mabel Cassidy going home just now and it is six thirty so she is bound to be late getting Jim's dinner and he will be boiling mad at her. I ses the fight is about due to start right now.

Ethel ses well that is not new or exciting and Jim Cassidy is no gentleman. He is awfully jealous of Mabel and every time she is two minutes late he thinks she stopped to talk to some fellow. I ses maybe she did and Ethel ses well all right suppose she did what harm is there in that? Does somebody's husband have to get jealous every time somebody talks to a fellow?

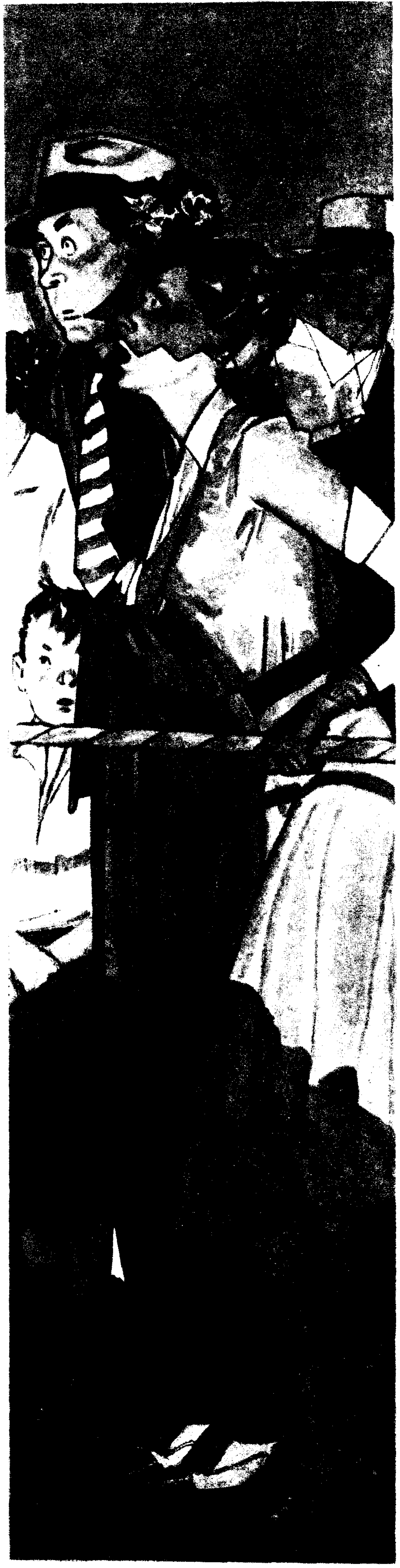
I SES no I guess not Ethel and she ses would you be jealous of me if I stopped to talk to some fellow? I ses what fellow? She ses any fellow. I ses of course not Ethel baby. I ses I would never be jealous of you and she ses now that's just it. You do not love me like Jim Cassidy loves Mabel or you would be jealous of me. Everybody is jealous of somebody they really love.

I ses listen Ethel sugar plum. I ses you know I love you ten times more than Jim Cassidy loves Mabel and to prove it I am going to give you a kiss and take you to the movies to see Joan Crawford. Ethel ses why that will be fine Joe and we can stop at the Cassidys' afterwards and find out what happened.

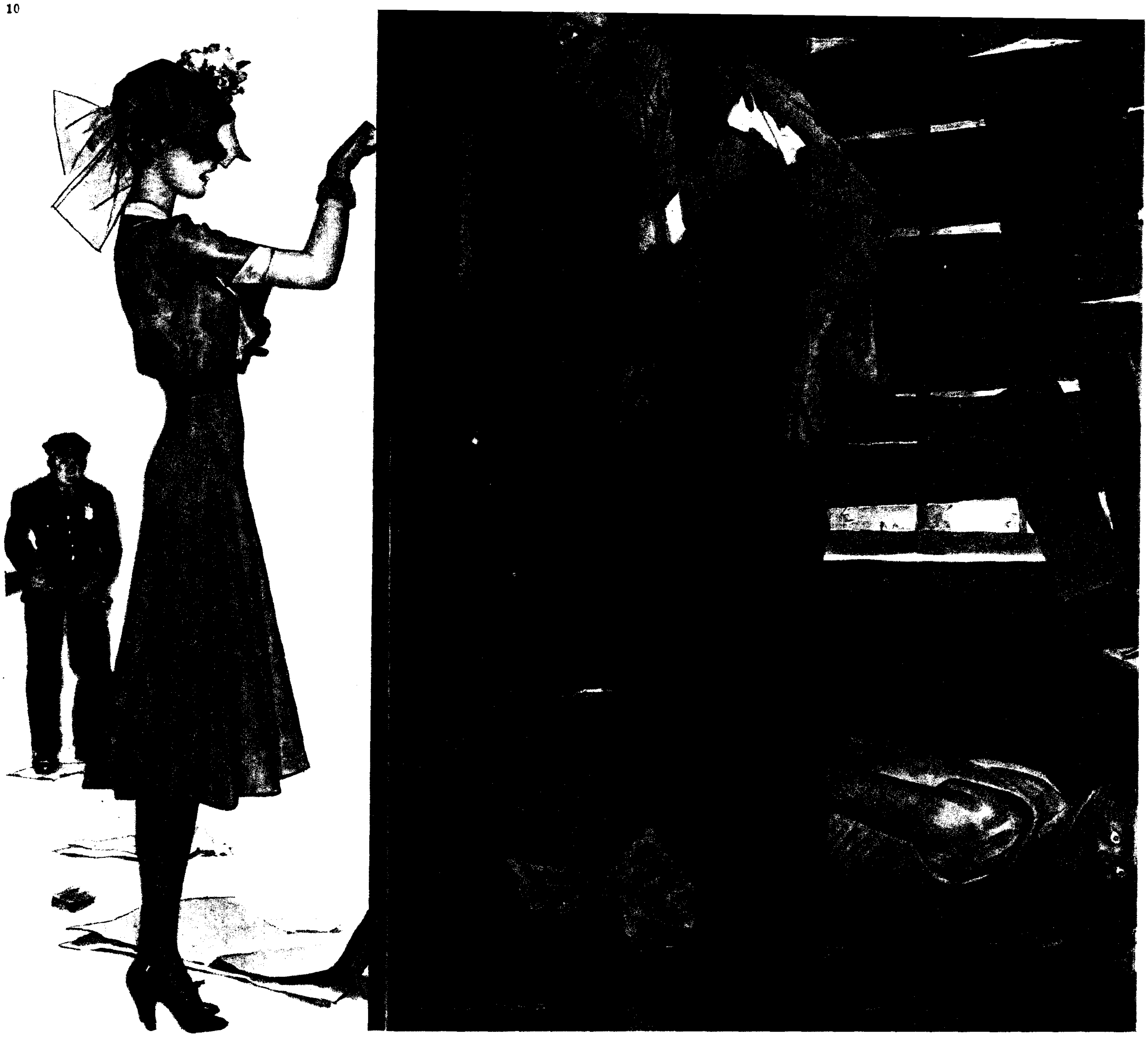
Tuesday night Clem Chambers who lived next door came knocking at our back door and when I opened it and ses hello Clem he ses Joe this neighborhood is getting terrible. Here I come home to visit my Moms and I find a cop setting out on our front steps with Myrt McGuire. It is enough to make a fellow feel like moving somewheres else.

My wife Ethel heard him and she ses why Clem that is only Petey Angelo setting there with Myrt. Clem ses I know who he is all right but he has got an awful gall setting there on our front steps when I want to see my Moms.

Ethel ses why Clem he has been setting somewheres with Myrt for six years and you know it and they are as much her front steps as they are yours. When people live in two-family houses upstairs and down the front steps belong to both. Myrtle



The cop ses if you feel like slapping somebody down just start slapping now



It is Ethel Turp Ethel ses and don't you go shooting off those pistols at me because I have got my new hat on

McGuire has been living downstairs next door as long as you have been living upstairs and that is since you was kids.

O Clem ses you are always taking somebody else's part and Ethel ses anyway if you want to see your Moms why don't you come around when you know Petey Angelo will be on duty over on Flatbush Avenue? Clem ses well Ethel I would only Petey is on duty in the daytime and you know I cannot come around this neighborhood in the daytime because I never get up early enough. My business keeps me going all night.

Ho Ethel ses that is not the reason. You are afraid people in this neighborhood would recognize you in the daytime and tell the cops. You better not let Petey see you or he will put you in the jail house. I hear every cop in this town is looking for you and so you better lay low.

Clem ses O let them look. Nobody is afraid of cops. Nobody cares anything about cops. Look at Petey Angelo setting there on my front steps. Would anybody be afraid of him? If Myrt was not out there with him I would go out and throw him into the street but that would make Myrt mad at me. He is the only fellow she ever had and I guess she is afraid of losing him.

I ses well Clem I guess you could throw Petey Angelo into the street all right unless he has got a lot stronger than he was when we was kids and you have got weaker. I ses it has always been a funny thing to me about Petey going on the cops because he was always such a quiet kid. I ses Clem do you remember the time you pulled him out of the water when we was swimming under the bridge at Sand Street and he was about to drown?

CLEM ses yes I remember it all right. I grabbed him by the hair and almost pulled it out by the roots and you and Johnny Cronin just stood there and hollered and never made a move to help me. I ses well Clem you know I could not swim so good and Clem ses I never noticed that either of you tried that day. I got a good belting from my old man God rest his soul when I went home for getting my clothes wet.

I ses well you saved Petey's life that day Clem and Clem ses so what? Now he is a cop. If I ever thought Petey was going to turn out to be a cop I would have let him drown. I hate cops. Still if I had let him drown Myrt would not have had no fellow now.

I ses you used to keep the big kids from picking on him too and Clem ses well I tell you I did not know he was going to turn out to be a cop. I ses I remember Myrt used to run to you any time anybody was going to do anything to Petey. I ses I guess Myrt liked Petey even when they was little kids and Clem ses you are getting to be a regular mind reader Joe.

Then Clem went to the front window and pulled the curtain to one side a little and peeped out and ses can you imagine the gall of that cop with his arm around Myrt and her red head on his shoulder? It makes me sick to my stomach. They are setting right where he would be bound to see me if I tried to go up our stairs too.

Ethel ses look Clem you must not talk like it was just any cop that had his arm around Myrt and her head on his shoulder. It is Petey Angelo and he has a right to have his arm there and her head there because they are in love. You thought you was in love with somebody once yourself Clem so do not make fun of things like that.

HO HO ho Clem ses. I thought I was in love did I? Well if I was I wound up behind the eight ball and anyway forget it Ethel and give me something to eat. I could plug that cop through the window from here if I wanted to but just think how mad Myrt would be. Ethel ses you better think how mad I would be. It would make me awfully impatient if you did a thing like that in my house.

Then Ethel went into the kitchen and got Clem some ham and eggs and he ate like he was half starved to death and while he was eating I ses listen Clem a nice swell-looking young fellow like you has no business to be around always dodging the cops. I ses you are getting a terrible reputation. I ses think how it worries your Moms not to know where you are or what you are doing. I ses why don't you settle down and get a job?

(Continued on page 74)

Farewell to Asia

By Jim Marshall

TO THE infrequent tourists of 1938 China looks much the same as it always did—the same great sprawling plains with their innumerable rice paddies, the same dirty old cities with the same tide of blue-clad humanity flowing through their narrow streets, the same haggling for jewelry in Peiping, for silks and brocades in Shanghai.

The tourists ride around through the "war-devastated areas" and click their cameras at the burned shells of buildings, at bomb craters, at deserted concrete pillboxes—or at such of these as the Japanese permit them to look at. They buy picture postcards showing the worst horrors of war and haggle for chunks of shrapnel and bomb fragments to take home as souvenirs.

Except for a few more bayonet-bearing Japanese military patrols on the streets, Tientsin and Shanghai, Tsingtao and Peiping are not much changed from yesteryear.

But it is not the same China it was in 1937. Then the white man lived, worked and did business there by right. This year he lives, works and does business by permission of the Japanese military and naval authorities—whose main desire is to see him sail away across the China Sea forever, and who miss no opportunity to let him know that Asia has changed hands and that non-Asiatics are not wanted.

Mid-December, 1937, marked a turning point in world history. What the world heard about and talked about was the bombing and sinking of the U.S.S. Panay and three American merchant ships; the shelling and bombing of three British river gunboats and several merchant ships on the Yangtze.

But these acts of deliberate warfare—for that is what they were—really marked the end of white—American and British—dominance over one third of the world's people, and the definite triumph of Japan's long fight for the rulership of Asia and nearly one billion Asiatics.

The attacks on British and American war and merchant vessels were nothing less than cold-blooded, calculated actions, designed solely for two purposes: to destroy the remnants of white prestige in the Orient, and to demonstrate to all Asia that America and the British Empire are "afraid to fight Japan."

Ever since Japan started her "war" against China in mid-August of last year, it had been obvious that such attacks *had* to take place. It would do Japan no good to conquer half of China physically if white prestige remained in the ascendency.

Japan had not only to establish physical dominance over most of China but she had to demonstrate, not only to the Chinese but to the millions of Asiatics in the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and other parts, that the day of the white race in the Orient was over.

Had she not established this moral dominance her Chinese victory would have been an empty one. So ever since the war it was merely a question of time before a deliberate and spectacular demonstration would take place for Asia and the world, that Japan now ruled the roost.

Even while they were grinding out the stereotyped, tongue-in-cheek apologies for the Panay bombing, the Japanese were preparing fresh humiliations for Americans. They issued a set of regulations under which Americans would be allowed to visit Hongkew, a northern district of the International Settlement.

Hongkew had been in Japanese hands since August, with all white travel barred in it. Legally, as part of the settlement, Americans had just as much right in it as on Main Street in Kansas City. For months Japanese bayonets barred them altogether.

Then, about the time of the Panay incident, the Japanese suavely announced that any American might visit Hongkew between stated hours—but on passing a sentry he must not smoke, he must bow to the sentry and he must say "Good day!"

This rigmarole was designed solely to show the Chinese that the white man wasn't boss any more. Some Americans kowtowed to the yellow sentries—most of them stayed, fuming, south of the Garden Bridge.

Even in the main settlement—international property for decades—American women were shoved off the narrow sidewalks by strolling Japanese soldiers and civilians—while mobs of Chinese looked on—and laughed.

It is not being argued here that we should fight either for our rights or for our commercial stake in Asia. The great body of American opinion undoubtedly is against such a course, and this opinion is fundamentally sound.

But, on the other hand, we ought to stop talking about "upholding American rights" in China—first, because we haven't any left and, second, because the only way to win back our former rights is by war. Being firmly against war, we must realize that, as Americans, we have fewer rights in Asia than the Japanese have on the North American continent.

After all, there is just as much justice in Japan's cry of "Asia for the Asiatics" as there is in the American slogan of "America for the Americans" or "Australia for the white race."

With the British, it is a little different. They have a two-billion-dollar stake in China. They have British prestige, carefully built up for a hundred years—a prestige that is vital to their continued dominion over the teeming millions of Asiatics in India, Malaysia and elsewhere.

Britain is fast losing her Oriental trade and soon we will have no trade in China, either. The Japanese, controlling every major Chinese port and the customs, are flooding China with the products of Osaka and Kyoto and Nagoya. All these goods flow in duty free—but every ounce of American products is loaded with all the duty it will bear.

There is, it is true, more or less of a boycott by the Chinese on Japanese goods, but it amounts to very little. Japanese duty-free prices simply force Chinese to buy; we cannot compete, with our higher first costs and duty on top of that.

Chinese customs revenues are pledged to redeem foreign loans—or were. Where the money goes now, under Japanese supervision, nobody knows.

Having been blasted out *(Continued on page 32)*

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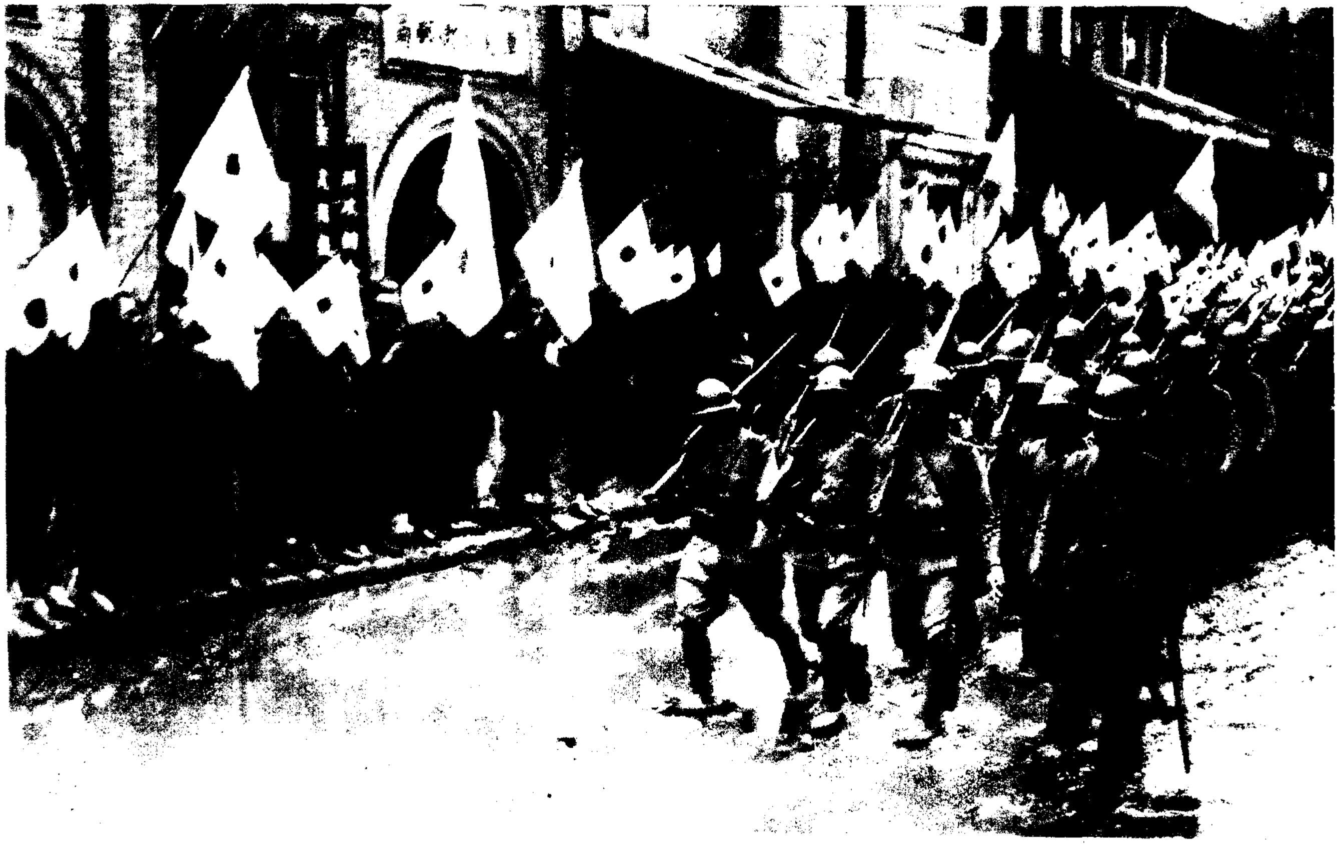

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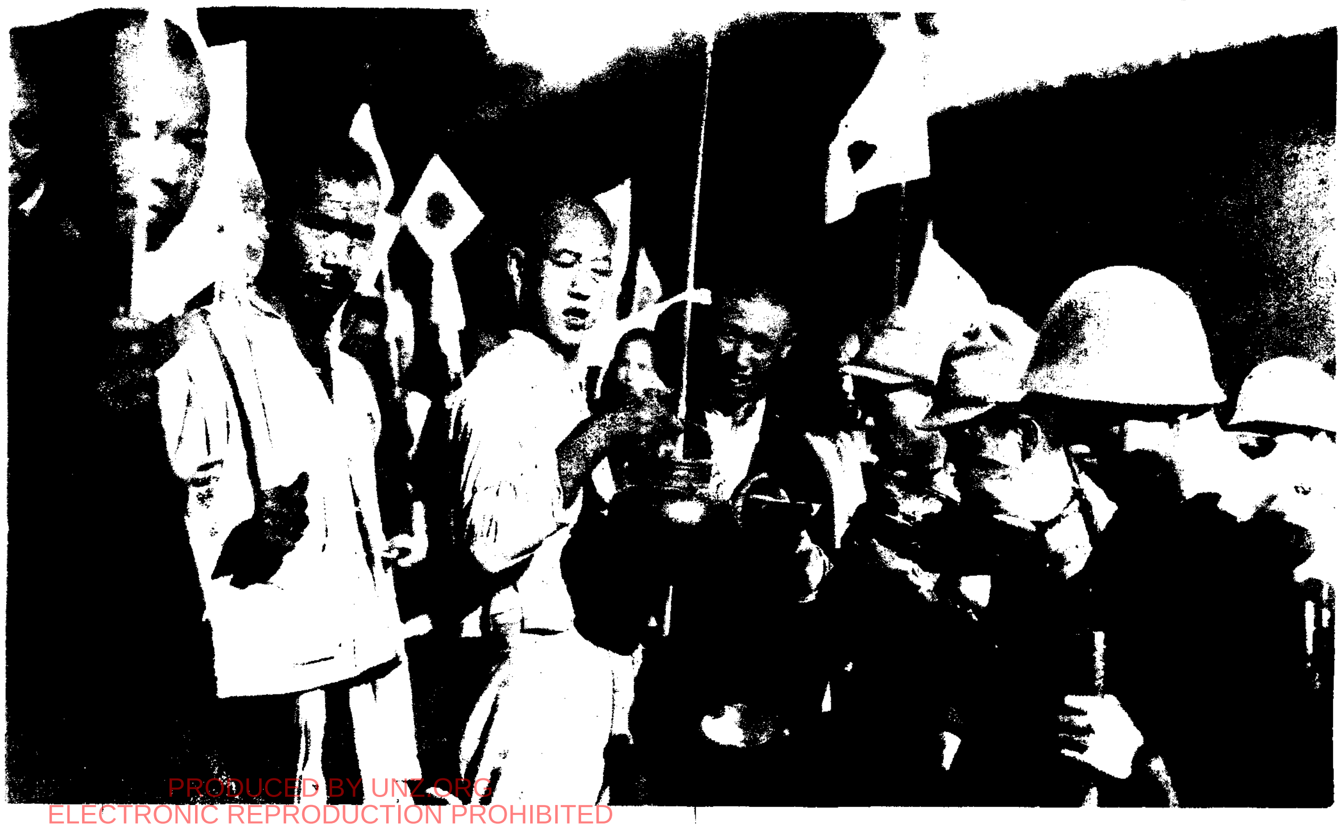
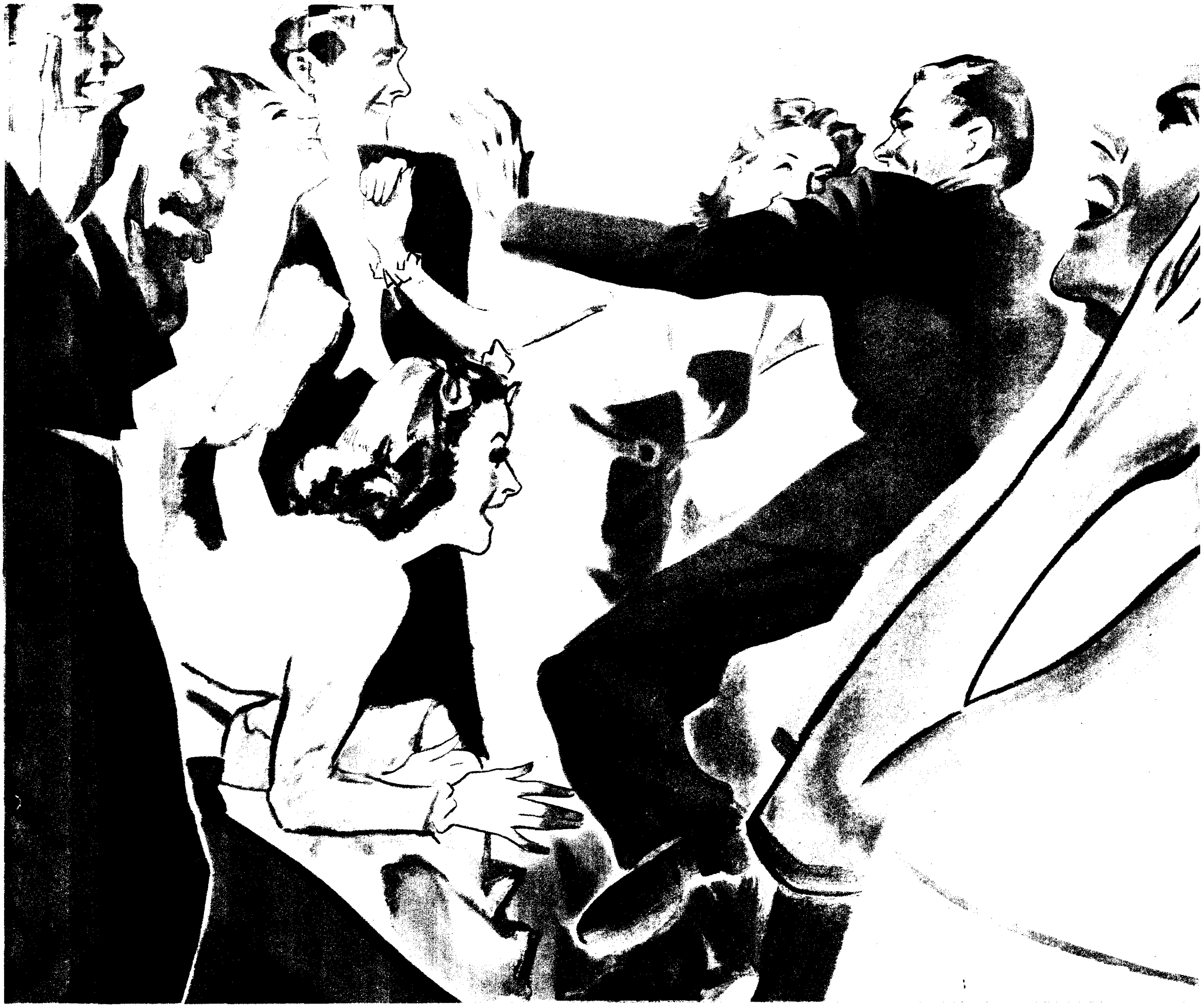


Above: Chinese natives of Paotingfu wave the Rising Sun flag and cheer the invading Japanese. The swastika emblems seen in the background have no Nazi significance. Right: Chinese serve conciliatory tea to Japanese forces near Machang, China



He brought out his entire routine. As Molly Martin said in her column, it was really fearful and wonderful to behold

Some Like It Simple

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY LUDLOW KRAVIS

Even the dean of Hollywood's love writers couldn't find an answer to George's problem. But love—and Jessie—found a way

ALL evening George had been working up to this. When a fellow wasn't doing well with his girl he couldn't just rely on chance. George had figured out his campaign while they were driving down Beverly to the beach. Manfully he had resisted the temptation to park along the ocean and tell Jessie how deeply he cared. A smart guy doesn't lead with his chin.

And George was pretty smart. He was smart enough to hold down the best soda-fountain job in Hollywood.

But now it was almost midnight and George was hopeful that they had recaptured that old feeling. He had done everything Jessie had wanted him to do. He had taken her on the chutes; they had visited the madhouse and then played the pitch-a-ring games; he had even sent a box of salt-water taffy to her aunt in Peoria.

He took a deep breath and halted, very casually, near the end of the pike. They could hear the waves swishing against the pier. He knew it was now or never.

"Jessie," he said. "Jessie—"

She looked up at him then, just as sweet as chocolate sirup. She had a lot of this and that in all the right places and she had a cute, tip-tilted nose. Little auburn lights were glinting in her chestnut hair.

"Yes, George?" she said softly.

He let it out then.

"I want to Big Apple," he blurted, seizing her hand and dashing for the Rainbow Ballroom. Jessie drew an outraged gasp when she saw that he had led her — all unsuspecting — down to their old rendezvous. She jerked her hand out of his.

"George Carter," she said furiously, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You know what I think of Big Applers."

George knew only too well. He wilted.

"Aw, honey," he said. "What's wrong anyhow? You used to like to get out there and truck it down."

"That was then," she said quietly and very ladylike. "It's different now, George. How many lady cashiers have a chance to become a script girl? I ought to be home reading a script this very minute. Mr. Moberly gave me one to study."

"Mr. Moberly!" George mimicked

bitterly. "Mister! That guy is just a second assistant director."

"I don't care," Jessie said. "He's a gentleman and he's a contact. But that's all, George. I don't go for him."

George only wished that he could believe it. They could hear the swing crew blaring away in the ballroom and, unconsciously, George did a neat little break, a little on the Sugar Foot Stomp side.

"Come on," he urged. "Let's go in and Peel That Apple. You can be dignified on the way home."

Jessie looked up at him—she barely came to his shoulder—and her crinkly little blue eyes were disturbed. The big goon obviously cared so much.

"No, George," she said finally. "No. This Appling is for kids. We're grown up now, George. At least I am."

DRIVING back Sunset, he knew suddenly that he just had to have it out with her. A fellow could bend just so far. And ever since Jessie had started being dignified (she said all script girls were) life had been a pretty miserable business.

Without a word he turned off on the side road that led up Beverly Canyon. Jessie glanced at him as they neared their old parking place and she knew what was coming. She was silent while he parked the car and they found themselves looking down on the lights of Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

"Jessie," he said, "I'm crazy about you. Does that mean anything?"

She tried to make her voice real steady. "You know it does, George. I'll always value you as a friend."

The words dwindled away then and they both knew this was it. Something was gone; how or when it had left them they didn't know. There just weren't any words for it, Jessie thought. That made it all the harder. She had been the cashier at Schott's, Hollywood's most famous pharmacy, for almost a year and George had worked there twice that long. Jessie had immediately classified him as a nice, sandy-haired boy with a slow-take manner and she had been right.

Impulsively she laid her hand across his.

"George," she said, "listen to me."

"It's all right," he said. "I guess I was just wrong about us two. You know, talking about my saving my money to buy us a fountain and all that kind of hooey."

"Let's not get mad," she said impatiently. "Just because I can have a career—"

"Who's getting mad?" he interrupted, and the minute the words were out he realized that he was and had been all evening. He lit a cigarette then and blew an elaborate smoke ring.

"If you're so set on a career," he said bitterly, "why don't you try being an actress? Or don't you think that's fancy enough?"

"George," Jessie said acidly, "if you value my friendship you'll lay off. You know what I think about these hams that go around in make-up and dark glasses. They're undignified and, what's more, they don't work steady."

Her voice was getting away from her. "But I'm going into a field where a woman can really make a name for herself. They have to have script girls. Smart ones. I can learn, can't I?"

"Yeah," said George, "you can learn all right. You can even learn this guy has just got a yen for you, Jessie."

"It's Jessica!" she blazed. "And I'll thank you to take me right home!"

"Don't think I won't!" he barked.

They had never driven down the canyon as fast as they did that night.

GEORGE discovered the next morning that, as long as he could keep his eyes off the former object of his affections, he was all right. But when he looked at Jessie—well, it was just awful.

Vainly he reminded himself that no woman, not even a beautiful lady cashier, really mattered. He had his health and a good job; he really had a lot to be thankful for. Why, there wasn't a soda man in the country who wouldn't give ten years of his life to be head of the fountain dispensers at Schott's, "The Drugstore Out Where the Sunset Strip Begins."

And George was absolutely right. In his own league, George Carter was important people. Like Rouben at the Cocoanut Grove, he could do a great deal toward making or breaking one's social career in the celluloid colony. The Troc and the Derby rate the publicity, you understand, but they are simply spots for the Ottumwa trade while Schott's is strictly reserved for the profession. It is far more than a mere drugstore or even a time-hallowed institution. It is a tradition. Schott's has survived countless executive shakeups, mergers and even the advent of talking pictures. It is the one place where the famous can let down their hair without having to comb out the autograph seekers.

Every morning George waited on strange, frantic men who gulped strong black coffee, read the Hollywood Reporter, and always wore plaid coats so you would know they were writers and not actors. Actors were the ones in dark glasses who always strove for the best seats before the mirrors. Hollywood's finest executive brains could also be found there; playing the pin games; studying the form charts; worrying themselves about the health of Mr. Darryl Zanuck.

It was hard to get a good seat at that fountain. If George didn't know you you might have to stand there for days, waiting for a vacancy to appear. And standing up waiting for a seat doesn't make one look very important. It is definitely harmful to a career.

It was almost eleven when George saw that Mr. Sid Bartel had finally arrived. Mr. Bartel, the screen's foremost authority on boy-meets-girl stories, was a paunchy man with a rasping voice that was known and respected from Universal to Culver City.

This morning, sedately attired in green linen trousers and a yellow polo shirt and troubled by his liver and last night's preview notices, Mr. Bartel was pleased to see that George, personally, was serving him with his own special eye-opener.

Mr. Bartel put great store by George and his eye-openers. He was a great worrier and sometimes, when he was really in the depths, he would brood darkly over what would happen if George should die suddenly, carrying with him to the grave the secret of those pick-me-ups.

He did a double-take as he looked at George that morning.

"Why, George," he said hoarsely. "Why the dark fright-wig expression?"

George lowered his voice: "I got troubles, Mr. Bartel. And I figured you were just the man to help me out."

"Women!" Mr. Bartel said bitterly, not even looking up from his glass. "Women! Whenever a man has troubles it's women. Am I right, George?"

George nodded.

"Jessie?"

George nodded again and Mr. Bartel turned his heavy gaze upon the lovely cashier. Even he, a weary veteran of three marital mishaps, had to admit that she was a very tasty dish indeed.

Mr. Bartel snorted. "Let's hear the synopsis. Just start in where she double-crossed you."

HE HAD finished both eggs and his first cup of coffee by the time George had concluded his poignant tale. Mr. Bartel sighed and lit a cigar. He looked George squarely in the eye.

"George," he said, "you once told me you were from Wichita Falls, where men can take it the hard way. Can I throw a punch?"

"Sure."

"This is really very elemental," said Mr. Bartel, "once a man knows the rules for being in love. Where love is concerned, some like it simple. Unfortunately, women are not among them."

George stared at him. "Where do I come in?" he asked simply.

"You're already in," Mr. Bartel said impatiently. "Right in the middle. Women like their love life complicated, my boy. It is because of women that I have to write this second-act stuff where boy loses girl. And the trouble with you, George, is that you are highly uncomplicated."

"I've been this way for twenty-five years," George said doggedly.

"That's just it. You are one of those unfortunate on-the-line types who is very loving and a steady hand at it." Mr. Bartel sighed heavily. "I used to be myself. But by now I have reached an age of wisdom and a state of the arteries where I can see my errors. It is because of that hard-earned knowledge that Variety calls me the dean of love writers."

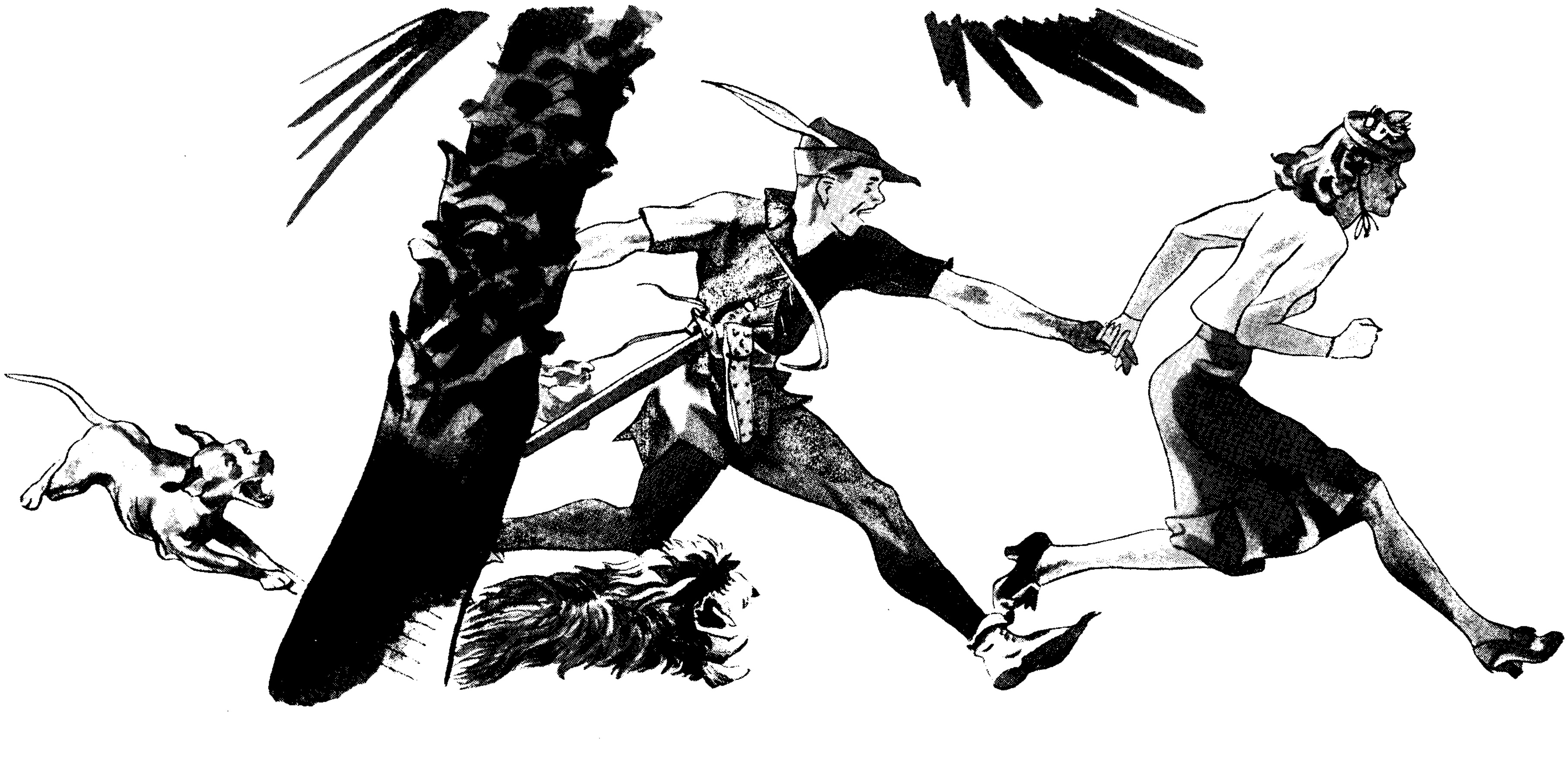
George nodded, vaguely impressed. "You do all right, Mr. Bartel."

"Of course I do," snorted the writer. "I do just fine as long as I confine my more delicate emotions to the typewriter. But what is this talk of Jessie's having a career? What career?"

"Being a script girl," George said. "She says a girl can have only one lifework and it doesn't look like I'm going to be hers. She says a script girl can go

(Continued on page 65)

"What're we running for?" he demanded. "I can go to jail if I want to." "You can," she said, "but I'm not going to let you"



Shove Thy Neighbor

By John T. Flynn

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

The Constitution says they can't but the Supreme Court said the Constitution didn't mean it. So we're a union of 48 individual countries all jealously taxing one another's products

BACK in 1933 all the politician-economists were telling us that the trouble with America was that she had lost her frontier. Maybe she has. But she has gained forty-eight new frontiers. Now every state has a frontier and most states are working overtime building trade barriers around themselves.

It is harder for an American to get into some American states with an automobile than to get into Mexico or Canada. Particularly if he is a traveling salesman. Many of the states have now classified traveling salesmen with the Japanese beetles. In fact, the same officials at the borders of many states watch for autos carrying in Japanese beetles and traveling salesmen. They are afraid the beetles will eat up the crops and that the drummers will take some business away from the home-town merchants.

In other words, the states have gone in for protection—protection of home industries. And they have been busily inventing various kinds of devices and taxes to keep the hated merchandise of their sister states from crossing their frontiers. We began by calling on Americans to "Buy American." We've gotten around to a new slogan—"Buy Wisconsin!" "Buy Oklahoma!" And we're even going a little further. The towns and villages are looking for ways to thwart the competition of neighboring towns. "Buy Prairie City!" "Buy Squirrel Corners!" We began by demanding that Americans buy only from American industries. We end by demanding that they buy from their neighborhood grocer. We may wind up with a customhouse on every main road leading into every state, border patrols and, of course, an army of smugglers and bootleggers.

You may think this a bit fantastic. The Constitution says the states cannot impose duties and imposts on products from other states. Of course the Constitution says that. The Constitution says the colored folks can vote in the South. The Constitution says a lot of things. That doesn't prevent the state of Kansas, just the same, from having sixty-six ports of entry surrounding the state—sixty-six customhouses, more than the federal government has around two oceans and a Class A gulf. And it doesn't prevent about seventeen other states from splitting themselves off into as many little economic republics surrounded by border patrols to keep out the beetles, the salesmen, the trucks, the gasoline, the liquor, the cigarettes and various other kinds of merchandise that have been made the subject of those states' customs regulations against "foreigners." And besides, we can change the Constitution if necessary.

It All Began with Oil

This thing began to get serious about 1933. Kansas is an oil state. Also Kansas, like other states, learned how to raise money by putting a high tax on gasoline. Then the state found that a lot of gasoline from outside the state was flowing in—bad gasoline and, what is worse, gasoline free of the tax. Bootleg gasoline.

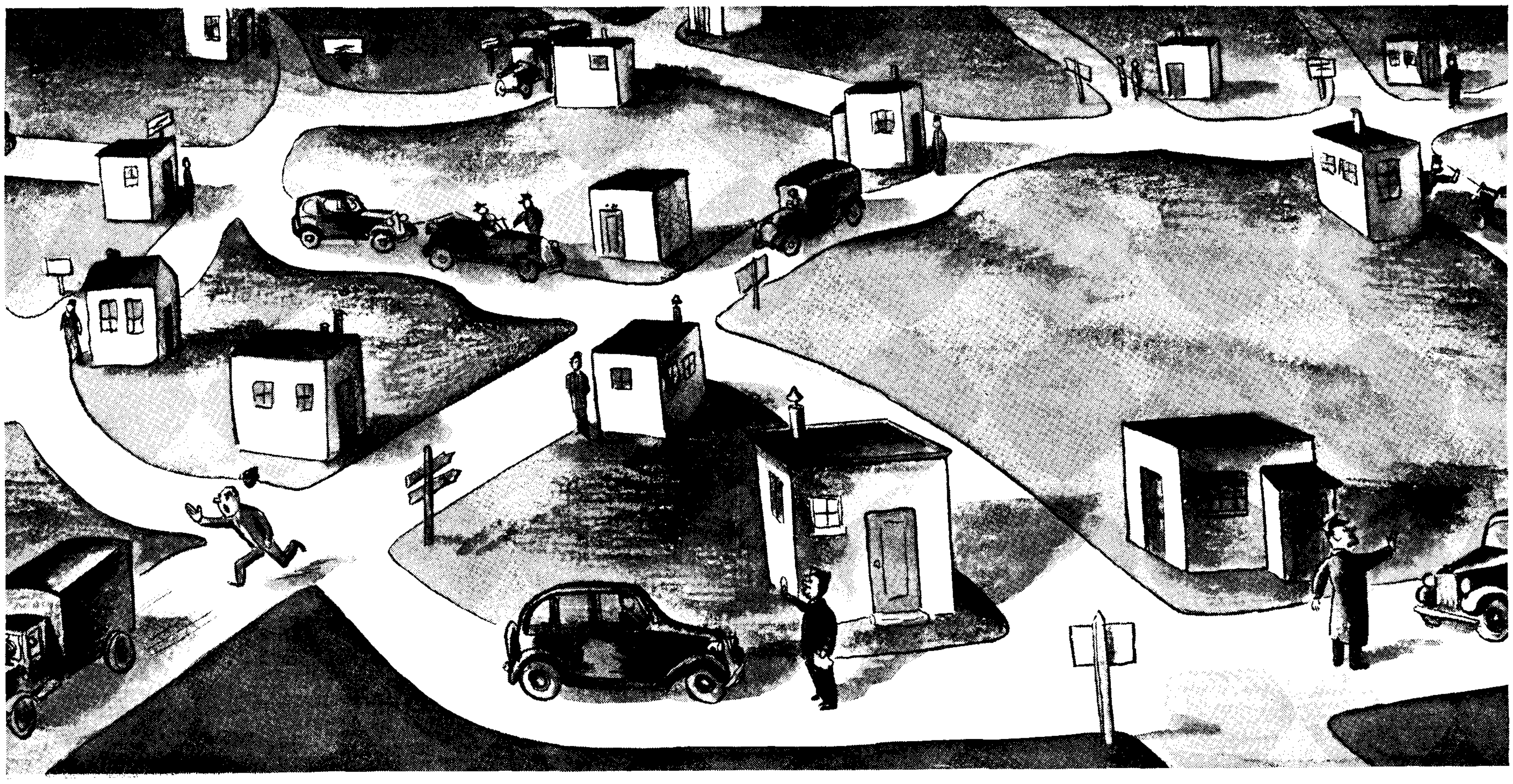
This was a perfectly natural abuse to guard against. So the state set up a group of border police at what it called "ports of entry"—little spots on the great highways leading into the state. The idea turned out to be a good one. First, it gave work to a number of folks, as they like to call them in Kansas—about 175. And you mustn't sneer at the importance of this. Over in Nebraska a lawmaker rose in his seat when a similar bill was being voted on and said: "I vote aye on this bill because it will give employment to 120 men." Kansas thus employed 175.

Next it could be used not merely to keep bootleg gasoline out of the state, but it could be used to make difficult the entry of all sorts of things that compete with the Kansans. Then, besides, the railroads discovered that they had been handed a neat little weapon with which to swat their most hated enemy—the automobile. The truck that wants to go through Kansas has to pay a "ton-mile" tax to do so. Of course the truck uses the Kansas roads. But Kansas has a good, stiff gasoline tax that is supposed to pay for the roads—and it does pay for them and some more besides. But when the truck passes the port of entry—well, here is what happens, in the words of a gentleman truck driver who went through Kansas:

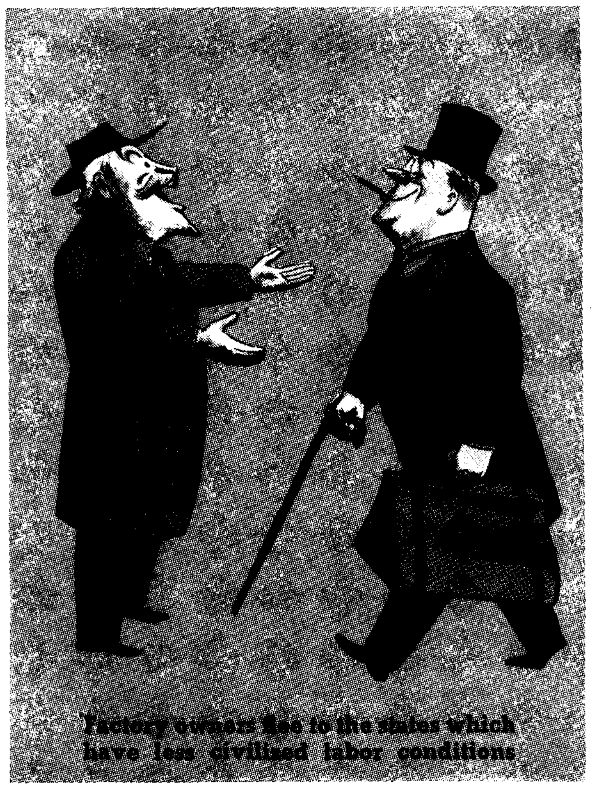
"I had never heard of such a thing as a port of entry. So as I was approaching the state line I saw a big sign which read: 'All trucks entering Kansas must register at the Port of Entry. Penalty $100 fine.' A man in uniform stepped out into the road and put up his hand. He asked me where I was going. I told him. So he said I had to pay a tax of 1½ cents per ton-mile. My truck was five tons and it was 420 miles to my destination. So I had to fork out $31.50 to get that truck into Kansas for two days. Besides that, of course, I had to pay a heavy gasoline tax on every gallon I bought going and coming. I figured I paid $31.50 in ton-mile taxes and $16 in gasoline taxes or $47.50 to the state in the two days I was there. Which is not so good."

The transcontinental traveler who sets out for the Pacific Coast in a car must brave these custom and inspection guards as he enters and leaves Kansas, Colorado, Utah and California and, if he chooses the Southern route, New Mexico and Arizona.

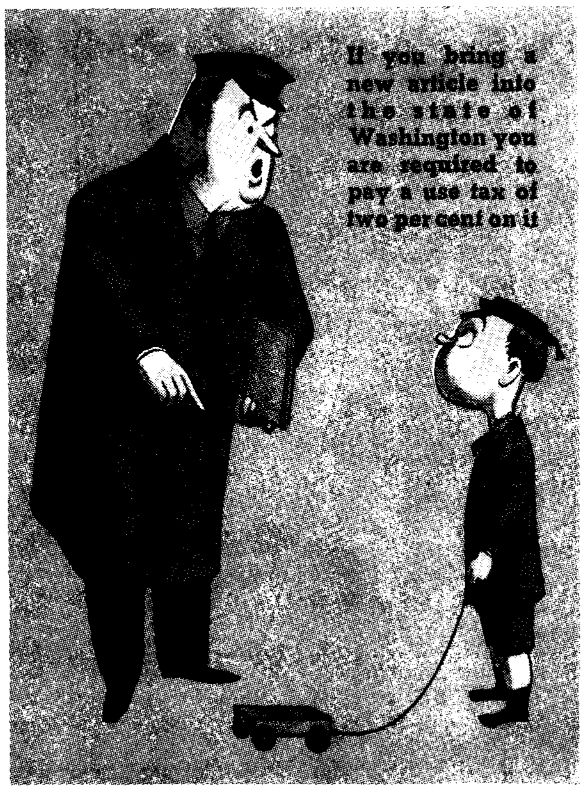
All sorts of uses are made of these ports of entry. At some of them the trucks, and in some cases private



We may wind up with a customhouse on every main road leading into every state



Factory owners flee to the states which have less civilized labor conditions



If you bring a new article into the state of Washington you are required to pay a use tax of two per cent on it

The traveling salesman makes a profit for the "foreigner," thus robbing the "native"

Some states stop the entering tourist, taxing him for the gas in his tank

cars, are stopped and compelled to pay a gasoline tax on the gasoline in the tank. The motorist has, of course, already paid a tax on the gasoline in the state in which he bought it. He must now pay another one at the port of entry.

In other states, like Oklahoma, the car is stopped at the state border if it has an out-of-state license and the driver must declare his cargo of cigarettes, beer or gasoline. Having done so, he is then taxed on them and this tax must be paid at the state capital. At other ports of entry the vehicle, whether truck or car used for business purposes, is stopped and forced to register. If it is an out-of-state truck it must take out a regular state license, paying an application fee of $25 and one twelfth of the usual yearly plate fee. In most places there is a special lookout for the traveling salesman.

The traveling salesman is the symbol of the monster Trade. He is coming into the state with his samples to get some of the people's money. He's going to take business away from the "native" merchant to make a profit for the "foreigner." Therefore these taxes add to his costs and his burdens.

In states with large gasoline taxes, of course, the port of entry is used to force motorists to buy their gasoline in the state. It is obvious that as the motorist approaches such a state line he will fill up with cheaper gas before he goes in. But of course if he has to pay a tax on the gas anyhow, he will do the opposite. He will be careful not to have any more gas in his tank than is necessary as he approaches the state line. There are about seventeen states with these port-of-entry laws, though there are not that many actually in effect because some of them are designed merely as retaliatory and have not yet been used. But the trend is toward increasing that number of states, the number of ports of entry and the number of uses to which they are put, and of course toward multiplying and intensifying the inconveniences and discouragements to interstate traffic and business by means of the automobile.

Back of these laws are the gasoline sellers, the local merchants in many states, the wholesalers and producers in certain states, and in nearly all of them the common carriers and the railroads. The railroads, of course, keep busy with every kind of obstacle they can put in the way of their greatest rival.

Thus, for instance, in Kansas, the railroads own the large common-carrier trucks, and there the common-carrier trucks have warred on every other kind of motor vehicle in support of the port-of-entry system. In Rhode Island the four railroads entering the state made the fight before the legislature for the port-of-entry law.

The whole movement is serious in that it marks one of the most dangerous drifts in business that have appeared in this country in years. It is the most advanced expression of the struggle of industrial and merchant groups to hold on to their markets for the home boys.

Of course it is entirely possible that certain special individuals may be, temporarily at least, aided by these devices. But the whole movement is based upon a complete ignoring of the fact that every town and village is not a little market to itself but part of the great market that in most cases embraces the country.

For instance, in Iowa you do not travel very far beyond one of the ports of entry that are supposed to help the local businessman before you come to a great cereal factory that makes its product out of Iowa corn and spends its entire pay roll on Iowa labor, but sells almost all of its product outside the state. It may be all right for Iowa to set up barriers to prevent the people of other states from selling things in Iowa and "taking good Iowa money" out of the state, but Iowa would be in a very sad condition if it were prevented from selling its products in other states and bringing good New York and good Illinois and good Alabama money into Iowa. Every state in the Union shelters hosts of industries and plants and farms that find their markets all over the country; while, in turn, all of the forty-eight states send their products into that one. It is this vast, untrammeled, free market that has been one of the explanations of the amazing growth of this country, while Europe has been one series of hampering, restricting, tax-eating and trade-killing frontiers.

But it's happened here before. In fact, we started this country off that way. Of course we didn't keep it up very long or there probably wouldn't be any country here now. In fact one of the driving forces for the adoption of the present Constitution was to save us from this.

In those simple days, apparently every town, every state, was afraid of the monster Trade. They built walls around themselves. They hemmed themselves in with restrictions. They had taxes and ports of entry to keep their sister states from slipping in with a bill of goods and running off with some of their precious money.

In those days Massachusetts began it, right after the Revolution. She put a tariff on British ships and goods. Then New Hampshire and Rhode Island joined her. But this hurt Connecticut, which resented Massachusetts' action because it kept out all British goods, which Connecticut needed. So Connecticut put a retaliatory tariff on Massachusetts and threw her ports wide open to Britain. Pennsylvania made discriminatory regulations against Delaware.

Then the War Was On

In those days New York got her fuel from Connecticut rather than from Pennsylvania. It was wood, not coal. She got a large amount of her vegetables, her butter, her cream, eggs, cheese and poultry from New Jersey. The New York dealers began to growl about the thousands of dollars that were carried away each year by the greedy Yankees and the hated Jerseyites. So she did what Kansas and Iowa and New Mexico and Oklahoma and many other states are now doing. She set up ports of entry. She laid a tax on every boat that sailed across the river bringing merchandise from New Jersey. She refused to let firewood come in from Connecticut until it paid a duty.

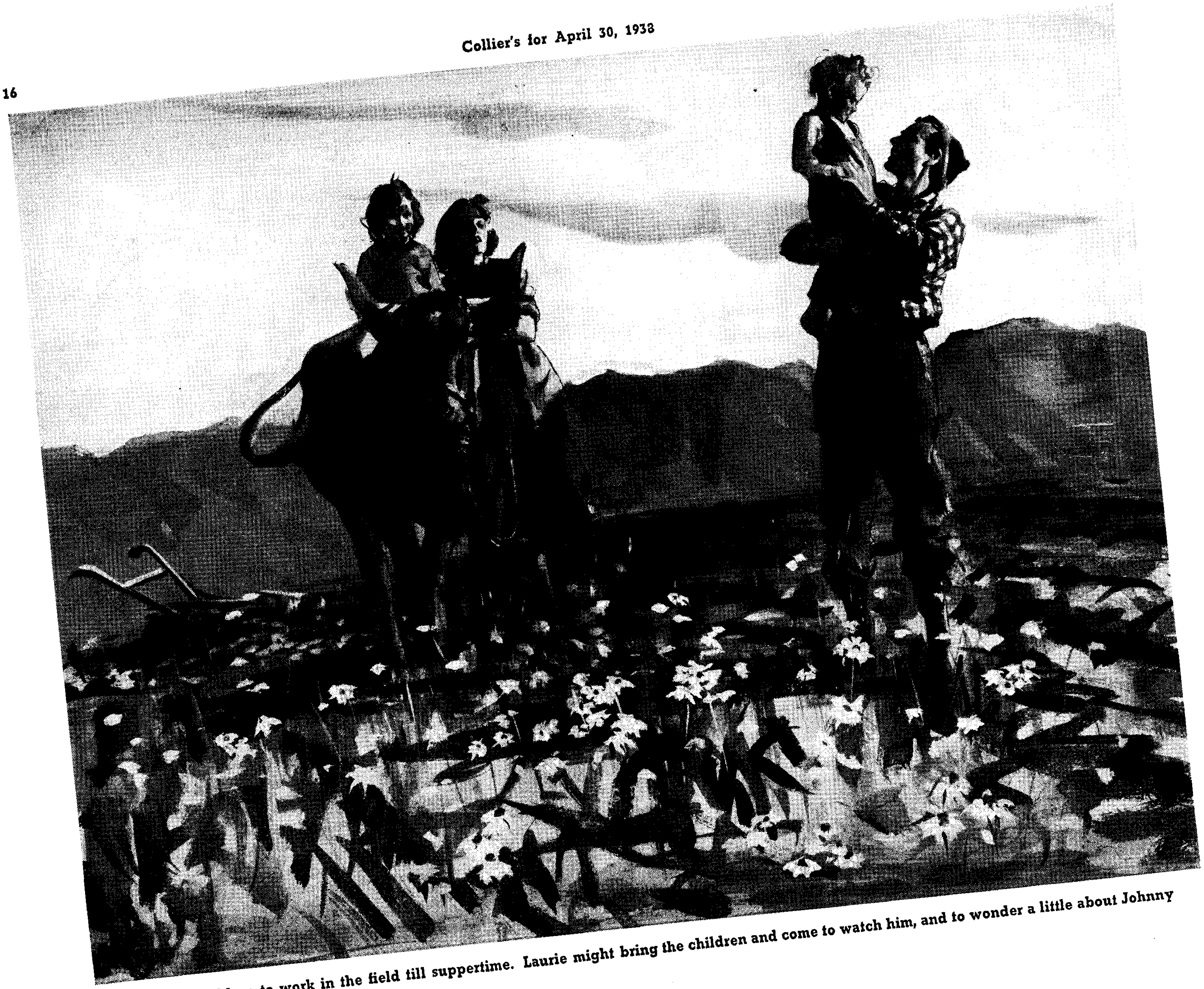
Then the war was on. New Jersey realized that New York had built a lighthouse on Sandy Hook, which belonged to New Jersey, so she imposed a tax of $1,800 a year on the lighthouse. In Connecticut the merchants decided to boycott New York, so they made an agreement not to ship anything to New York, under heavy penalties.

Where all this would have ended no one can say except probably in the establishment of thirteen small, isolated little republics whose history and fate cannot be guessed.

To put an end to this—and of course some other abuses—the Constitution was adopted. And it is a fact that while there was bitter controversy on many if not most of the subjects, the ending of this sort of thing was one upon which there was no disagreement in the convention. And, therefore, in the Constitution appears Article 1, Section 10, which provides that "no state shall lay any impost or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws, and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any state on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the Treasury of the United States, and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress." And the next paragraph provides that no state without the consent of Congress shall lay any duty on tonnage. How they manage to get around these provisions must be left to the constitutional lawyer.

Of course the isolationist states do not stop at the port-of-entry laws. California is a great wine state. She wants her citizens to drink wine—if they drink at all. Beer competes with wine. And if her citizens drink beer she wants them to drink California beer. So California imposes a special tax on beers made outside California and brought into the state.

Wisconsin is a great dairy state. She makes butter, as California makes wine. She wants no makers of vegetable fat sending in rivals of butter made from peanut oil and cottonseed oil and other such noxious growths. So she has pressed *(Continued on page 48)*



Then he would go to work in the field till suppertime. Laurie might bring the children and come to watch him, and to wonder a little about Johnny

A Proper Husband

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

Neat dilemma of a very good man who found he had to fight for his wife—and wouldn't admit it

IN THE old days, before the Gaspé belt highway was opened and the touring visitors came, trailing clouds of dust behind them, a moonlit summer evening in Percé might serve the ends of youth in varied ways. A boy and a girl might go down to the beach, or walk out on Mont Joli to sit there with the sharp prow of the great rock high above them, or climb the steep, cropped pasture to the topmost of the Three Sisters, where they could lie prone side by side, peering down over the cornice of the precipice at the lazy sea silver in the moon, three hundred feet below. Or a boy and a girl might walk up the rough cart road through spruces to the summit of Mont Ste. Anne, where the turf was thick and springy, and on a moonlit night the world was something not to be believed at all, it was so beautiful.

But when the new road brought the automobiles, there came a change in Percé customs of a warm and moonlit summer evening. Nowadays at first dusk, groups of three or four or five girls walk together along the village streets, or out along the roads; and groups of boys likewise walk together, or perhaps they merely stand at some convenient vantage to watch the cars—and the girls. Then, as dark settles and the moon rises, the groups merge and dissolve into twos, a boy and a girl together.

Thus, although the preliminaries follow a different pattern, it all comes to the same thing in the end; and Johnny Rogan and Laurette—Johnny called her Laurie always—were married just the same.

PERCÉ, the town of the pierced rock, lived by cod before the tourists came. Johnny was a cod fisherman, and Johnny was a worker. He lived with his father and mother and the other Rogans up on the Irishtown road, which paralleled the coast a mile or so inland. He began when he was seven or eight years old to go down to South Beach when his father's boat came in, and to cut the tongues out of the cod heads Pat Rogan threw aside as he cleaned the fish. When he was fifteen, Johnny became a fisherman himself, serving as helper to old Ned Duval; and before he was seventeen, Johnny was as able as a man, and when he was eighteen he saw Laurette and knew what he wanted; and when he was nineteen, Laurette knew what Johnny wanted.

By the time he was twenty, they both wanted the same thing; but even before that, Johnny knew that in order to marry he had to have a house and a farm and a boat. He built the house. Johnny's father gave him some bog land. It was too wet and sour to be useful; but Johnny drained it and plowed it and turned it to the sun a year or two to let the soil sweeten, and had, before he was done, some three acres of land fit to fill a farmer with pride. He built his house on a knoll above where the bog had been, out of spruce logs peeled and notched cunningly at the corners. He rifted out his own slab shingles, and he smoothed logs on one side for the floor, and he chinked the walls; and after that, odd times, he built furniture.

By the time he and Laurie were well agreed, he had his boat, too. It had been abandoned on the beach by the former owner—a boat without an engine, gone beyond repair; but Johnny repaired it.

Johnny bought an engine at second-hand from old Ned Duval when Ned quit the fishing. He had to borrow some money to do that; but this Johnny was a worker. He slept from dark till two or three o'clock in the morning. The rest of the day, he worked. So that he need not share the small profits, he went cod fishing alone. Two men to a boat is the rule. Everything comes easier for two than for one; but if one man can manage alone, he earns twice as much. Johnny went cod fishing alone.

When he had paid off his debts, he and Laurie went to Father Breton and were married. Johnny had worked hard and long for her; but this Laurie, she was worth it. Every man has his own way of saying what it takes in a girl; so no matter about the details. She was worth it all to Johnny, and he was not the only one who thought so, to be sure. If there were fifty young men in Percé about that time, forty of them wanted her, and thirty of them walked out with her when she would, and twenty of them had asked her; but it was Johnny who worked for her and got her. He was twenty-one years old, and he had his farm, and his house, and his boat; and he had Laurie, and he brought her proudly home.

THEY went into the fine house together, and Johnny kissed her. Not that he did it all himself. Laurie did her part, to be sure. The evening was on them; the warm, sweet, summer evening. The morrow was Sunday, so there would be no rising at three o'clock to go fishing. Johnny kissed Laurie again to be sure he was not dreaming, and he went to tend Jerry—the big black bullock that could trot as well as a horse—and to put the cart away, and so came back to her.

In the morning she cooked their first breakfast, and she asked: "Is the oatmeal fine, Johnny? Is the toast just right?"

"It's a bit lumpy," Johnny told her honestly, "and the toast is maybe blacker than it might be. But what matter?" He caught her down on his knee. "Eh, married we are, Laurie. I've thought about this day and all so long it was like never coming."

She looked down at him as though he were young and she a wise old woman. "You think we're married already," she said, and smiled tenderly at his ignorance. "You'll know better one day."

Fear touched him, and he tried to laugh at it. "Why are we not?" he challenged, with his arm tight around her waist. "Is it because I said the oatmeal was lumpy, Laurie? You asked me."

"We're no more than lovers, Johnny dear," she told him, laughing softly. "The Father's blessing, and being here together, leaves us lovers still; but it takes more than loving to make a proper husband, Johnny."

"Then is it babies? We'll manage that, give us time!" His eyes were twinkling, for he thought he had guessed her meaning.

She shook her head, her glance for a moment far away. "It's more than babies, too," she said. "I do not know myself, maybe."

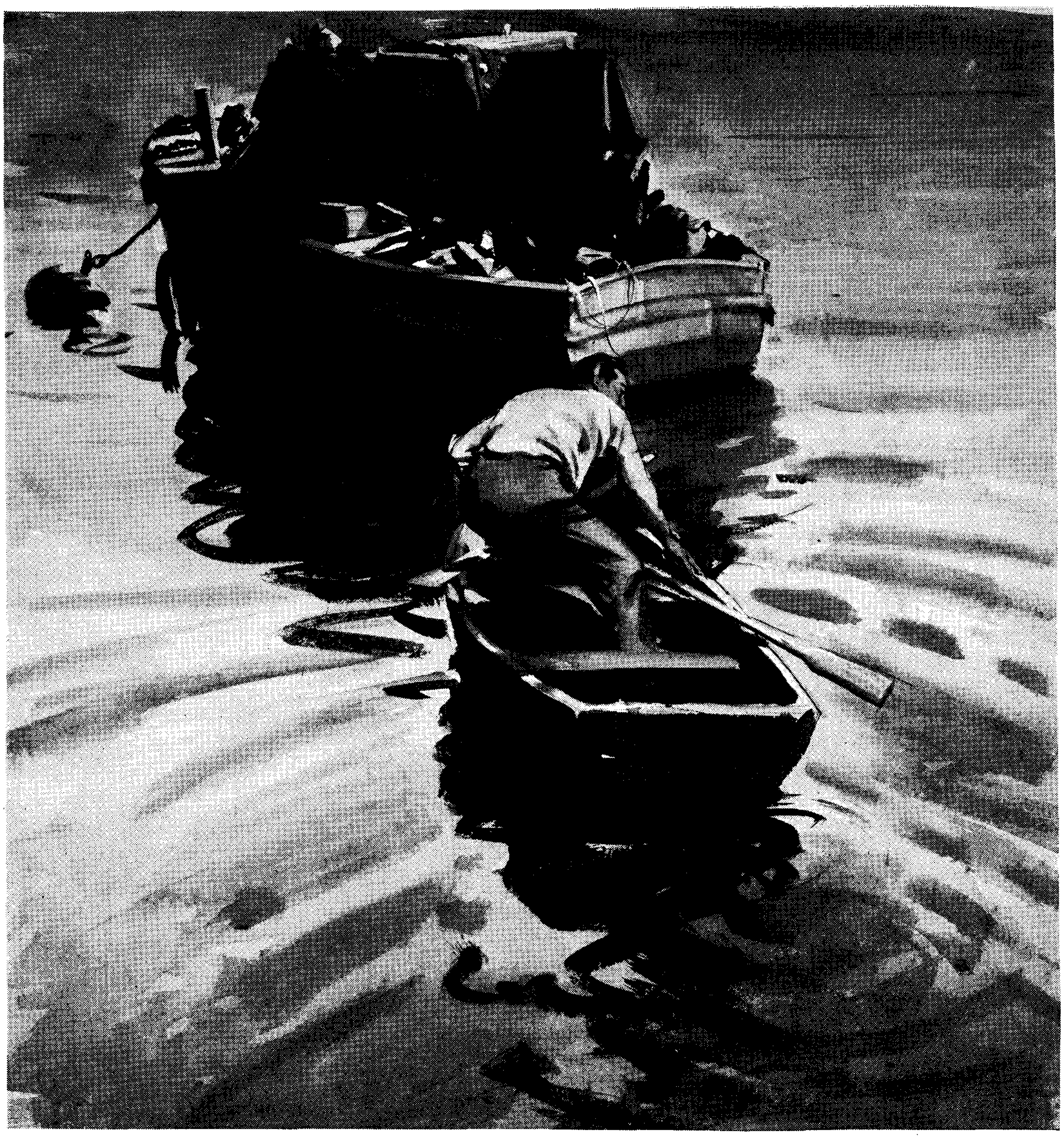
"Will you know before me, then?"

She wrinkled her nose as she did when she was thoughtful. It was a trick Johnny liked so much his heart hurt with happiness every time she did it. "Maybe neither of us will know till it's over and done," she admitted. "But one day you'll look at me, or I'll look at you, and we'll say, or I'll say, or you'll say: 'You know, lover, we're really married now!' And it will come to the both of us that minute that it's true."

"You talk riddles like an old crone," he protested, so that she smiled at him again and hugged his head against her breast and she said:

"You'll know then that I was right today. But—no more riddles now. Kiss me, Johnny. Hard."

He did.



Late that night Paul rowed out to Johnny's boat unseen and went aboard her for a while

THERE were two babies in the cabin, and a new house of planed lumber was building on the knoll above it, before he remembered her strange word that day. But when Paul Despard came to Percé and swaggered through the town, Johnny remembered.

The new road made more than one change in Percé. It taught boys and girls new ways of walking out together; but the new ways led to old things in the end. There was a bigger change, a deeper change. Tourists came to town; and Percé folk learned not to be surprised when automobiles stopped and people with cameras popped out to photograph their bullock carts, their dogs trained to harness, their doorways full of children. They learned to accept women with easels and canvas and paint in little tubes as part of the landscape. They learned that the pierced rock was a wonder that strangers saw with awe; and they found that tourists were anxious to go around Bonaventure Island to see the thousands of gannets and lesser seafowl nesting on the lofty ledges there.

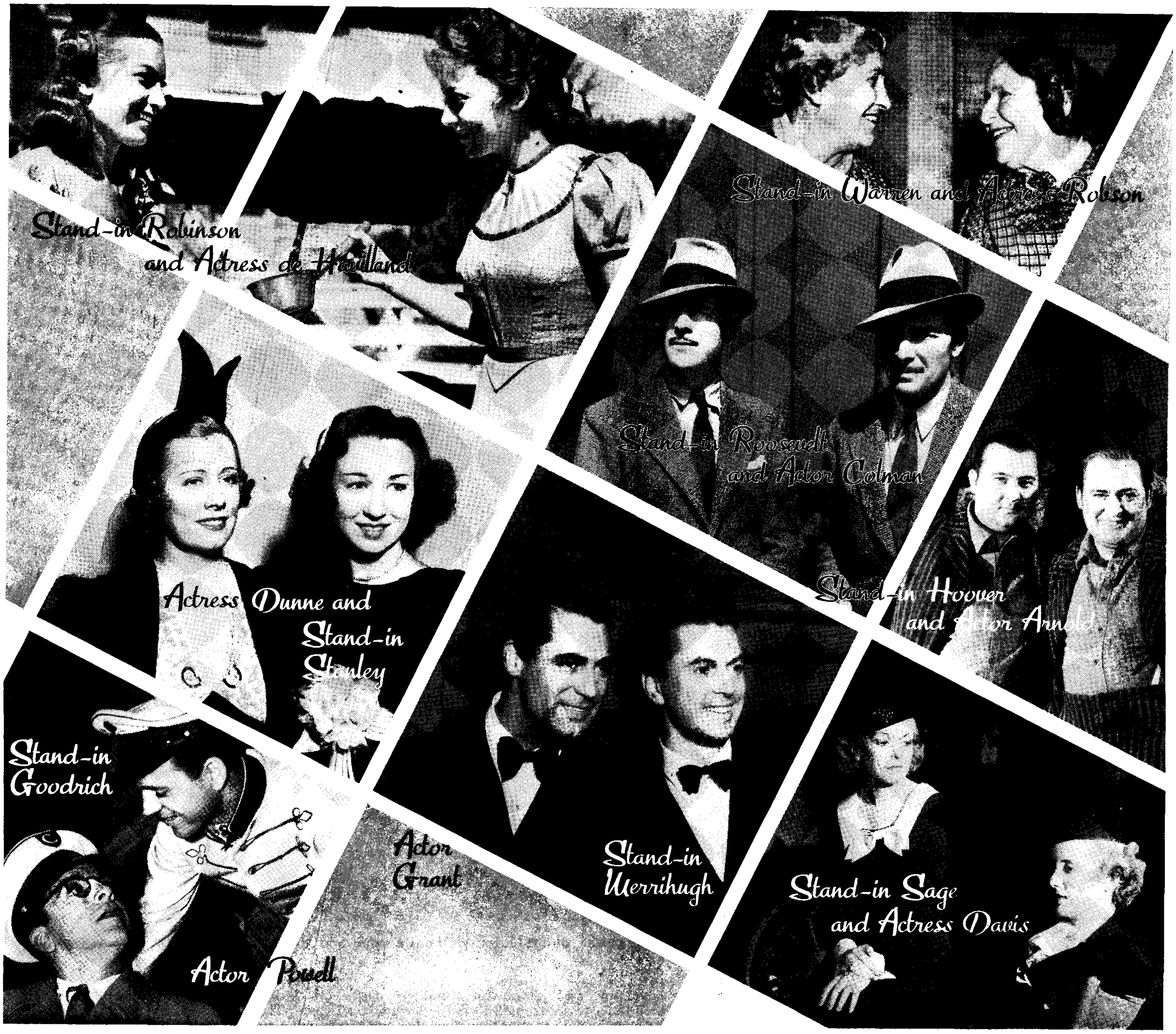
That meant boats; so some of the cod fishermen converted their craft to this new use. Johnny Rogan did not. He kept on fishing. But he had young Ernest Dupee to help him now; he no longer fished alone. The old two-cycle heavy-duty engine did its work without a protest. Out long before day, home a little past noon, slit the cod and gut them, see them weighed, see the entry in the book; then home to Laurie and the babies, and work till dark on the farm, or on the new house of planed lumber. Bed at dark, up at two o'clock and away again. Saving money. Money in the bank. Everything fine.

Johnny stuck to the fishing. Tourists paid fifty cents apiece to be taken around the island. You could take a dozen, twenty at a time if you could find the customers. Two hours was plenty for the trip. That was money. But sometimes there were no tourists, and sometimes the weather was rainy or rough. There were always cod, good weather or bad. Johnny stuck to the fishing.

Paul Despard took tourists around the island. Paul was the son of one Peter who had fished with Johnny's father years ago. Paul had gone away for a while, no one knew where; he came back in a boat of boats. It was called the Gull, and it was white, with a pale blue-gray trim like the top side of a gull's wings. It was such a boat as a man dreamed about. Beside it, the other boats looked like refitted and repainted fishing boats—which they were. For his fine boat, Paul built a wharf: a cribwork of stout logs weighted with stones. You could step into Paul's boat dry-shod, as easily as you stepped off your own veranda. To go in one of the other boats, you had to ascend a wet and slippery incline and cross a precarious gangplank of bits of board nailed across two swaying spruce poles. You got gravel in your shoes, and water too.

PAUL DESPARD distributed advertising cards at every hotel and overnight camp for a hundred miles north and south. He even put up, in two or three places, roadside signs. When a tourist drove into Percé, half a dozen fishermen who looked like fishermen stepped forward and called: "Want a

(Continued on page 51)



Stand-in Robinson and Actress de Havilland

Stand-in Warren and Actress Robson

Stand-in Roosevelt and Actor Colman

Actress Dunne and Stand-in Stanley

Stand-in Hoover and Actor Arnold

Stand-in Goodrich

Actor Powell

Actor Grant

Stand-in Merrihugh

Stand-in Sage and Actress Davis

Star Shadows

By Grover Jones

A Hollywood double gets thirty-five dollars a day; a stand-in gets thirty-three a week—and loves it

ALWAYS be considerate of the motion-picture producer, for some day he may be the gateman and might not let you into the studio."

A droll remark for which I take no credit, except to add that it does sum up the picture business. Up today—down tomorrow. Down today—up tomorrow. The good old cycle of life, condensed and speeded up—for where in all the world do things move as fast as in Hollywood? Here a man tumbles into the dust from his place in the sun and is forgotten before the day is over. Here a child may command a king's salary this week and cannot get into a studio the next. Here the man who serves you tea and crumpets one day is the person you pay to see the following. All aspire and few succeed, yet those who do have only a temporary hold on fame.

I say "all," but now it comes to me that there are some who don't and these are the contented ones. Of the two or three groups I call to mind, the most important is the stand-ins. Here are the people who stand in front of the camera and yet are never photographed. Here are the people who are constantly rubbing shoulders with famous stars and yet are never known to the public. They wear the same clothes, simulate the manners of their more fortunate brothers (or maybe it's unfortunate) and yet are rarely ever mentioned in the movie world of events.

You probably look upon the stand-in as a frustrated, burning bundle of ambition whose life has been one long series of unlucky breaks. Maybe there are some like that, but I haven't met them. On the contrary, the average stand-in thanks his lucky stars for the comfortable salary and comparative security that is his by the grace of God and his resemblance to or acquaintance with some prominent film actor. Many stand-ins are close social friends or relatives of the stars for whom they work, and are content to bask in the reflected limelight that becomes theirs.

To the technicians, the stand-in is looked upon as a focusing board. His work is intermittent during the day, standing in front of the camera while adjustments in lighting and composition are made for each setup, during which the star reclines in his portable dressing room. The first impression naturally would be that the star is a fawned-upon creature and lives the life of a sissy, but this is far from the truth. Lights are hot—exceedingly hot—and what they do to make-up and costume can best be explained by a constantly outraged wardrobe department. And quality of production demands that a star look his best at all times.

A few years ago, a stand-in was rated three degrees lower than an extra in the Hollywood scale, but today no stand-in would change places with the precarious existence of the lowly extra, who is paid more by the day but works fewer days.

(Continued on page 44)

Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

PARTLY because she is ambitious, and partly because her shiftless father, Love Bidwell, and her brother, Starr, are in need of money, Sally Bidwell jilts Owen Merritt, a young cattleman whom she loves, and marries Will Isberg, owner of the Skull outfit and the wealthiest man in the Piute Desert country.

On the evening of the wedding, Hugh Clagg, one of Isberg's secret allies, attempts to assassinate Merritt; by mistake, however, he kills one of his own men: Lee Repp. A short time later, Juke Slover, one of Merritt's close *friends, is brutally murdered by Fay Dutcher*, Isberg's foreman, and Theodore Bale, Skull's riding boss.

Convinced now that Isberg is his bitter enemy and will not hesitate to kill him if he has the opportunity, Merritt has two courses open to him: to sell his ranch to Isberg and go away, or to stay and fight. He elects to stay—and fight.

With George Vird, his foreman, and Bourke Prine, his closest friend, he encounters Fay Dutcher, Bale and three other Skull riders in a saloon. He accuses Dutcher of killing Slover. A pistol battle ensues. When it is over, three of Skull's men are dead.

Learning what has happened, Sally Isberg slips away one night, goes to Merritt's ranch on Christmas Creek and implores him to sell his property and get out of the country. Merritt, momentarily unable to control himself, answers her by taking her in his arms and kissing her. Sally (desperately in love with him still) thrusts him away and leaves the ranchhouse. As she rides away, she is seen and recognized by Hugh Clagg!

Another girl—Nan Melotte, who presides over a little school on Christmas Creek, and toward whom Clagg is making advances—also gives Merritt a warning. She tells him that his most dangerous enemy—an enemy who may strike at any moment—is *Hugh Clagg!*

George Vird is murdered, shot to death not far from Merritt's house. Merritt reports the killing to Sheriff Medary. After which—since it is quite evident that Medary will do nothing, without unusually strong evidence, to bring the killers to justice—he decides to take matters into his own hands.

Early one morning, his plans carefully made, he rides to Corral Flat, where part of Skull's crew is sleeping. A hundred yards from the building, he drops from the saddle. Then he draws his rifle out of its boot and softly works the lever.

V

THE faint metallic click of the rifle in Merritt's hands disturbed the huge silence of the hills and he could hear somebody in the cabin groan. There were, he recalled, five or six men stationed at the place and in another fifteen minutes they would be stirring. One end of the cabin, and its window, faced him. A bench outside the door held a bucket and a white tin basin that began to reflect the growing daylight.

He had the rifle steadied against the side of a small pine and he knew what he meant to do. But for a little while he held his fire, going back over his thoughts with a greater care, trying to find another answer, and failing to find it. Bourke Prine had continually urged him to fight and he had resisted, knowing that when he opened up he provided Will Isberg legitimate excuse to turn the whole weight of Skull's crew on him. It was the old game of prodding the other man into a draw. Afterward the rule of the country made anything fair.

But Skull was against his fence and his fence couldn't hold Skull out. Sitting on the porch of his house on Christmas Creek was pretty useless business. What he did now was to start a jump-and-run fight, and make the hills tough for Skull to ride. When he pulled the trigger of the Winchester he said goodby to Christmas Creek and to the flat country. It would be high trails and fast horses; beans and bacon over a quick campfire, and fade away.

A voice in the cabin grumbled: "Rise and shine!" Merritt took aim on the high corner of the window and let go.

The flat and dry crack of the shot spread through the hills. It split into fragments of sound that rolled down the clear spaces and struck the solidness of trees and bounced back. One man in the cabin yelled.

All of them hit the floor with a heavy smash. The window's shattered glass jangled down. The door swung open, slowly. Merritt turned the Winchester's muzzle. One bullet clunked through the filled water bucket; the next sailed the basin off the bench. The basin struck on edge and rolled three or four feet with a waggling motion, and fell. The door slammed shut.

Somebody in there fired through the window, but it was a high, slanting shot that struck nowhere in the timber. Merritt turned to the window again and fired through it, hearing lead flatten against the inner side of the logs.

He filled the gun and waited. There was a faint sound in the cabin, like the furtive scraping of a body on the floor. Light came out of the east in higher and higher waves and dew began to glitter on the clumps of bunch grass in the meadow. All the horses were milling around the corral, raking up the cloudy dust. He watched them a moment and shook his head; and saw the cabin door show its crack again. His shot hit the door's lower corner, knocking it partially open. A man yelled—the quick and incomplete yell of pain—and the door slammed. Merritt called: "Better not."

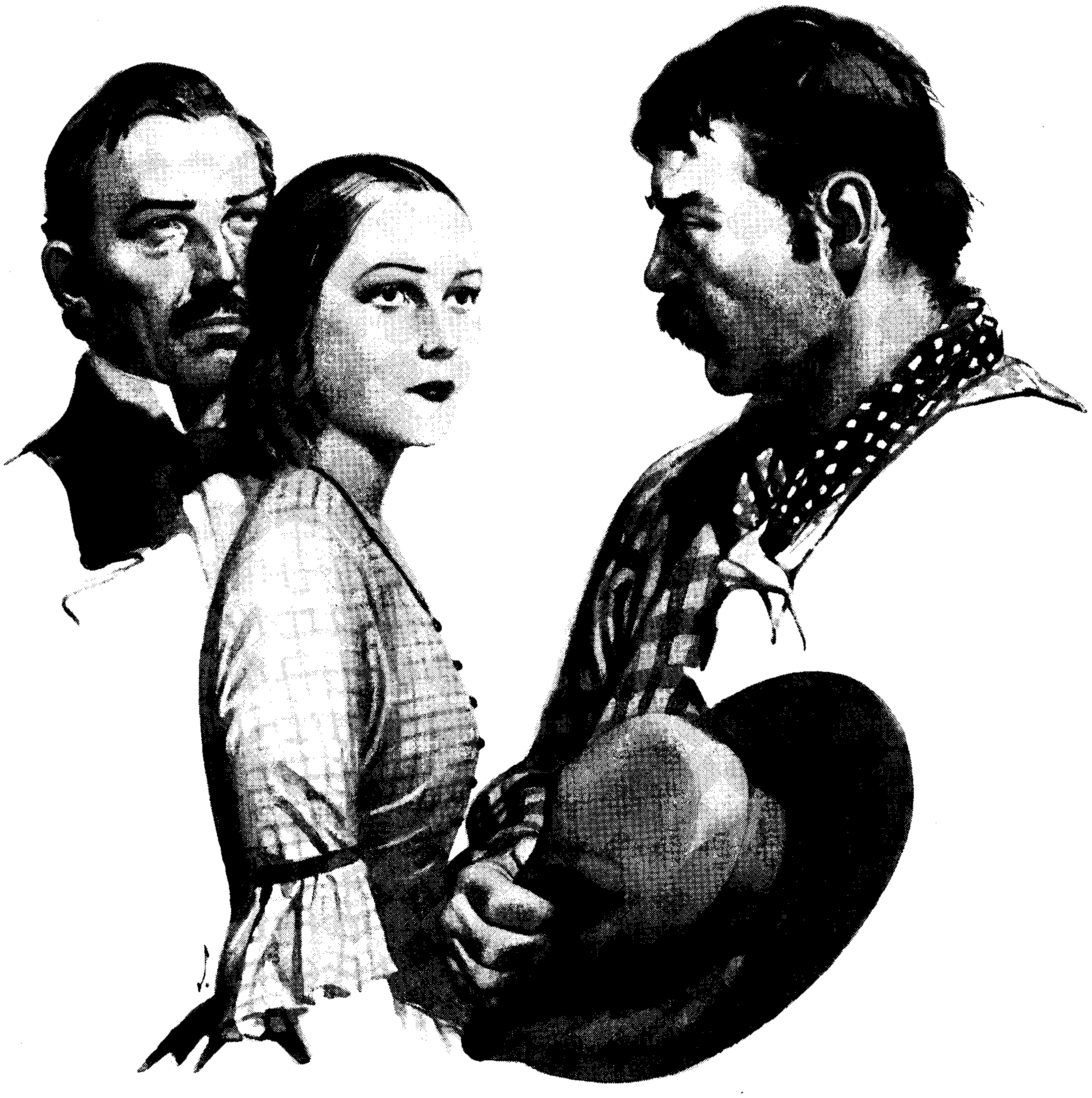
THEY were cursing him. He listened to that full-hearted rage, and began to make out the shape of the stovepipe in the middle of the room. He turned loose on that target, stilling their voices for a while. His shots went through the pipe without knocking it down but soot made a little cloud at the top. Stepping back from the tree he faded into the timber and ran parallel with the clearing. When he came up to the meadow again, behind another tree, he commanded a slanting view of a window on the cabin's front and knocked it out with a few quick shots and moved over to the door again, taking a careful aim at the latch. It took half a dozen bullets to break the latch. The door swung inward and was kicked shut, but he laid his fire along the sill and a man howled and moved away; and when the door swung next time nobody seemed near enough to kick it. Through the opening he spotted the stove, reloaded the Winchester, and began to crack away at it. This was cast iron and brittle, and made a racket at each direct strike. One shot struck a leg and broke it and then the stove collapsed and the stovepipe fell.

Backing once more into the timber, he circled to his original spot and laid another shot through the side window. Full day swelled up from the east, the chill began to fade out of the air. Behind him the dark corridors in the pines slowly lost their heavy shadows, so that he could see farther into the timber, and could be seen as well. They had quit talking to him, but he heard them stir around a little and now he could look through the broken side window to the window on the far end; by way of persuasion he put one shot through it, and spoke:

"I'll be here all morning. Settle down."

It was time to go. All this racket was enough to wake the dead and before very long other Skull riders would be

(Continued on page 69)



Dutcher shook his head. "Nothing," he grumbled, and kept his eyes on Sally Isberg. He had turned sullen

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

ACCUSED of being a Japanese agent, the wealthy P. G. Bonner dies. A few days later, his daughter, Dorothy, disappears—then sails secretly from San Francisco on the Honolulu-bound Kumo-maru. With orders to watch the girl and, if possible, clear up the "Bonner mystery," Glen Larkin, a resourceful newspaperman, takes the same boat. He no sooner meets Dorothy than he falls in love with her.

Although Larkin is not aware of it when he boards the ship, an intricate plot (revolving around the sale of vanadium to the Japanese government) is afoot. The murder of two men—the ship's doctor and Dorothy's brother, Arthur, a stowaway—puts him on guard.

He keeps an eye on all of the passengers; notably: William Cuttle, who says he is a detective; Millicent Greeve, a gay widow who is frequently under the influence of liquor; George Willowby, a quiet person who has little to say about himself; Jeremy Hood, a collector of Japanese prints; General Rodriguez, a wily South American; Mr. Shima, a courteous Japanese; and Charles Frayle, a young adventurer who is co-operating with Dorothy Bonner and Rodriguez in a vanadium deal with the Japanese military authorities.

What Larkin learns does not surprise him: Charles Frayle (who is making frantic efforts to inveigle Dorothy into marrying him) is in possession of photostatic plans for the construction of a new-model antiaircraft gun; working through Mr. Shima, he is trying to sell the plans to Japan for half a million yen!

But, it appears, Jeremy Hood has the same plans—photostats which had once belonged to Arthur Bonner. Hood shows them to Larkin.

A short time after he has viewed the photostats, Larkin stumbles over Hood's body. The man has been murdered, strangled to death. In one of his hands, Larkin notes, is a crumpled flower such as Cuttle always sports!

As two men—Cuttle and Willowby—approach, Larkin conceals himself. The men find the body. Willowby goes away to notify the captain. Cuttle remains, retrieves the flower, smooths it out carefully, sticks it in his buttonhole. Larkin is seen when he leaves his hiding place and is locked up.

But Satō, a steward whose friendship he has won, releases him. Satō is a Korean. He hates the Japanese. He has set the ship on fire.

Conclusion

SOOTY fumes drifted sluggishly down the corridor like clouds of dust that would not settle. At the far end a thin sparkle of flame crackled along the baseboard. The sound brought new gasps from Dorothy Bonner as her small feet pattered frantically toward the stairs. She did not realize that Frayle was following her until he grasped her shoulders from behind.

"Did you just come from my stateroom, puss?" he demanded.

"No, Charlie, I—"

"You didn't take something from my stateroom?"

"No, Charlie."

"What are you doing down here?"

"I was looking for Glen Larkin. He'll burn to death! Someone has to let him out . . ."

"He's out. I saw him on deck ten minutes ago."

"Let's go on deck. The lifeboats—"

"You're not going in the first boats," Frayle said. "You're waiting with me—for the Jishin-maru."

"The Jishin may not get here in time, Charlie."

"That's a chance you'll have to take. It's a good gamble, and you stand to win. If you go in the first boats and are picked up by the Empress, you'll land in Honolulu—and in jail."

"They won't keep me, Charlie. They can't. I'm not guilty of anything."

"They'll keep you," said Frayle. "Did you pick up your bank statement before you left Washington? Did you destroy your canceled checks?"

"No."

"Then they'll keep you. They'll find evidence that you bribed a Navy Department janitor to steal those blueprints."

"But I didn't."

"Didn't you write a check for two thousand dollars to pay for a brain operation on a worthy but indigent lady named Lawrence?"

"Yes, of course . . ."

"Mrs. Lawrence's husband is janitor at the Navy Department. Your two thousand bought the blueprints."

"That's ridiculous on the face of it. No man would do a thing like that for only two thousand dollars!"

"It wasn't just two thousand dollars," Frayle said. "It was his wife's eyesight, her sanity, probably her life."

"Why, you despicable—!"

"Now, puss. Stop thinking in terms of private morals. There's no morality between nations, you know."

"Then you did have the blueprints photostated!"

"Yes, of course."

"And it was *you* who brought the blueprints to father's apartment!"

"That was your charming brother's fault," Frayle said. "He followed me to Baltimore. I saw him waiting outside the photoprinter's. And knowing the sort of thing he was probably up to, I had to protect myself. . . ."

"So you put the blueprints in father's desk!"

"I didn't intend leaving them there, puss. But the old man came home before I expected him. And on top of that Lawrence phoned and insisted I tell you to be sure to destroy your canceled check, because he was afraid he might be questioned. Unfortunately your father was on the extension phone."

THE girl gave a low, despairing cry. "Then Glen was right!" she murmured as though to herself. "Father did think I was involved." Suddenly she raised her face close to Frayle's. Her eyes were blazing with hate. "You killed him!" she shouted. "You killed father just as surely as though you'd held the gun. You're the lowest, the most contemptible—! And a coward on top of it all! When you knew Arthur was aboard, you were afraid you'd be caught. You decided to slip out from under and leave the Bonner family holding the bag. That's why you handed me the photostats when I asked for the vanadium papers!"

"No, puss," Frayle protested suavely. "That was a mistake. I got the envelopes mixed."

"Oh, no you didn't. You gave me a Vanadium Corporation envelope. You switched the contents. You knew I wouldn't bother to look inside right away if the outside seemed familiar. You knew I trusted you. And after Arthur was killed and you felt safe again, you stole back the photostats, just as Glen said. You did kill Arthur!"

"Now, puss—"

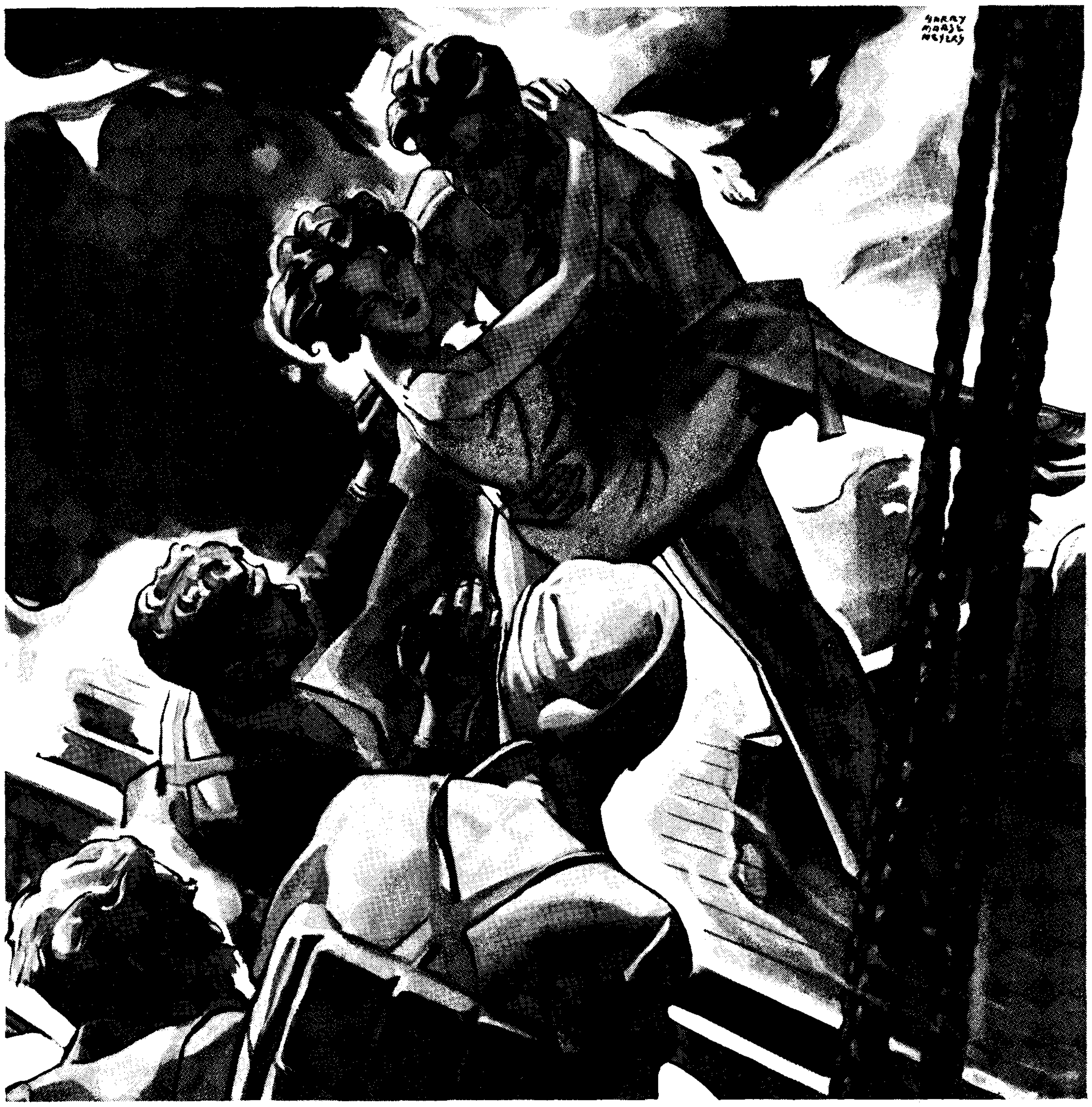
"Let me go!"

The girl turned, twisted from his grasp. There was a rip of fabric as a torn fragment of her sleeve remained in Frayle's hand.

She was running rapidly toward the stairs. Frayle ran after her.

Larkin stumbled out of the torrid, fuming chimney that had been the second-class companionway, tore the hand-

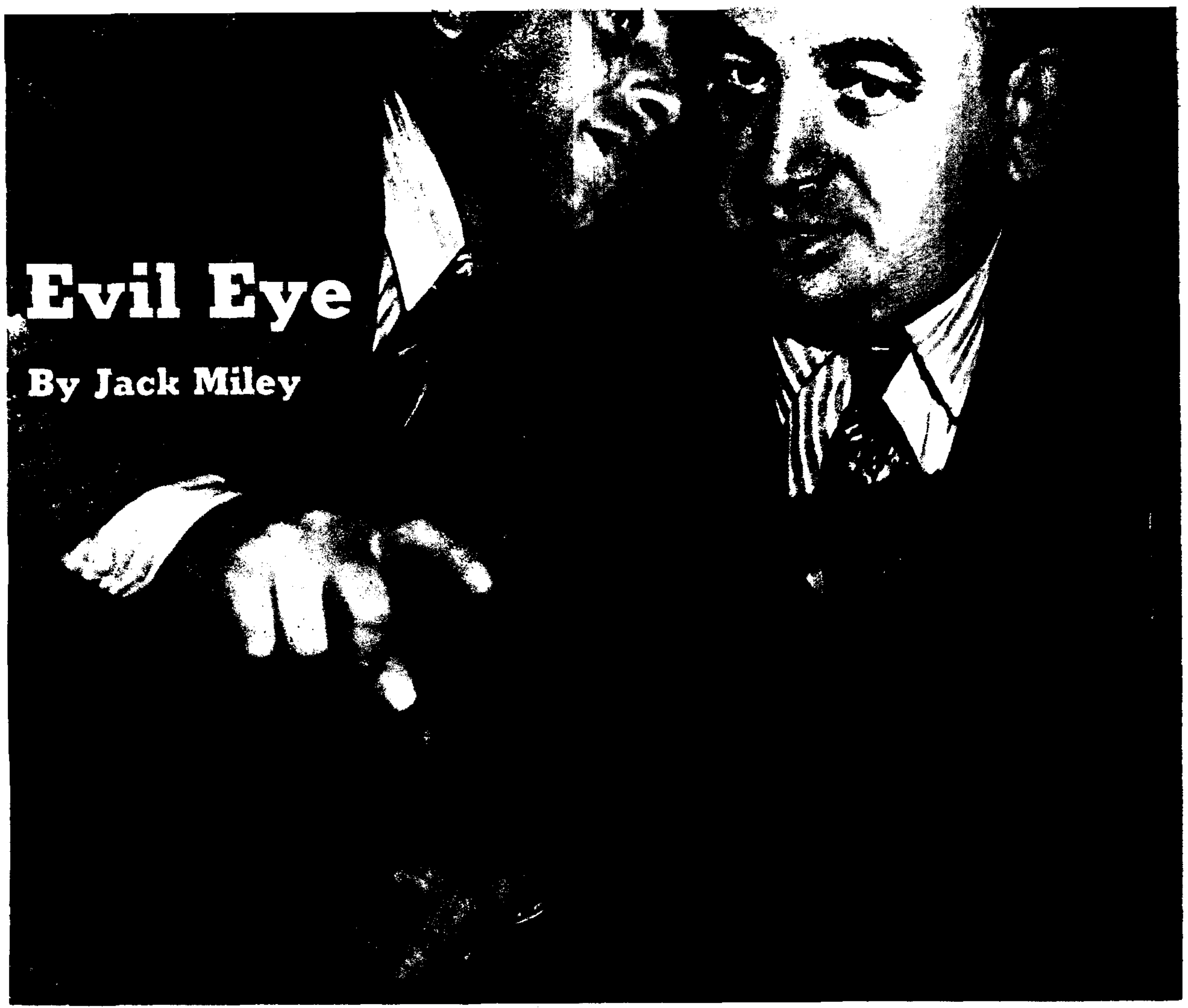
(Continued on page 58)



Larkin charged toward the lifeboat. He swung Dorothy over the gunwales, just as the afterfall gave way

Evil Eye

By Jack Miley



COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPH

Benny Finkle, hex master of sportdom (left) and his manager, Lou Diamond

A SVENGALI stare is Evil Eye Benny Finkle's stock in trade, and with this occult orb he has hexed more victims than a Salem witch. Finkle is the acknowledged "hex-pert" of the fight game. He will hoodoo anybody you dislike for a modest fee and he works on a satisfaction-or-your-money-back basis.

Pretending to sneer at superstition, hard-boiled boxing managers will tell you that Evil Eye can crouch at a ringside and glare any gladiator into certain defeat. Not only that, but they pay him to do so, and Benny is working most of the time. The Eye has operated satisfactorily in the corners of such eminent athletes as Harry Jeffra, Lou Ambers, Barney Ross and Jim Braddock, and they all acclaim his clairvoyant gifts. Max Schmeling and Joe Louis are now bidding for the Eye's services in their June joust.

Nor does the Eye confine his hocus-focus to boxing. Benny is now concentrating on a commission a Broadway bookie gave him to keep Menow, the Chief and a few other favorites from winning the Kentucky Derby, in which he hopes to hex a long shot in. If he succeeds here, the same odds-layer will give him steady work at all the New York tracks.

Promotor Mike Jacobs, Tex Rickard's successor, once refused Benny a couple of tickets to a Garden fight. The Eye squinted at Mike, muttered a strange incantation and said, "Something'll happen to you in twenty-four hours!" The next day Jacobs fell off a ladder, sprained his ankle and was laid up a fortnight. As soon as he got back on his feet, Mike's first act was to put Finkle on his permanent free list. Soon after this, the Eye went into a double-barreled trance and predicted that 711 would be the payoff number in Harlem's policy game that afternoon. It was, and his friends profited handsomely.

The Eye is forty, frail and fleet of foot. He has to be in his business, for somebody is usually chasing him. He has been punched, blackjacked, stabbed and shot at by irate managers whose boxers he Jonahed.

He has barnstormed through the South so long he talks like Amos and Andy, with overtones of Lou Holtz. Finkle is a flashy little fellow, and, regardless of weather, he is always swathed from ankles to Adam's apple in a buttermilk-yellow polo coat that looks as if it had been cut for Carnera. It was a gift from Jack Dempsey, as are Benny's fifty-dollar custom-built brogans. The Eye got them for a slight service to the champ. Benny was in Dempsey's barroom when a truculent drunk began pegging left hooks at Jack. "Work on the bum, Eye!" Dempsey pleaded. "If I hit him, he'll fall apart!" Finkle brushed Dempsey aside. He fixed his No. 1 or sudden-death stare on the troublemaker. The stew paled, shivered and staggered out into the night.

The Eye got into his hexing racket in a strange way. He was a little tyke, knee-high to a fungo bat, out in St. Louis, when the Giants came to town. Rube Marquard had a long string of victories—Benny forgets how many. "I sat out in the bleachers and rooted against the Rube," the Eye remembers, "and I made Marquard bust his winning streak by just staring all afternoon at the big bum's back!"

For a while he fancied himself as a fighter in the bantam class. "But somebody was always lumping me, so I got wise and became a manager," he recalls.

Then His Hexing Really Developed

"I had a stable of tramps down in Florida," admits the Eye. "They were no bargains and I could whip most of 'em myself. Pretty soon the customers and the other fighters began to find out what palookas my guys were and the word went around: 'A Finkle fighter can't lick his lips!' That made me mad. I hadda do something, so I begin monkeying with that hypnotism stuff.

"I begin puttin' the eye on a couple of kids my boys was fightin' down in Tampa, and my fighters win a few, much to my surprise. I come up to Washington one night and there I put a real Grade A hex on a kid named Rex Ingram. He was a good fighter and a hot favorite, but he lost to my stiff! I just stared at this Rex real hard while he was fightin' and kept saying, 'You lose! You lose!' Next thing I know, this Rex is on the deck and my dope, who couldn't knock the head off a stein of beer, has won by a kayo!

"Then the trouble starts and I'm in the middle, as usual. This Rex's manager, he's a tough bloke, see? He looks over and catches me givin' his kid that old abadaba. He don't say nothin', though. He just yanks out a big knife and comes runnin' around that ring with murder in his heart! So I start runnin' and he splits my coat right down the back with that sword he's swingin'. I could feel the slash and I thought he laid my backbone open like you split a fish. I was afraid to reach around and feel. I don't stop runnin' until I reach Alexandria, Virginia.

"That job made me, though. All the papers played it up big. Managers began sendin' for me to jinx guys. I gave up my own fighters and began workin' for the other guys. What'd I have to lose? I get all expenses and part of the purse. Of course, it was no hex no pay, but that was okay. I worked in Baltimore, Richmond, Jacksonville, Tampa, Miami and a dozen towns. I musta hexed a couple hundred fighters.

"I have one close squeak down in Tampa a coupla years ago. My pal, Lou Diamond, the Honest Brakeman—Lou manages me now—is promotin' rasslin' down there. I'm hangin' around with Lou, not doin' nothin'. One night I puts the eye on a rassler, just for a laugh. I'm not half tryin', understand, but the clown falls out of the ring and breaks his left leg. He's got a friend with him and this fellow gets very sore. He says it's my fault, that I did it, and I try to argue that I'm just practicin' and ain't even warmed up for any serious hexin' when this accident happens.

"So this guy's got a gun, see? He's one o' them crazy foreigners. The minute he breaks out that rod, I'm off and runnin'—again! This crackpot pegs a coupla shots at me just as I find myself up to my ears in a marsh on a pitch-dark night. I hide in them reeds and thank heaven the moon ain't out. When the coppers drag this screwball away, the Brakeman throws me a rope!"

But the Eye was really a bush-leaguer until this winter, when he crashed Broadway. He was sponsored after his long road run by Howling Hymie Caplin, a fight manager.

After a few tune-up squints in neighborhood abattoirs on the subway circuit, where he put his X-ray ogle on the opponents of Howling Hymie's protégés and made them lose, the Eye was ready for his acid test in Madison Square Garden. Howling Hymie had his middleweight, Solly Krieger, fighting a tough Gashouse kid, Popeye Wood, when Evil Eye was asked to strut his stuff before his first Garden audience.

Wood was a 2-1 favorite, but this didn't feaze the Eye. He put that icy orb on poor Popeye and Solly tagged Wood on his prognathous chin in the second round. They dragged Popeye to his corner and Finkle became the sensation of Bashed Beezer Boulevard.

Then there was the Eye's long-distance or remote-control hex on New Year's Day. This was a remarkable achievement, also. He doesn't try this often as it is a most exhausting experiment.

The Eye was holidaying with friends in Washington and Howling Hymie had taken his muffin-eared meal ticket, Krieger, out to Milwaukee for a matinee massacre of one Georgie Black. There were tears in Caplin's voice as he long-distanced Finkle an hour before the fight. "Help me, Eye!" Hymie wailed. "Oi, have I got troubles! I'm afraid I've overmatched Solly. They tell me this Black is tougher than a lunch-wagon steak. He's a 3-1 shot and everybody says we're going to get knocked out! What'll we do?"

The master of every emergency, Evil Eye told Caplin to keep cool, calm and collected. Then Benny called a taxi and sped to the office of a Washington sports editor he knew. He asked for a photograph of Georgie Black. Finkle perched on the edge of his chair and gazed with half-closed eyes at the picture for forty-five minutes. He chanted softly, "He's beat . . . he's beat . . . he's beat!" Beads of perspiration stood out on the Eye's brow. His lips were parched; his collar was wilted. He grew hoarse, but refused water. The sports editor, who always suspected Finkle was daffy, whispered to an aide, "This time I know Ben's blown his topper! I hope he don't get violent!"

Suddenly the Eye threw down Black's photo. He asked the sports editor to wire Milwaukee for the fight result. "Solly wins easy!" Finkle predicted, and a few minutes later a telegraph key clicked confirmation.

The puffing, portly Diamond, by the way, is known as the Honest Brakeman because he was once agent for a trainmen's union and his books balanced to a penny when he quit his job. He handles all the Eye's affairs and cuts him fifty per cent.

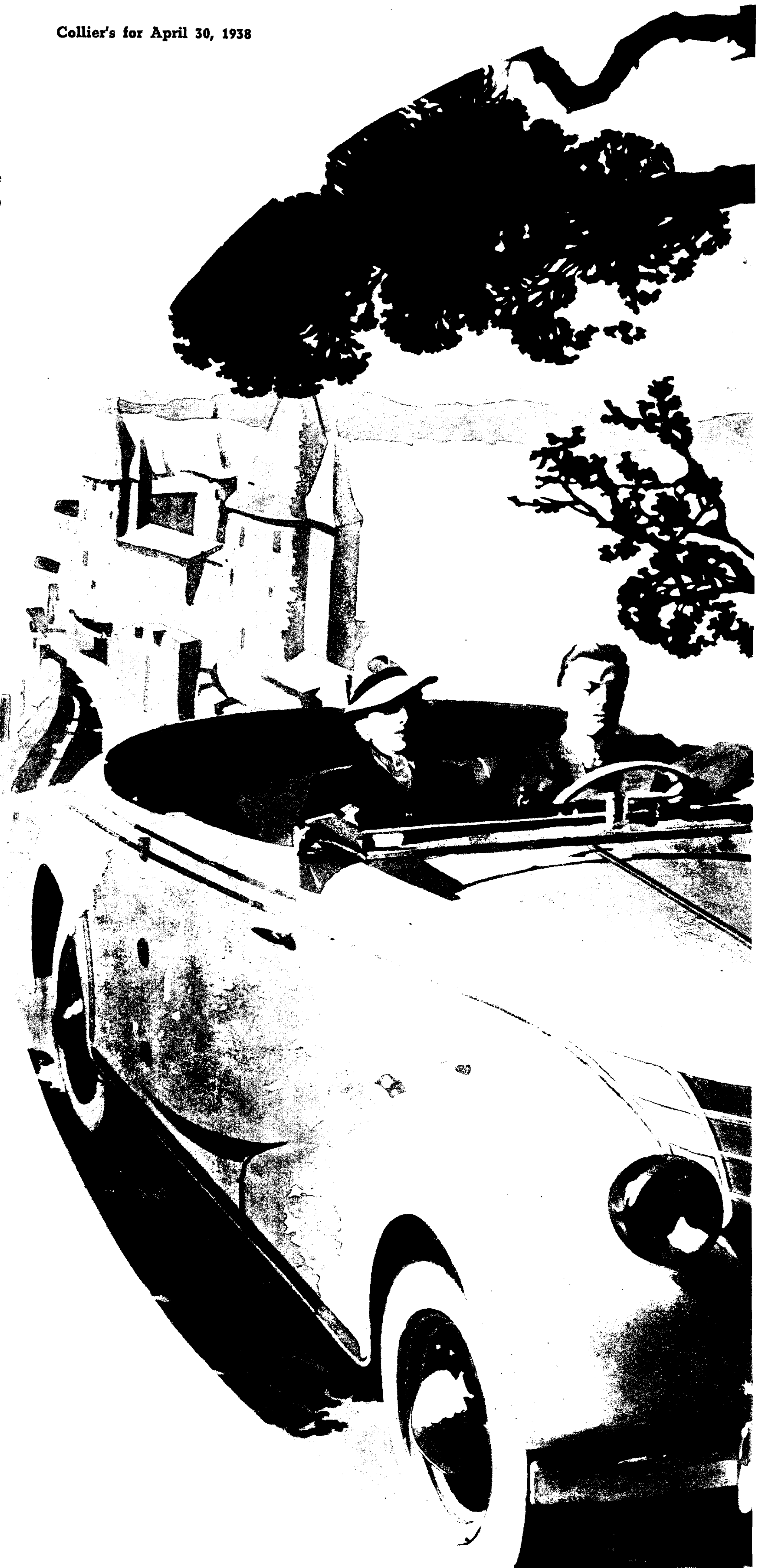
There's nothing haphazard or accidental about the Eye. He is a thorough, conscientious workman at all times. He is proud of his peculiar profession and he trains diligently for his tasks. Fine physical condition is required to sharpen his cash-and-carry stare, he says. He doesn't do gym work, like the fighters, but he keeps fit. His routine on fight days consists of a snooze in a movie house, a beef stew at a lunch wagon, a shave and a shine and the bell. He has one strict rule—he never drinks liquor before he hexes.

"You gotta be sober in my line," he says; "if you drink, things go haywire. I had a few snifters one night on a job in Altoona and turned in the worst performance of my career. I opened and shut the wrong eyes, but nothin' happened. Then I hexed the wrong guy—my own man. Why, they thought I was a phony!"

Love and Learn

By Peter Paul O'Mara

The story of Jeffry Stacy and the woman he loved—and a woman who feared all gossip



DARLING," Caroline Day said, "I'm getting awfully tired of being the First Citizen of Sin!"

Jeffry Stacy turned from the window and watched her as she brushed out her short, bright hair. She was sitting in front of the mirror; but, over her shoulder in the glass, he could see her face, bony and tanned, gay and strong, gallant and angular and oddly beautiful, like a young boy's face.

"Sin?" he said at last. "Where have I heard that word?"

"No," Caroline said. "No, seriously, Jeff! Seven years of scandal is enough years. I want to go home. I want to go home and be respectable."

"You're the most beautiful woman in the world," he said dreamily. "Of course, you're not, really. If I could only look at you with a jaundiced eye, I should probably find that you have a face like a used golf ball and a figure like a sea urchin. Maybe I should love you anyway, but I should hate having to be seen with you. Anyway, I do love you."

She put the brush down, stood up.

"Jeff, darling, please listen!" There was something so desperately urgent in her voice that his face lost its mockery and became serious. "Look, Jeff, you know I love you?"

"I can't understand it, but I know it. Yes, my dear."

"Then I can say this: I can't bear it any longer. When people stare and whisper and giggle, I can't laugh any more. I can't be brazen and gay another minute. I can't do it!"

Without answering her, he walked over to her and took her hands firmly between his and watched her eyes. After a long minute of silence she shrugged dispiritedly and then laughed.

"Maybe it's the female in me. After all, half my ancestors were female. But I want someone to call me 'Madame' without smirking. And I'm sick of being rootless among rootless people. I want to go home and live on Gramercy Park and have children and serve tea to the rector of Grace Church and— Oh, I want to be respectable with all the trimmings. I even want to learn to knit."

JEFFRY pulled her toward him and kissed her.

"I get it!" he said quietly. "I'm clever, I am! Out of all that talk, I picked the one important word. Children. You have a yen to bear me a son."

"No. A daughter."

He laughed down into her face and kissed her again. This time it was a long kiss, and intimate, but there was no passion in it. Carol's mouth twisted as though she were going to cry, but he put his fingers swiftly and softly across her lips.

"Darling, don't you think I've thought of that, too? I'm a paternal sort of bloke. If I had my way, we'd multiply like a pair of rabbits. But it's no use, Carol! You know it's no use! We couldn't do that to a kid. At least, not to any kid as nice as a child of ours would be!"

Caroline shook herself free of his arms and brushed her hair into place again. When she had not spoken for a long time, he repeated his last statement in the form of a question.

"We couldn't do it, could we, darling?"

She spoke without looking at him, "That man Seldon from the Chronicle was here yesterday."

"Yeah? What did he want?"

"He wanted to know if we were going to see Stella while she was here in France, while she was so near us. He wanted to know if we were going to ask her again to divorce you."

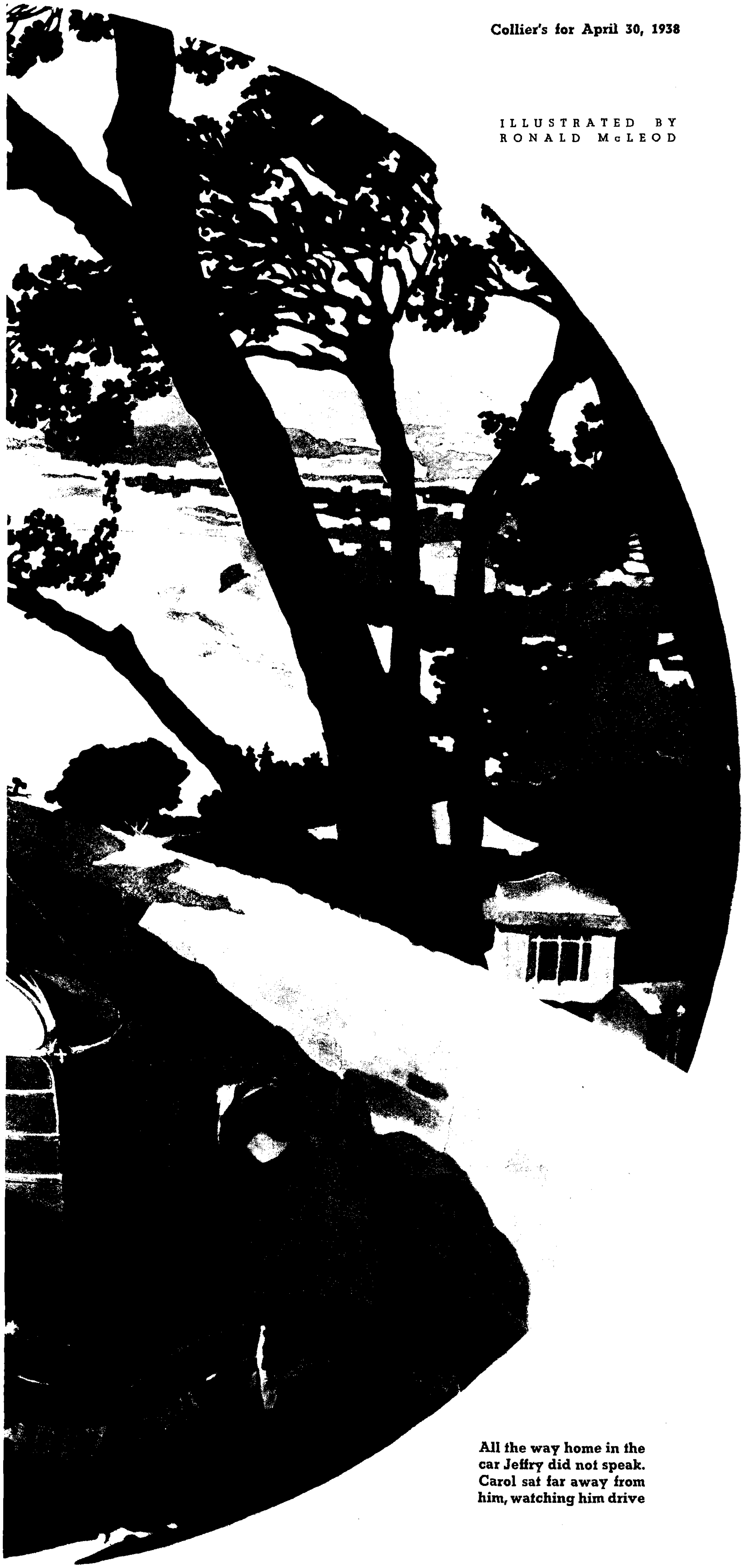
"What did you tell him?"

"I told him no. But, Jeff—" She put down the brush and turned quickly to face him. "Look, Jeff, darling! We could see her! We could ask her! We could, couldn't we?"

"You know it wouldn't be any use! She swore—"

"But that was a long time ago! That was— Oh, that was years ago! Besides— Oh, she must! Won't you try, Jeff? Please!"

He stared at her for a long moment, his eyes pitying her for the humiliation she was planning for the two of them. And then he held out his hand toward her.



ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD

All the way home in the car Jeffry did not speak. Carol sat far away from him, watching him drive

"Sure, I'll try! She can't do more than spit in my eye. Not that dear Stella would spit in my eye. At least, not in public. I shall visit my wife this afternoon."

"*We* shall visit your wife this afternoon!"

"There's no need for you to go. I won't have you snubbed by that—that—what *is* the word I want? It's an Anglo-Saxon word, I think."

Carol grinned and shook her head. "I'm going, too. Your Anglo-Saxon word wants me to crawl. Very well, I shall crawl, strewing ashes on my head."

All that forenoon and through the early afternoon, while Jeffry was at work in his laboratory, Carol felt herself growing more and more nervous, though she told herself sternly not to be a fool, that getting the jitters would not help. Nevertheless, the very thought of facing Stella Carew continued to fill her with chill terror.

And yet, it might not be so bad. After all, seven years had passed since she had run off with Stella's husband and precipitated the major scandal of the decade. Seven years was a long time in a woman's life. Perhaps Stella was in love with someone else, and would welcome a divorce. Perhaps—and here was the one real hope—she needed money and could be bought. She had always lived extravagantly and now she had fought with her studio and might easily be hard up. Perhaps— Oh, lots of things could happen in seven years.

LOTS of things could happen in seven years, Carol said over and over to herself comfortingly. But every time she said it, the answer would be ready— But not to Stella! Stella might have grown less beautiful; little wrinkles might have cast their nets about Stella's eyes and mouth. But she was not likely to have grown less vain. Stella's rule over her kingdom of Hollywood might have grown a little less secure. But that was not likely to have made her kinder, or less cold, or more forgiving. Nothing that could ever happen to Stella would be likely to make her forgive the indignity she had suffered in being forced to play the role of the deserted wife, the wronged woman.

"Deserted woman!" Carol said aloud to an astonished maid. "Deserted woman, my eye!"

The phrase was rather an exaggeration, since Stella had not lived with her husband after the very earliest days of their marriage, three years before he had even met Carol. In fact, during all of those years they had been domiciled on opposite sides of the continent. Stella had wanted it that way; she said Jeffry was a distraction and would interfere with her work.

Stella did not enjoy being a wife. But she did enjoy being a Stacy. Stella Carew was a name that carried weight in the world, and would take her almost any place. But to Stella Carew Stacy the houses of bishops were open, and the palaces of kings. She enjoyed being a Stacy, and she intended to remain a Stacy, in fact as well as in name.

That was what she told Jeffry when he asked her to divorce him so that he might marry Carol. She added that divorce was bad publicity.

"Why should I sacrifice myself?" she demanded. "I'm perfectly satisfied with things as they are!"

He pleaded with her, and reasoned with her, and tried to bribe her, but she was immovable. As a last resort, he tried to use the publicity she so dreaded as a weapon to force her into the divorce court. He and Caroline Day eloped.

IT HAD not worked. Carol realized now that she should have known at the time that it would not work. In all the papers in the world, Stella had been calm and righteous and full of sorrow and absolutely implacable.

"Much as I love Jeff," the reporters quoted her, "much as I want to make things easy for him, I cannot divorce him. I do not believe in divorce. One does not sacrifice one's eternal principles for a mere temporal love, does one?"

In private, her rage was tremendous. Vases and heads and nervous systems were shattered.

"You Stacys," she told Jeffry in a letter Carol had seen, "*the* Stacys, you think you can get away with anything! Well, Jeffry, you're not going to get away with this! And that common tramp, that Day woman—I'll see you both rot before I divorce you!"

That was seven years ago; seven well-publicized years, because Stella was Stella Carew and Jeff was Jeffry Stacy and Caroline Day took a good picture, and, besides, romantic sin was always news. Stella had been so virtuous about the whole thing so many times that she had built her virtue into her biggest asset, bigger and brighter even than her beauty.

The papers had headlined her row with her studio this summer, when her artistic conscience had forced her to walk out on a picture rather than work with a leading man she did not like. They had also headlined the fact that she was resting in the south of France, not twenty miles from the villa in which Jeffry and Carol had been living for seven years. And they had wondered aloud if the three people *(Continued on page 33)*

Thar's GOLD in them Hillbillies

[illegible]

[illegible]

IFOR THOMAS

SARRA

COURTESY COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.

THE young man with the Adam's apple seemed out of place in a New York elevator. Very definitely he was not a New Yorker and in addition he was not welcome in the crowded car because he carried under his arm a case that looked like a rough box for a horse.

"Will y'all pahdon me?" he said plaintively. "Ah'm havin' some trouble with this here git-tar."

He carried the trouble with him when he got off at the eleventh floor and was presently in a room before a microphone having an audition for phonograph records. He said, with some hesitation, that he would do imitations of Jimmie Rodgers and started in a thin wailing voice to do Blue Yodel, No. 1, which has for its theme: "T for Texas, T for Tennessee and T for Thelma." It seemed that Thelma had made a bum out of somebody and was to receive a bullet from a .44 through her middle—"just for to see her jump and fall."

This was the rare thing of a New York audition for hillbilly songs and race records. The general practice is to take a recording outfit into the territory where such songs grow and out of this endeavor have come such classics as The Wreck of Old 97, Floyd Collins in the Cave, Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane, The Old Hen Cackles and The Rooster's Goin' ta Crow, Crazy Blues, Jimmie Rodgers and his Blue Yodels (Nos. 1 to 12), That Thing Called Love, Just Because, Deep Elam Blues, The Prisoner's Song, Comin' Round the Mountain, Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane, Casey Jones, Twenty-one Years, and hundreds of others.

South of a point that might roughly be regarded as St. Albans, West Virginia, the grapevine system of news distribution still beats anything known to modern science. A hint from New York that David Kapp of Decca or Eli Oberstein of Victor is headed South will find the tidings flying over mountains and the result will be that when the city slickers arrive they will be unable to get into their hotels for the presence of mouth-organ virtuosos, yodelers, blues singers and specialty bands equipped with instruments made up of tissue paper on combs, washboards, assorted saws and rutabaga gourds.

If there needs to be another picture at this point, the camera can leap agilely to such distant parts of South Africa and Australia where the native bushmen are busily humming a little number written by Jimmie Davis of Shreveport, Louisiana, and entitled Nobody's Darling but Mine. In short, no matter what the citizens of the United States think about their native songs, the world ranks the hillbilly ballads among the folk-tune wonders of the universe.

It started back in 1921 when Ralph S. Peer was with Okeh records. Sophie Tucker had agreed to do You Can't Keep a Good Man Down but it was found at the last moment that another contract prevented her from working for Okeh. In this crisis Perry Bradford, who was a colored song plugger for W. C. Handy (St. Louis Blues, Memphis Blues, etc.), informed Mr. Peer that he could furnish a girl who was as good as Sophie. She turned out to be Mamie Smith, a colored girl who was working as cleaning woman in a theater. She made the Good Man song, and for the other side of the record did That Thing Called Love. Mamie had a loud raucous voice and there was great difficulty with recordings in that day of poor equipment, but the Okeh people knew they had something when the record sold 75,000 copies the first month. Mamie was forthwith yanked back into the studio and this time she brought with her a horrendous five-piece band known as Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds. They made Crazy Blues and It's Right Here for You.

"The most awful record ever made," reports Mr. Peer, "and it sold over a million copies."

A Market Nobody Thought Of

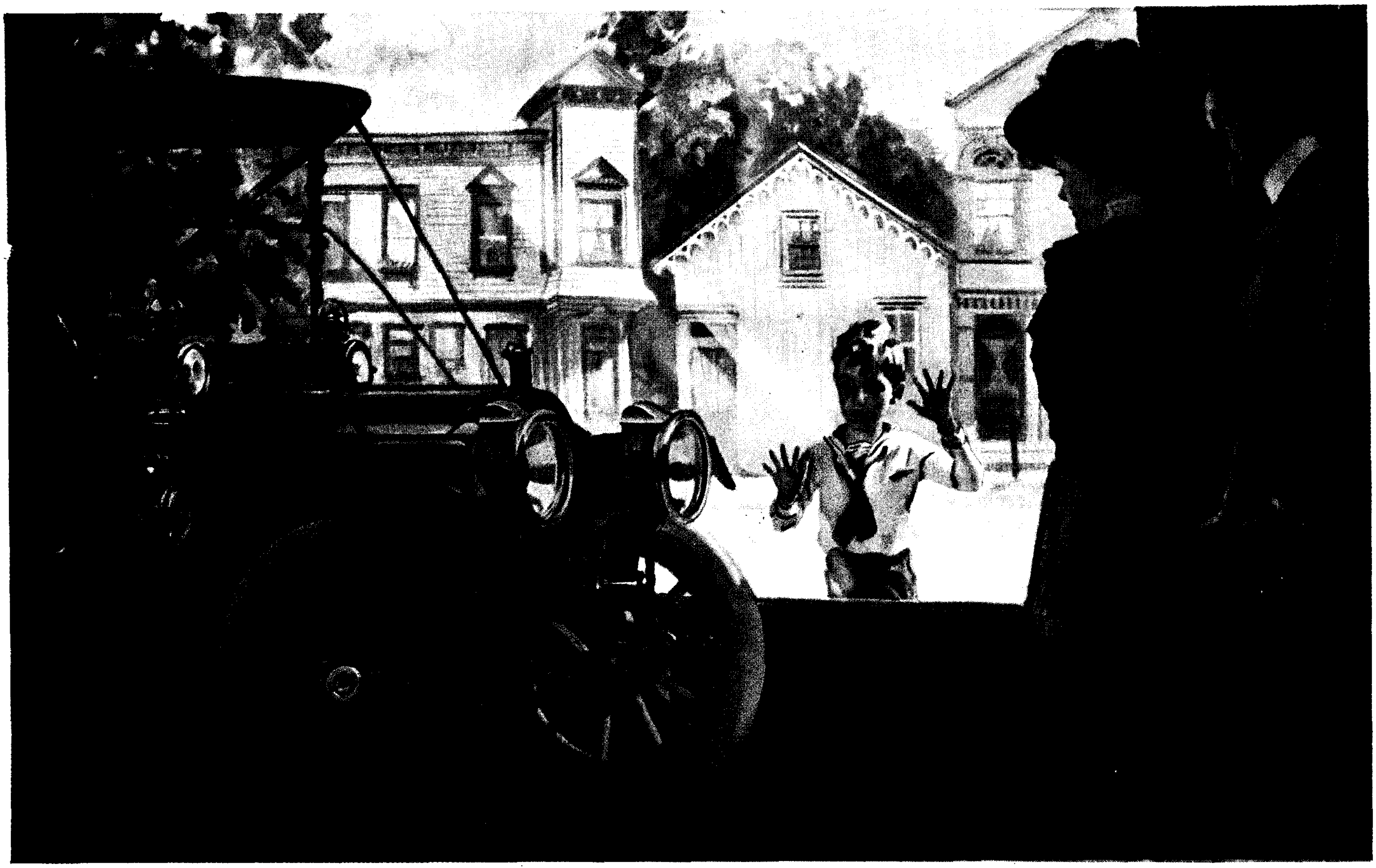
Bert Williams, the colored comedian, had been making records for Columbia for many years but the companies never imagined that the Negroes themselves might be a market for Negro records. In fact, the companies carefully hid the fact that colored singers were being used. About this time, dealers in New York began to report a curious trend in the business. It seemed that Negro Pullman porters on trains going South invariably left New York with as many as twenty-five records apiece under their arms. Since the records cost one dollar each, the business was big stuff and Mr. Peer went South to investigate. He found (a) that the Negroes were buying records of their own people in great quantities and (b) that the Negroes of Richmond, Virginia, invariably referred to themselves as The Race.

"We had records by all foreign groups," says Mr. Peer. "German records, Swedish records, Polish records, but we were afraid to advertise Negro records. So I listed them in the catalogue as 'race' records and they are still known as that."

About this time the vogue of Mamie Smith at Okeh was swamped by the arrival of the great Bessie Smith on Columbia records. Bessie Smith has now become almost a legendary figure and her records have lately been reissued in a new form and are considered classics in blues singing by the experts. Her most famous was Gold Coast Blues, which originally sold into the millions. It may be remarked that at the present day a sale of 100,000 records is held to be sensational in any field.

With Bessie Smith being so successful, Okeh was under the necessity of digging up a new sensation, and Mr. Peer took a portable recording outfit to Atlanta and began looking around. For some reason Atlanta is the worst town in the South for Negro talent (then and now), and Mr. Peer was soon stumped. At the suggestion of a local dealer who guaranteed to sell enough records to cover the cost, he did a few recordings by Fiddler John Carson, a white mountaineer who arrived for the recordings in overalls. Old John had been a ballyhoo man with a circus, had a repertory of hillbilly songs that never ended, and he could sing a bit with his fiddling. He made Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane, and The Old Hen Cackles and The Rooster's Goin' ta Crow.

"It was so bad that we didn't even put a serial number on the records, thinking that when the local dealer got his supply,



When heaven was at the corner of Sycamore and Main

BACK HOME, when I was a boy, there was a place at the corner of Sycamore and Main that was as wonderful to me as anything out of a fairy tale.

For on that corner was the Packard showroom. Just about once a year, father would go there, and he always took me with him.

We never actually bought a Packard, for father's income was never more than modest. But we got a great kick out of feasting our eyes on those magnificent cars and imagining what it would be like to own one.

This year, my wife and I decided we needed a new car. As we passed the Packard showroom I said, "Let's go in, just for the fun of looking," exactly as my dad used to do.

Imagine our surprise when we found a Packard wasn't just something to dream about, but a car we could really afford. We found that—with the recent $100 price reduction on the Packard Six—we could have a Packard without paying a cent of cash. Our old car more than covered the down payment. And the monthly payments were only a few dollars more than we should have had to spend for one of the lowest priced cars.

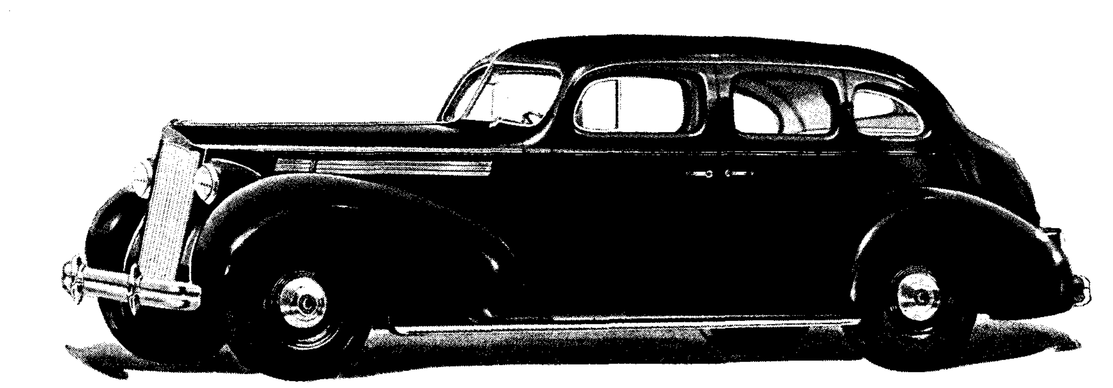
So we're driving the car we've always wanted. And we're as thrilled as a couple of kids with it. Its lines tell the world we're Packard owners. And those same lines will keep our car smart and recognizable as a Packard over the many long years we expect to drive it.

Best of all, our Packard costs us no more to run—and less to service—than the car we used to own!

Moral: ***Get the facts—they'll lead you to a Packard.***

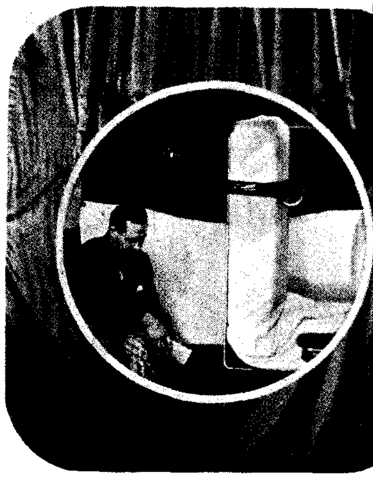
Packard

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

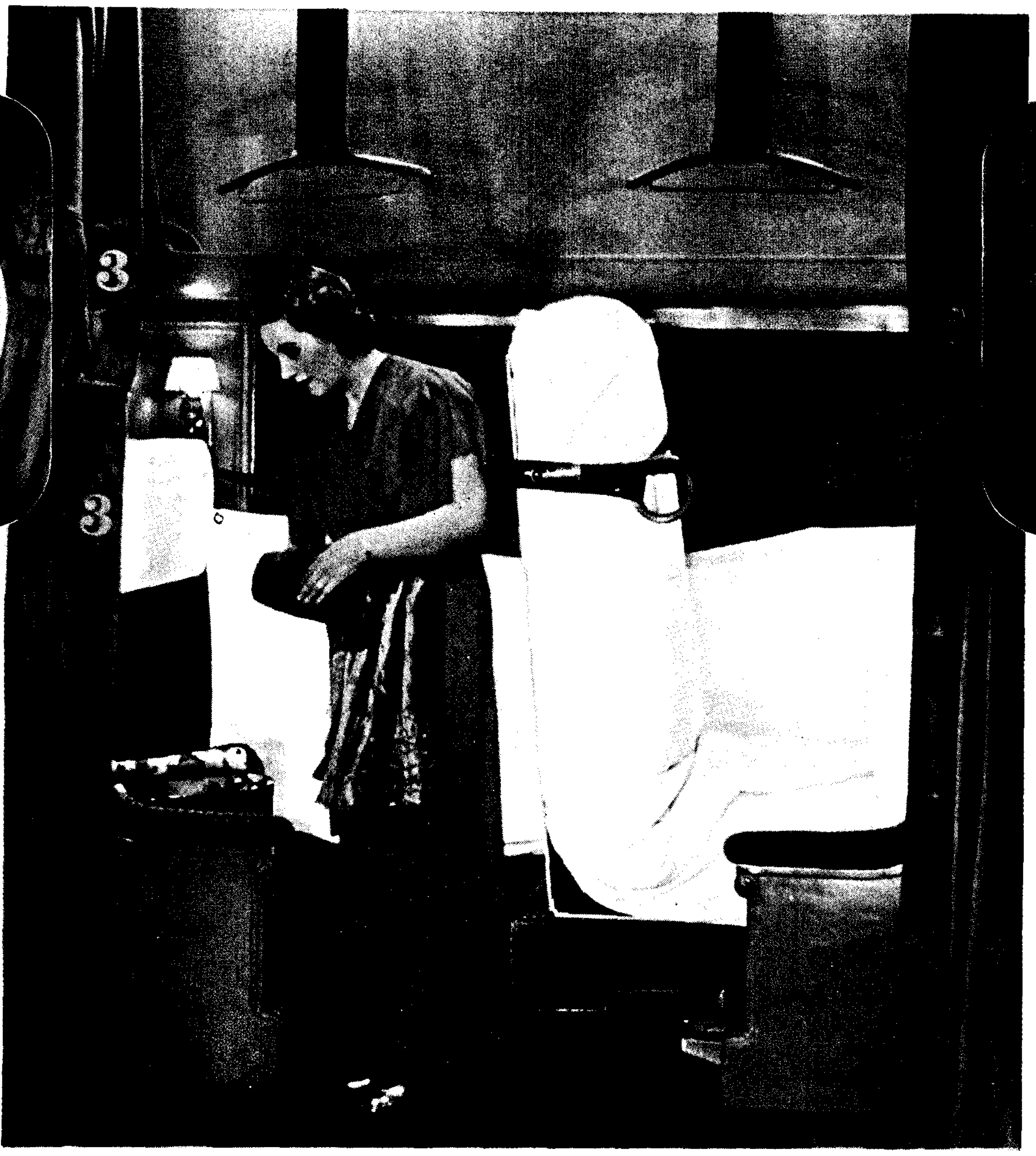


The new 1938 Packard Eight Touring Sedan

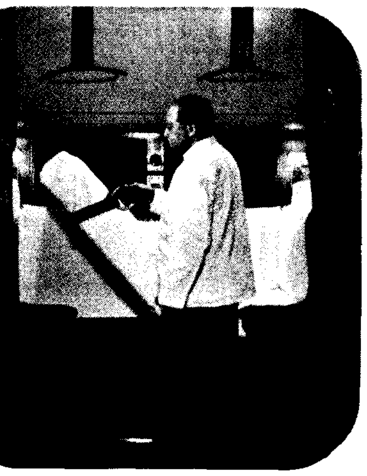
PULLMAN'S
NEW CONVERTIBLE
Single Occupancy Section
WITH DRESSING SPACE



Showing the heavy, lightproof curtains which enclose the Single Occupancy Section when it is occupied. Complete privacy is assured, whether you are dressing or have retired for the night. The upper berth is left closed above you, giving full headroom. Only the lower is used. Porter will arrange for complete or semi-darkness — as you desire.



Curtains are purposely left open to illustrate the generous space created for dressing when half the bed is raised. Curtains are closed, of course, when the accommodation is occupied at night.



At bedtime, the Pullman porter completes the preparation of the new Convertible Single Occupancy Section by folding half the bed up out of the way, creating a space in which you may disrobe in comfort and privacy — sitting or standing.

● *This new Pullman convenience is being installed throughout the system as rapidly as the cars can be equipped.*

● The newest Pullman convenience is the Convertible Single Occupancy Section in which there can be made available ample room for you to dress, either while sitting or standing. The dressing space is created by a simple device which raises half the bed vertically, up out of the way, whenever you want to dress or undress, allowing you to stand up full height or, if you like, to sit down. When you are ready to retire, the bed is simply lowered again. The folding device does not change the generous dimensions of the bed nor lessen the comfort of its double mattresses.

This improved feature of the Pullman Single Occupancy Section is a convenience which comes at the regular rate for this popular accommodation. The Pullman cost is reasonable—just half the upper berth rate added to the lower berth rate for the particular journey you're taking. For single-passenger occupancy, no additional rail fare required.

Created for the single traveler, the Single Occupancy Section is the choice of thousands who know superior travel comfort at low cost. Ask the Pullman conductor or porter to give you a demonstration. The conductor or your ticket agent will quote you its cost for your next trip. Or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY • CHICAGO

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

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that would be the end of it," says Mr. Peer. "We sent him 1,000 records, which he received on a Thursday. That night he called New York on the phone and ordered 5,000 more sent by express and 10,000 by freight. When the national sale got to 500,000, we were so ashamed we had Fiddler John come up to New York and do a re-recording of the numbers."

The matter of the name arose again in this connection. It was obviously impossible to list them under the designation of each section (mountaineer, "Georgia Cracker," etc.) and Mr. Peer, who had come from Kansas City and was well acquainted with the Ozarks, named them hillbilly records. The result is that the word has come to have a general application, and mountaineers of all sections are now known as hillbillies.

The greatest success of all time was made by The Prisoner's Song, which was introduced almost as an afterthought by Vernon Dalhart, who had done The Wreck of Old 97 and was desperate for something for the other side of the record. It eventually sold 2,500,000 records for the Victor company. It cost the company seven cents to make the record (all expenses included) and the wholesale price they received was thirty-seven cents a record.

The Singing Brakeman

The greatest of all romances in the hillbilly business centers about Jimmie Rodgers, the little railroad brakeman who fought desperately against poverty and the ravages of tuberculosis until Mr. Peer discovered him in Bristol, Tennessee, and started him on a career that was fabulous even in the phonograph industry. It is estimated that the Blue Yodel records sold over 5,000,000 copies. Jimmie Rodgers is now dead and his records do not have the fame with collectors that has come to those of Bessie Smith, but he has left a mark on all hillbilly music.

When David Kapp goes out to Dallas now for Decca to record hillbilly and race records, he will do as many as 325 selections in fifteen days. The big stars now are Jimmie Davis, clerk of the Criminal Court in Shreveport, Louisiana, and Gene Autry, the singing cowboy of the movies. Another favorite group is the Carter Family of Maces Springs, Virginia, who sing and play and make marvelous didos with such instruments as the guitar and autoharp, which is really a zither with keys.

The best colored singer since Bessie Smith is said to be Georgia White, and it is in this field that some of the most remarkable records are made. There are colored numbers so strictly African and special that nobody but a Negro could understand them or appreciate them. When Sleepy John Estes does his own Negro compositions, they seem to be in another language. The melodies are strange, the words are like something out of a voodoo chant and the manner of delivery is such that they make no sense whatever to the untrained white mind. The recordings by Petie Wheatstraw come in the same class, and when Kokomo Arnold does the "sebastapool" on his guitar, effects are made that seem unearthly.

Unless the artist is also the writer of his own material and hence shares in the royalty for composers, the rewards of recording are not great, being on an average of $25 a "side." The payment is outright and there is no bookkeeping.

Among the novelty records are those made by the Calypso people in the West Indies, the Cajuns of Louisiana and Corny Allen Greer and his band.

The loyalty of the hillbilly audience to its heroes can be seen in the titles of the songs. When Jimmie Davis wrote Nobody's Darling But Mine, he immediately made a sequel entitled An Answer to Nobody's Darling. That was followed by A Woman's Answer to Nobody's Darling. Bob and Joe Shelton, who also come from Shreveport, wrote Just Because in collaboration with Leon Chappalear. When it became a success, they followed immediately with An Answer to Just Because and followed *that* with Just Because III. It is quite possible that the thing could go on forever.

Students are convinced that Bessie Smith and particularly the players who accompanied Bessie Smith on her records have had a great part in stimulating that disease known as swing music, which has now gripped the nation. Bessie had such men doing her accompaniments as Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, Joe Smith, Fred Longshaw, Charlie Green and the late James P. Johnson, one of the most spectacular of the hot pianists. Musicians are the keenest people in the world at admiring new talent and just as Benny Goodman will sit goggle-eyed now listening to the "hotteties" of Count Basie, the colored demon of Kansas City, so did the orchestra leaders of ten years ago go insane over the berserk playing of Bessie Smith's boys. From that interest came the change in orchestra music that is now so pronounced in the work of Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Glen Gray, Jimmy Dorsey and others.

The traditional folk songs of the Southern mountaineers and the spirituals have not been included in this discussion because they occupy a special position in the art of song. In the strictest sense the mountaineer ballads are old English folk songs, some of them even traceable to old Gregorian chants; and as such they are not strictly American products. New York was recently visited by the Rev. John William Dawson, pastor of the Dry Fork Primitive Baptist Church of Morehead, Kentucky, who sang Lord, Spare Me for Another Year and The Wayfaring Stranger. The words seemed to have grown out of local legends of the mountains but the tunes stemmed back to the earliest days of American history when the first settlers crossed from the old country. Most strictly in the American tradition are the songs of Aunt Molly Jackson of Harlan County, Kentucky, who has told the story of the labor struggles of that section. Her songs are richly evocative and thrilling, carrying the troubadour quality of old.

Fans Are Delighted

But it's when Sleepy John Estes on his guitar and Hammie Nix on his mouth organ get wound up that the newfound fans start yammering with delight. There are isolated groups in all sections of the world prepared to fight to the death to prove that Maxine Sullivan, from the Onyx Club, is a greater artist than Lily Pons. Miss Sullivan became the storm center of radio controversy as the first person to swing Loch Lomond and other old ballads. There are strange individuals who wouldn't give a Georgia White and Rhubarb Red (guitar) record for anything made by Caruso.

The cult of the hillbillies may be a passing fancy but it is significant that Ambrose, the swankiest orchestra conductor in London, has made an arrangement of Nobody's Darling But Mine. When the St. Louis Blues is made into a Metropolitan Opera, the truth will finally be evident. In the meanwhile, the world will need to be content with the nasal-voiced boys and girls of the hinterlands who have most curious things to say about love and My Gal Sal. There seems to be an awful lot of double-crossing done by the ladies in the "mountings," and they invariably pay for it. This makes art.

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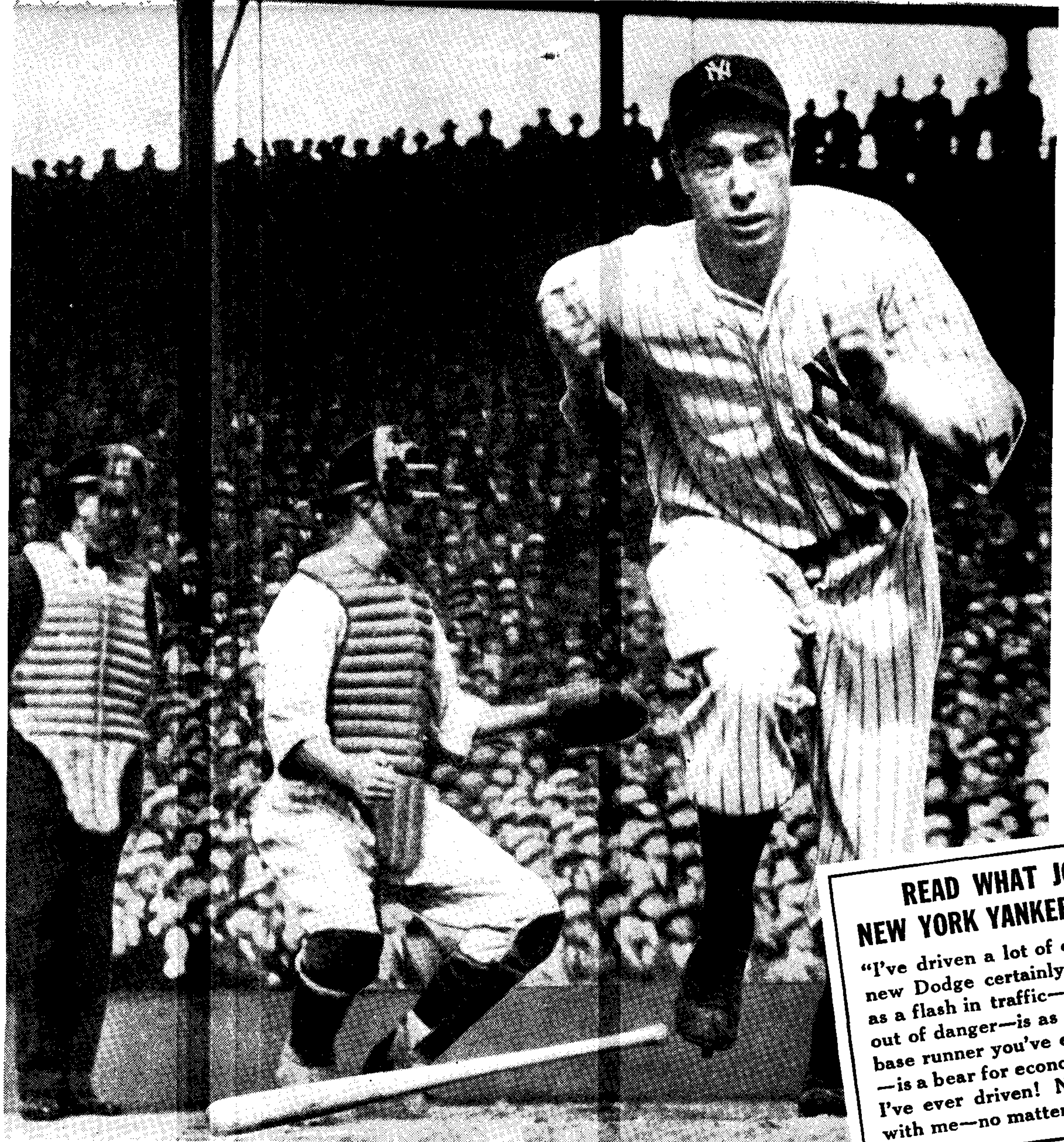


READ WHAT JOE DI MAGGIO, FAMOUS NEW YORK YANKEES HOME-RUN HITTER, SAYS:

"I've driven a lot of cars in my time, but I must say my new Dodge certainly out-performs them all. It's quick as a flash in traffic—with plenty of pickup to take you out of danger—is as nimble and sure-footed as the fastest base runner you've ever seen. It packs loads of power—is a bear for economy—and is the easiest car to handle I've ever driven! No wonder I say Dodge bats highest with me—no matter how you look at it."

"BATS HIGHE

THAT'S WHAT *Joe DiMaggi*

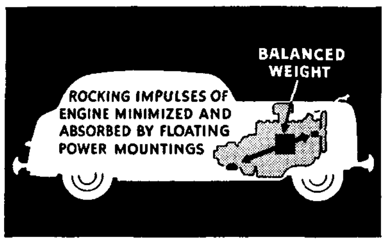
"BIG-LEAGUE CAR"

Thank you Joe DiMaggio...your enthusiastic praise of the big, new Dodge will interest millions who love a great performance...whether it be a home-run blast on the ball field—or a thrilling ride in a "big league" car!

And "big league" car is right! For owners of the 1938 Dodge say you can sense this the very first time you take the wheel. Never before have you driven a car with the "pepper" and dash of this one. A car that's so alert on the get-away...so quick to leap out in front. There's no engine pondering...no mechanical meditation. When you say "go" to this car—she's GONE!

Dodge is *safer,* too. For it's built like a dreadnaught from chassis to top. You literally ride in a fortress of steel! And you have *genuine* hydraulic brakes that make you the complete master of every driving situation!

And don't you prefer to own a car that saves you money every mile you drive it? That's what Dodge economy means. Owners all over America say Dodge gives them from 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline, and saves up to 20% on oil!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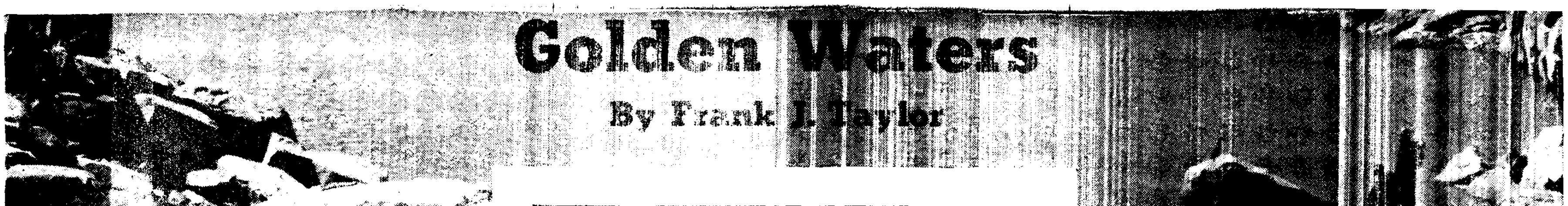
Golden Waters



By Frank J. Taylor

You just can't satisfy these West Coast fishermen. They are even insisting that their trout be gold

WHEN it comes to dishing out the trout lore, we doff our felts to Mr. Onus Brown of Three Rivers, California, down west of the Giant Forest, the Sequoia National Park gateway to the golden waters.

"One spring I was chopping ice up in Rattlesnake Creek," he drawled, as he saddled up the pack train, "and I noticed the stuff was full of fish. I fed a few slivers to my dog. He gulped them down and when they melted, them goldfish thawed out and swum up his throat. Before he got over his su'prise, they flipped out between his teeth and swum down the creek as full of life as minnows.

"Up there in the high country the trout's so brilliant-colored you'd think they was plated with eighteen-carat gold. When you spear 'em out of the frying pan, you eat 'em right off the cob like golden bantam corn. That's how few bones they've got. They're the best eatin' trout in these mountains.

"Maybe you ain't heard how they got their color. Well, sir, up in Volcano Creek, where the goldens come from originally, the water flows over sulphur rock, and they got their bellies yellowed up scraping them on the rocks."

It was Mr. Buck Plumb who cut in on Mr. Brown's golden-trout hour. "Wait a minute. Where'd you say we'd find these trout?"

"Oh, up in any of the golden waters. Big Arroyo, Little Kern, Coyote Creek, Cottonwood Lakes. Lots of places. Granite Creek's the nearest."

Mr. Brown planted one foot against the flank of a grunting mule and yanked the final cinch.

High Sierra Lake is one of more than three hundred lakes carved out by glaciers in Yosemite National Park. Most of them abound in that angler's delicacy, the golden trout

"Now we go. I reckon you dudes are mighty anxious to be hooking goldfish," he allowed, a feat of mind reading made easy by thirty years' experience with anglers who turn up at Giant Forest or Mineral King, rods and reels and creels in hand, and gaze longingly in the direction of Mount Whitney, topmost peak this side of Alaska. For many summers, thrifty Mr. Brown has eked out a fair living by piloting fishermen into the southern Sierra Nevada high country to the icy waters in which are found the rarest of the tribe of trout, Salmo Roosevelti, named for the other Roosevelt, T. R., the fresh-water fisherman.

Golden trout, in case you have yet to meet this prized bundle of finny lightning, are the most beautiful fresh-water fish found on this continent. Give a golden a nibble at a black gnat and there's a dazzling flash as he flips out of the water, tugging at your barbed bug. "I've got him!" you yell. Oh, yes? Wary Mr. Golden has a way of biting your fly between his teeth, racing with it, then spitting it out. He's no hook, line and sinker swallower but a wise old guy that teases and taunts you until you get the hang of his tricks.

When you finally land him, you find yourself with a fish as brilliant in color as a sunset. His back is gray, but below the red stripes on his sides the scales of his belly are a dazzling yellow, shading to orange on his fins. His tail is yellow, punctuated with black dots. You look at him and ask yourself how under the sun a trout got himself decorated like that this side of the tropics.

There's just a grain of truth in Onus Brown's tale of how the golden got his color—a grain and no more. The facts, as scientists have pieced them together, are just as hard to believe. So, also, is the record on the migrations of this amazing trout from one small isolated creek to several hundred once-barren lakes and streams of the Sierra Nevada.

In his early youth, before he took to wrangling dudes, Onus Brown's game was herding cattle in the high country between the Great Western Divide and the Mount Whitney Range, where they fattened on the summer alpine grasses. Cattlemen don't rate well among conservationists, but with golden-trout devotees they are tolerated for the simple reason that in the years gone by they stocked scores of streams and lakes with goldens. Not that the cattlemen were doing it for posterity, but they liked to fish between spells of rounding up the bawling steers. The steers are gone, the cattlemen are no more, but the goldens are still there in the *(Continued on page 62)*

ST WITH ME"

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More than one promising boy of today will enjoy th college education in future years because his paren wise economy by driving Chevrolets.

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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* I

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"You'll be AHEAD wit

CHEVROLE

Farewell to Asia

Continued from page 11

of China, we retain our few Oriental possessions, temporarily, by permission of Japan. We hold the Philippines today, and the Filipinos may hold them tomorrow, only because the Japanese are not ready to take them over. We cannot defend them. Corrigidor's grim guns at the entrance to Manila Bay are far outranged by the long rifles on the newest Japanese cruisers, which could lie off the fortress and smash it into submission in perfect safety.

We could not hold Guam more than twenty-four hours after Japan decided she wanted it. All she would have to do is fly a squadron of bombers down from a base on one of her mandated islands, smash our defenses and land her troops. We have not a single plane on the island.

Midway and Wake Islands, vital bases for our trans-Pacific airlines, could not be defended for a day.

But Hawaii Would Stop Them

This would bring the Japanese within bombing range of Hawaii, the key to our entire Pacific defense system. Hawaii, military and naval experts agree, is impregnable. "The Gibraltar of the Pacific" can be held against any attack indefinitely. As long as it is held, America is safe from invasion by Asiatics. No attacking fleet, no army in transports dare leave on its flank or in its rear Hawaii with its squadrons of the world's best and fastest fighting planes.

But today, and for as long as she is entangled in China, Japan's last wish is for war with America. Without the United States as a great storehouse of cotton, lumber, copper and oil, Japan cannot operate an Oriental war. A war with us would wreck her within two months, and she knows it. We must, for cash, furnish her the sinews not only for her Chinese conquests, but for—ironically enough—blasting us completely out of China, morally and commercially.

Americans who cuss out "the damn' Japs" for what has gone on in China are taking in entirely too much territory. At a conservative estimate, at least half the Japanese people don't know what the war is all about, don't believe their own government's propaganda and wish for nothing more than a lifting of the huge and growing war-tax load under which they groan.

It is from the fraction of one per cent of the Japanese—the power-drunk, war-mad militarists—that most Americans get their idea of the Japanese people—simply because these sword flashers are highly vocal and because they control the press, which is merely a mouthpiece for their war whoops. But the great mass of the Nipponese people—the factory hands and laborers in the rice paddies and tea plantations and silkworm farms—are kindly, courteous, industrious people.

They don't even make good soldiers, being almost helpless without leadership. But, led by enthusiasts with dreams of conquering the world and raising the Sun flag over the Capitol in Washington, they have managed to make Japan look like a first-class power. Japan, in reality, is a light heavyweight plug-ugly who, by picking setups for fifty years, has managed to win the reputation of a world-champion heavyweight.

But if Japan doesn't stop tweaking the noses of one or two *real* heavyweights—Britain, Russia or America, for example—she and the world may find out some day that her bluff has been called. It is true, we are all against a fight—now. But we can be pushed just so far.

Japan is, by the coldest miltary and naval calculation, no better than a third-class power.

Officially, Japan today is split three ways. On top and running the show is the army, bent on frightfulness and fighting desperately against time to consolidate Japan's Asian gains before Russia or maybe Britain starts to slap down the militarists' ears.

With this program the more liberal navy has little sympathy, realizing that a day of reckoning may be coming when it will be up against a real navy. This army-navy split is officially denied—but the communiques are full of phrases about "navy co-operation" with the army, which is always patting the navy on the back and telling it how good it is, much as a father tries to placate a non-co-operative son.

The other split is between the fighting services and the diplomatic service, which is composed mainly of intelligent, realistic men—Hirose Saito in Washington is a good example—who want to keep the peace, knowing full well the debacle that will result if and when Japan ever tangles with a first-class power. But this class can do little save write notes and make speeches.

Early this year the last vestige of British and American rights in Shanghai was abolished by the Shanghai Municipal Council at the orders of the Japanese army. Without a murmur the council, in paid advertising, calmly abolished Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and "Extrality." This last is the Oriental abbreviation for the doctrine of extraterritoriality under which foreigners in China were entitled to trial in their own courts and according to their own laws for any crimes they might be charged with.

In future, the Council's Nipponese-inspired announcement said, any home or place of business would be subject to invasion and search at any time, and that any Britisher or American charged with a crime could be turned over to the Japanese military for trial and punishment under Japanese law.

That this amazing order violated the fundamental rights of every white man in China caused little comment. The various consulates made the usual stereotyped protests, the Japanese said they were so sorry, state departments wrote notes, the Japanese foreign office made replies—and Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and Extrality stayed abolished.

Capitalizing on the Red Menace

After that Japan did some more yelling about "the menace of Communism." This was largely for the benefit of Germany, already growing cold on her Anti-Comintern Pact and apparently none too enthusiastic about her alliance with the Rising Sun boys.

But for all their vociferous and bloodcurdling cries about Communism in China, the Japanese made little effort to stop the Soviet influence that quickly seeped into the remains of the Chinese government following the fall of Nanking. This period marked the eclipse of Chiang Kai-shek, and the rise to power of Chinese Reds backed by Russia.

The Japanese, instead of complaining about this arrangement, cleverly used "the Red menace" to win over thousands of wealthy and powerful Chinese. The patriotism of this class is exemplified by the reply of a wealthy young Chinese banker in Nanking when I asked him when he was going to fight to save China.

He knocked the ash off his cigarette, smiled and said, "Oh, after they kill thirty million coolies."

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● Now you won't have to cut down smoking. With this amazing new scientific discovery, you can smoke all you like . . . enjoy each smoke more. On market only seven months . . . today, over 1,000,000 men and women users are telling their friends about the amazing results they get with ZEUS Filter-Holder.

OFFICIAL TESTS prove that nothing else eliminates nicotine and other irritants like ZEUS. Diagram below shows how ZEUS uses an extra cigarette as filter.

Get yourself a ZEUS today—and *be sure it is a* ZEUS! No imitations regardless of claims can give you ZEUS results. All better stores have ZEUS. (If your dealer hasn't, have him write L. & H. STERN, Inc., 73 Pearl Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

$1 ONLY FOR STANDARD ZEUS
$2 for Ladies' De Luxe Zeus with choice of beautifully colored bits. Also Zeus pipes.

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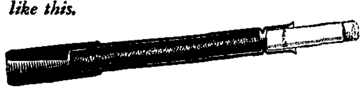
BEFORE: This shows why only ZEUS can give you these results: (1) Correct "bit" draws *all* smoke through (2) filter cigarette (any brand) inserted inside (3) special *aluminum* tube. *Nothing else works like this.*



AFTER: Smoke 20 to 40 of your favorite cigarettes . . . then remove the filter cigarette and *look* at it! There's your proof: it's nearly *black*...actually weighs 100% more!

U. S. and Foreign Patents Pending

Love and Learn

Continued from page 23

would meet and, if so, what would happen.

But they had not met. Not yet, Carol thought, and shivered. Oh, she thought desperately, if she would only change her mind!

That afternoon, they found Stella on the beach below her hotel. She was not swimming; she hated violent exercise. She was sitting at the door of a cabaña, dressed in cascading white lace, with a huge, stiff-brimmed lace hat shadowing her lovely face.

"Jeffry!" she greeted him, smiling a very little.

"Hello, Stella."

Hesitantly, she held out her hand and he bowed over it.

"It's been a long time, Jeffry!"

"But not long enough to make you less beautiful, Stella!"

Again she smiled and considered him, like a little golden bird, with her head dropped toward one of her shoulders.

"But you've changed, Jeffry! So thin, so haggard! You should settle down. A man of your age needs a home!"

CAROL felt her anger rising, but she suppressed it. Thin, indeed! And haggard! Jeffry was in better condition than he had ever been.

But Jeffry was smiling at her and holding out his hand to draw her forward. "You remember Carol, don't you, Stella?"

Stella smiled with faintly horrified kindness. "Miss Day, isn't it?" she asked. "How do you do?"

Carol stifled a desire to say, "Lousy. And how are *you*?" and instead murmured that she was fine and how was Stella.

Stella did not bother to answer. "Was this meeting *quite* accidental?" she asked Jeff archly. "Or did you hope to find me?"

"I had every intention of running into you," Jeff said. "May we sit down?"

"Please do! Miss Day, you'll sit down, too?" She said it as though she were being unusually democratic.

Jeffry pulled a chair forward for Carol, and stood behind it with his hand on her shoulder.

"Look, Stella, we—I came to ask you to divorce me."

Stella smiled a pleased little smile. "I thought that was it. And what made you think that I have changed my mind?"

"Time works wonders," Jeffry said. "I thought you might have grown tired of being a wife without a husband."

Stella smiled, wrinkling her nose fastidiously and looking sideways at Carol. "Marriage is not so important to me as it seems to be to some women!" she said.

Jeffry's fingers tightened warningly on Carol's shoulder. "Yes, I know," he said. "You're more the spiritual type. And, that being so, I shouldn't think you'd want to stand in the way of Carol and myself becoming respectable."

Stella considered the fingernails gleaming darkly through her lace gloves. "Of course not!" For the first time, her voice showed the inward fury of her hurt vanity. "Any time you wish to end your—your affair, it will be all right with me. I'm not one to hold a grudge."

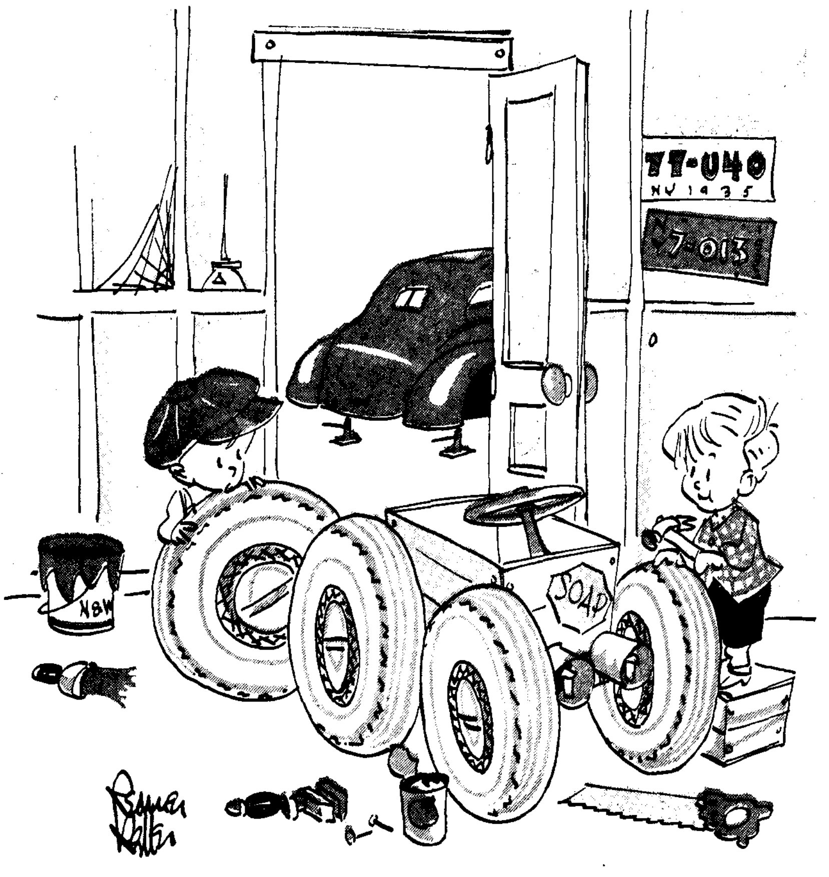
Only Jeffry's quick pressure on her shoulder made Carol remember to turn her laughter into a fit of coughing.

Jeffry hesitated a moment and then, bluntly, he asked, "How about money? With this studio fight going on, I thought—"

He stopped, and Stella looked at him without expression. "How much money?" she asked at last.

"There isn't as much as there used to be, since the depression. You can have half what I've got. Twenty-five thousand a year for life."

Stella shook her head. "Oh, no!" she said. "Oh, no!" She looked from Jeffry to Carol and suddenly, dazzlingly, she smiled. "I need more than that. I



"You're sure your father won't miss them, Kevin?" REAMER KELLER

This week's installment..

THERE is a continued story running that many modern-minded men and women describe as the most stirring story being written today.

It is an action story, with unpredictable twists to its plot. It is a character story too, full of courage and meanness, of all the savagery and gentleness of the world. It is a story of high adventure, peopled with the world's powerful and famous, its unknowns and drabs.

And it is a story so tightly and tellingly written that it strikes hot into your mind, not easily to be forgotten.

This engrossing serial is the dramatic story of our times. You can begin it now in TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.

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At the movies, on the radio — in The MARCH OF TIME—you've heard of the authors of this stranger-than-fiction story. They are a unique group of writers who for fifteen years have pooled their knowledge and their reputations as: The Editors of TIME.

Unlike most authors, they do not work alone and unaided. They get their plots from the world Press, from the world-wide news-organizations, A. P. and U. P., from TIME'S own branch offices, correspondents and specialists.

But the ceaseless stream of news from these sources doesn't all flood into TIME'S pages. From Thursday afternoon till dawn Tuesday the Editors of TIME examine every bit of the week's news, discussing what is vital and what trivial, what to write and what ignore.

Every word they finally write is minutely checked by TIME-trained researchers. Dealing in things that *matter*, the Editors of TIME spare no time, no effort, no money to make every paragraph of TIME not only newsworthy but reliable. You can trust TIME.

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OLDSMOBILE GIVES YOU SAFETY ABOVE, BELOW AND ALL AROUND—A COMBINATION OF MODERN SAFETY FEATURES NO OTHER CAR CAN MATCH!

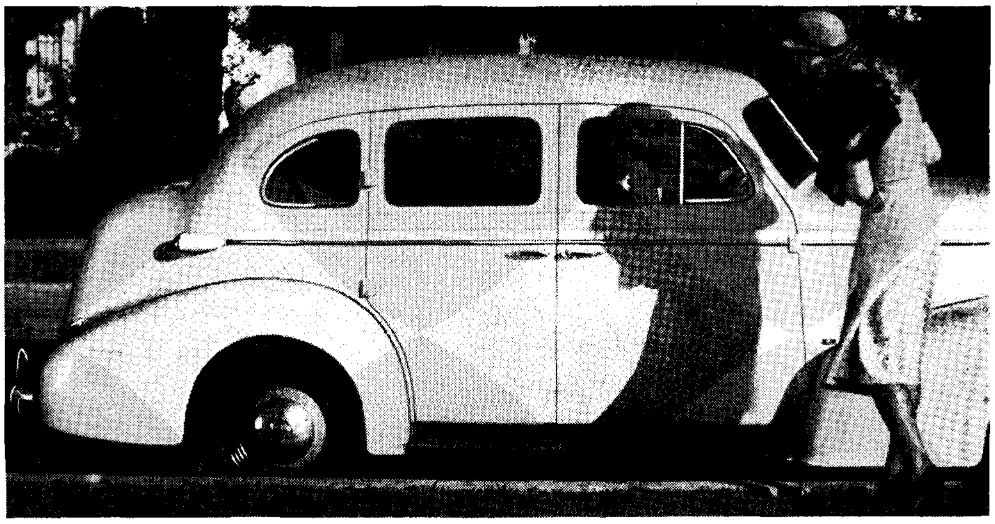
Think of it! The ten big safety features for 1938—the important advancements for safe driving that everybody wants—all in one big, modern, quality car . . . *Oldsmobile!* Don't be satisfied with anything less! Demand these ten *best* safety advantages and get a score of others besides. Buy an Oldsmobile—the car that *has* everything and *gives* you everything at a price just a little above the lowest!

AUTOMATIC SAFETY TRANSMISSION

The outstanding engineering development for 1938 is the Automatic Safety Transmission, pioneered and introduced by Oldsmobile. It provides easier, safer car control, a special Pick-up Gear for passing, and a Super-Drive for smooth, quiet cruising.

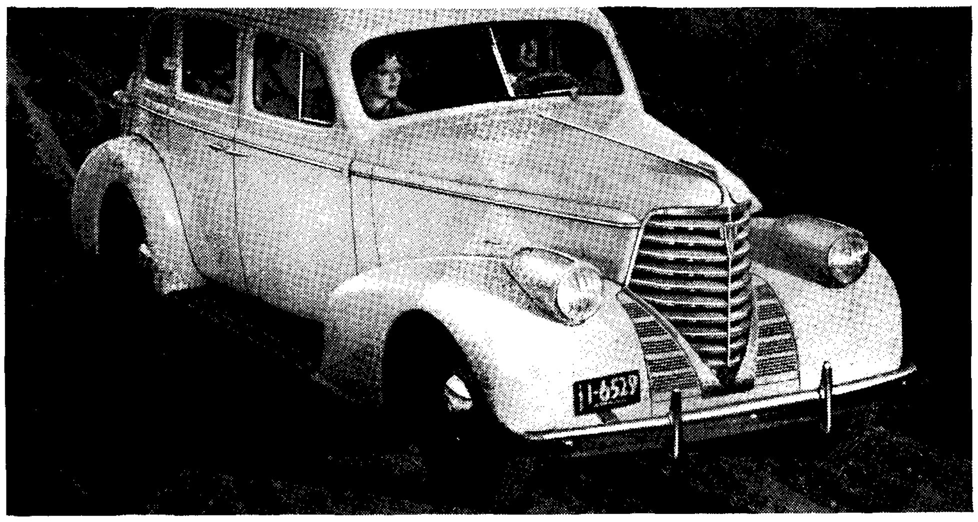
SOLID STEEL TURRET TOP

The beautiful, durable Turret Top is stamped from a single piece of solid steel. It is then welded to the heavy-gauge steel side panels and steel inner body structure to provide extra strength and security. Steel cross-bows reinforce the roof.



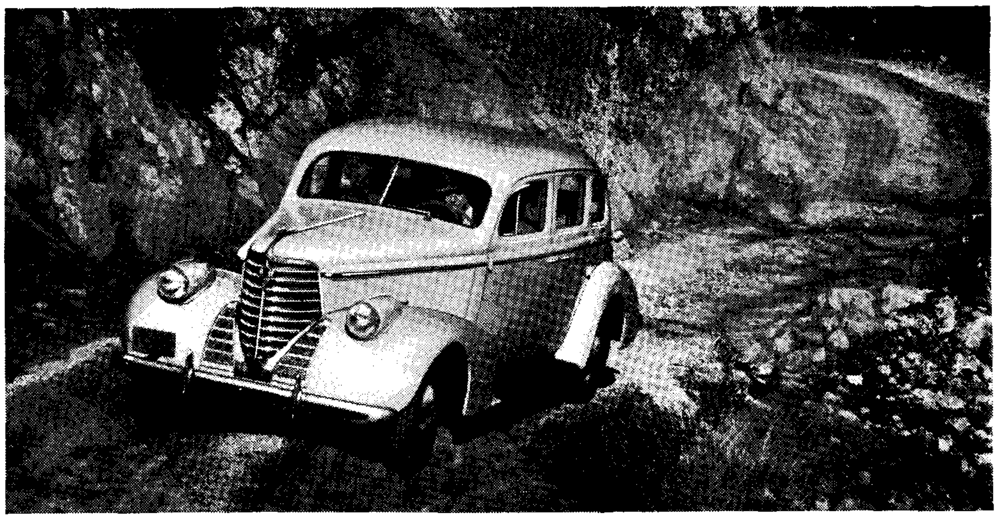
UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER

Oldsmobile's Unisteel Body by Fisher is one structure of steel, with solid steel top, floor, sides and cowl assembly welded into one solid steel unit. It is the strongest, safest and most luxurious type of steel body that ever traveled a highway.



KNEE-ACTION WHEELS

Oldsmobile floats along with a smooth easy, gliding ride on any road, because Oldsmobile's Knee-Action Wheels literally "step over" ruts, bumps, holes and rough spots, while the car itself remains level and seems to be geared to the road.

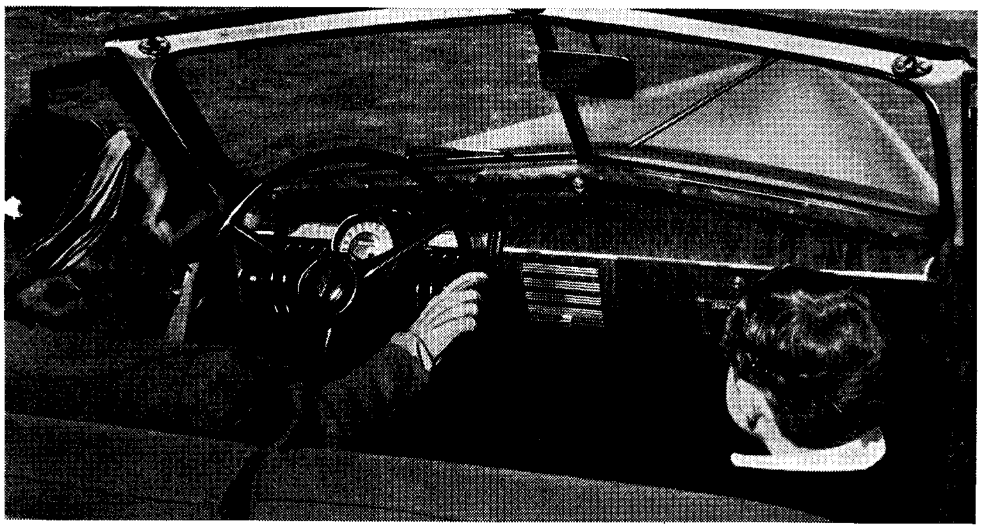


DUAL RIDE STABILIZERS

Dual Ride Stabilizers—one at the front and one at the rear of the chassis—hold the car level on curves and turns. They eliminate side-sway, minimize lurching and body roll and provide a greater measure of safety and comfort at all speeds.

Only OLDSMOBI

ETY FEATURES *for 1938!*

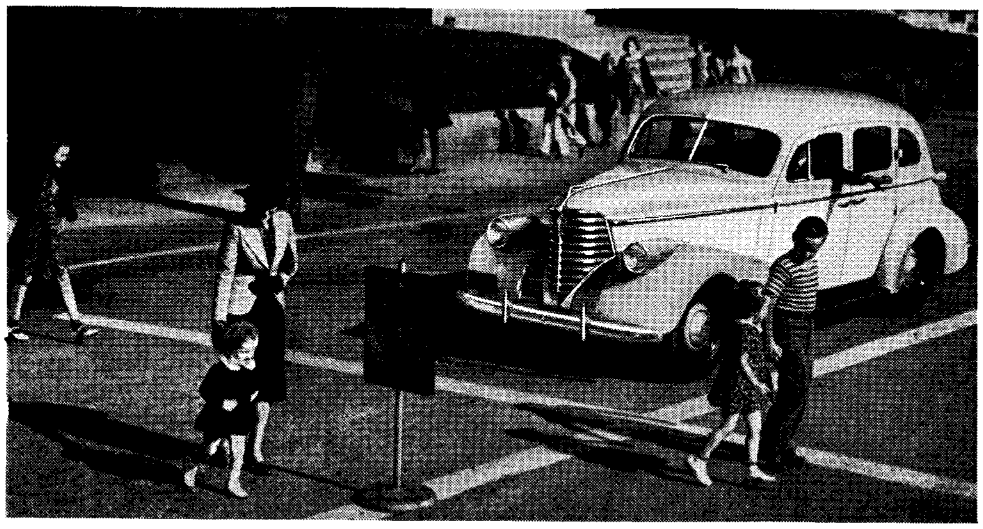


SAFETY INSTRUMENT UNIT AND SAFETY DASH

An exclusive Oldsmobile feature, the Safety Instrument Unit groups all instruments directly before the driver's eyes for clearer, safer vision. The Safety Dash is entirely free from sharp corners and projecting control knobs and buttons.

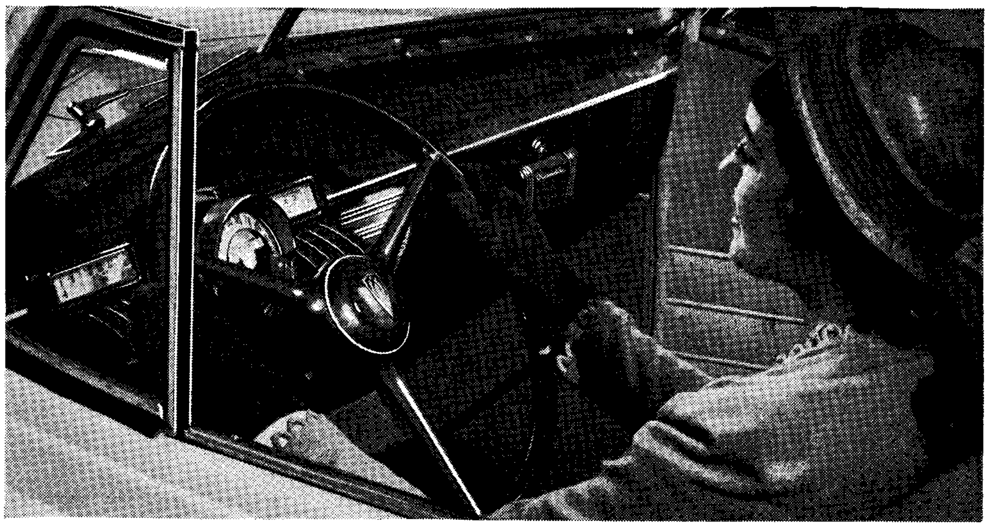
MODERN SAFETY INTERIOR

Quick stops are safe stops for passengers in the rear of an Oldsmobile as well as those in front. The back of the front seat is rounded and heavily padded. The robe hanger is a soft, flexible cord. Sharp edges and projections have been eliminated.



SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Oldsmobile stops are quick, sure, straight-line stops. Oldsmobile's Super-Hydraulic Brakes are self-energizing and self-equalizing. They have long-life, high-quality linings and cast iron drums—and are completely sealed against dirt and water.



CENTER-CONTROL STEERING

Center-Control Steering is an important factor in Oldsmobile's amazing ease of handling in traffic, ease of parking and safe, sure steadiness at high speeds on the open highway. You hold a true course, whatever the going.

SAFETY PLATE GLASS

You and your family deserve the protection afforded by Safety Plate Glass. Oldsmobile gives it to you in the windshield and all the windows, at no extra cost. The use of high-quality plate glass assures clear, undistorted vision.

Experienced Automobile Men, Authorities on Motor Car Safety and Oldsmobile Owners Everywhere Agree on these 10 Advancements as the Outstanding Safety Features for 1938.

Among all the 1938 cars, only Oldsmobile offers this complete list of safety features. Only Oldsmobile surrounds you and your family with every outstanding safety advantage. Drive an Oldsmobile. Compare it feature for feature with other cars in its field. Find out for yourself how much more your money buys in safety, performance, comfort and quality advancements.

A General Motors Value . . . Available on General Motors Instalment Plan.

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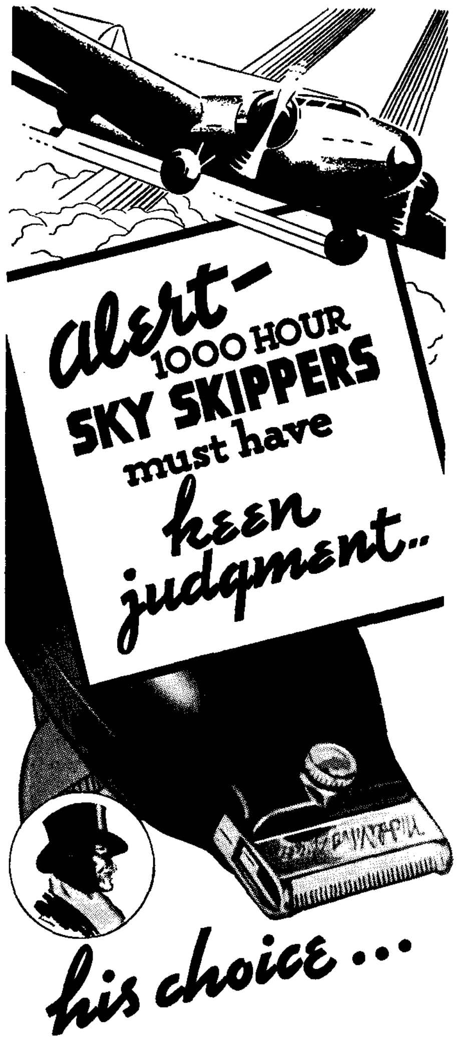


NICHOLL
Velvet Shaver
Must BE America's Finest

As planes swoop through the skies, folks whose time means money, ride confident in the pilot's *keen judgment!* . . . Today, leaders everywhere turn with trust to the quicker shaving-comfort of Nicholl VELVET SHAVER!

HERE'S WHY: Nicholl VELVET SHAVER's patented V-shape head meets all shaving needs smoother-cleaner! Beards vary-skins differ, but every man gets shaving-satisfaction with a 2 way choice! Tip of V-head smooths skin ahead of cutter-the most tender skins suffer no irritation! Shearing head is made of Swedish surgical steel! Powerful motor with pre-oiled bearings needs no care...gives years of service! Here's "extra-value" in shaving-comfort!

MOTHER..DAD..SISTER..BROTHER—ALL SHOULD HAVE A VELVET SHAVER

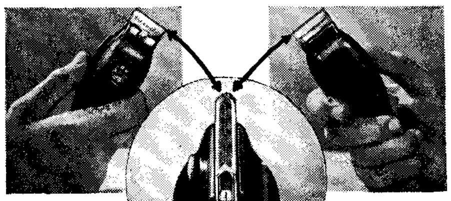
A VELVET SHAVER for every member of the family saves time-saves dispositions-and really costs so little . . . $17.50

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

TWO SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED SIDES

This side LIGHT for Tender Skins

This side CLOSE for Tough Beards



Use this side where light shaving is desired. Ideal for feminine use and trimming children's necks. Shaves clean and smooth without skin irritation.

Shaves fast and close where beards are very heavy and tough. Leaves the face velvet smooth—no pull or scrape. Veteran shavers find this side perfect.

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Exclusive V TYPE HEAD PAT. NO. 2,105,223 ANSWERS EVERY SHAVING NEED

need—let me see!—I think I need forty-five thousand a year!"

"Leaving five thousand for myself and Carol?"

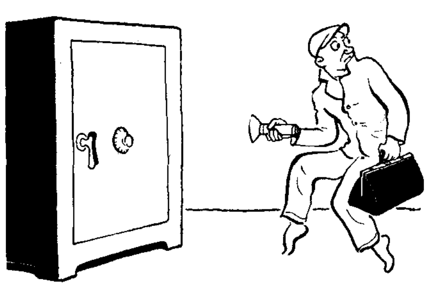
Stella nodded, still smiling. "But you might go to work, Jeffry! I'm sure you'd like work, if you tried it!"

Carol felt sick for Jeffry. Sweet Jeffry, she thought, raging inside herself. Dear Jeffry, if you should kick her in the teeth, I couldn't blame you. But don't. Please don't!

Jeffry kept his voice quiet. "I do work. I'm a research chemist. Last year, I got the Santell prize."

"Did you?" Stella's voice was almost disinterested, but her eyes glittered with oddly excited laughter. "I'm so glad for you! But tell me, how much do you make at this chemistry?"

1



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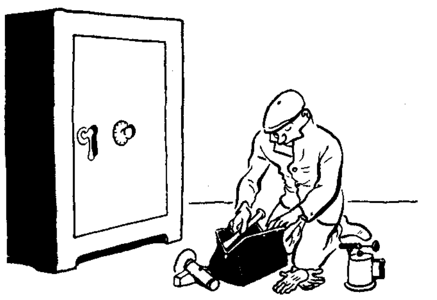

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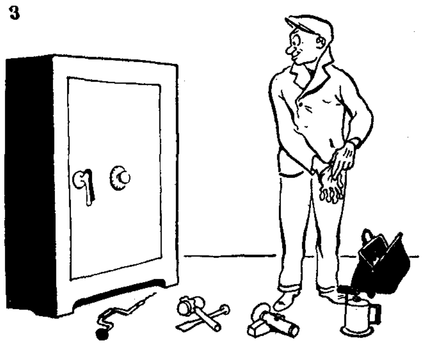


"My laboratory costs me about twenty thousand a year. But the work we do there is valuable."

"Valuable? Really? But then, surely, somebody could be persuaded to pay you for doing it?"

"I don't—"

"I'm sorry, Jeffry!" Stella interrupted him softly. "I'm truly sorry. But—forty-five thousand!"

"Go to hell!" Jeffry said savagely.

But Carol jumped to her feet and clutched at him as he turned away. She held his hand tightly over her heart.

"No, Jeff!" she said. "No, please, Jeff!"

She saw the anger leaving his eyes as he looked at her, and saw surprise take its place, and that in turn vanish to leave his gaze quiet and questioning.

"I should have to give up the lab, Carol," he said. "It means a lot to me."

"I know. Oh, Jeff, darling, please! I'll make it up to you! I swear, somehow I'll make it up to you!"

CAROL listened to her own voice pleading with him, and hated herself. Make it up to him? She could never do that! No woman could possibly fill the void in a man's life that his work should occupy. But Carol could not stop herself from pleading. Oh, Jeffry, darling, her heart cried, forgive me!

He smiled at her, but his eyes were bewildered and hurt, and his shoulders did not seem as square as they had been.

"All right, my dear!" he said gently. Then he turned to Stella. "Okay. You win."

Carol could see the delight in Stella's eyes, the hungry, greedy delight of vanity a long time wounded and only now revenged. Stella was having a lovely time and she did not want it to end.

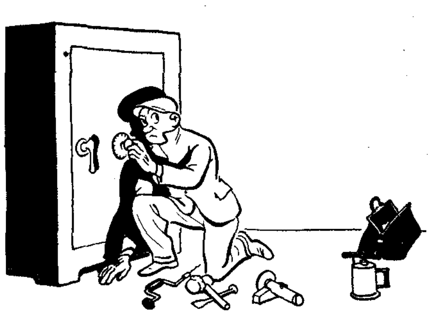
"All right, Jeffry," she said. "But I don't want to rush you, and, anyway, I'm very tired now. Come back tomorrow at *four.* And bring your lawyer. And now, do you mind? I am so very tired!"

All the way home in the car Jeffry did not speak. Carol sat far away from him, watching him drive. She tried to keep her mind on him and the thing he was doing for her, but she kept waking up suddenly to realize that she was not thinking of him at all. Instead, she was planning how they would live when—she giggled at this, and Jeff glanced at her with a brief, painful smile—when they were poor but honest.

They would go home, back to lovely, gleaming New York, and live in an apartment with a bathroom and a kitchenette in it. And Jeff would get a job— Oh, naturally Jeff would get a job, and naturally it would be a job where he could continue with the experiments upon which he was already working, only in a better laboratory and with more money to spend! And when he came home every night, he would help her bathe the baby, or the babies, and help her put it, or them, to bed.

And in the evenings they would wander up and down the crowded, blazing, clean, and beautiful streets, and hear people say "thoity" to one another, and "erl" and "pernted." And when they went home the doorman would say, "Good evening, Mrs. Stacy!" And the elevator boy would say, "How do, Mrs. Stacy."

4



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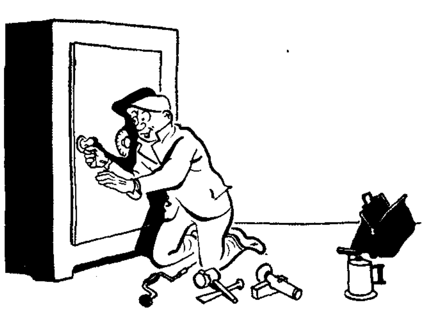


And the baby would be quietly asleep in its crib, safe and secure, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffry Stacy's baby, Mrs. Jeffry Stacy's baby, at whom no one could laugh or point, of whom no one could make fun.

Jeffry turned the car into the garage and stopped it, but Caroline did not move.

"We're back, Carol," he said. "We're home."

She sat up, flushing. "Oh! I—I was thinking of something else. I'm dying of hunger. Aren't you?"

He almost grinned. "Not quite. If you don't stop eating so much, you'll be fat as a pig."

Carol smiled and stretched. "If you were a little fatter yourself that horrible mistake of yours couldn't have said you were 'so thin, so haggard!' "

This time, Jeffry's grin was wider. "That wasn't no mistake, that was my wife. And I won't have her name bandied about by a loose woman."

"Boy," Carol said, "would I like to bandy *her* about for a few minutes! Are you coming in?"

"Nope. Got to trot up to the lab for a while. You go ahead. I'll be back in time for dinner."

But he was not in time for dinner. She kept it waiting almost an hour, despite the wails of the cook, before she went outdoors and climbed the hill behind the house to where the laboratory hid itself among the pines. He was alone, still furiously at work, and she stood watching him from the door for several minutes before she interrupted.

"Jeff!"

He looked at her blankly and then smiled. "Late again? Sorry! I'll be with you when I take this off the burner!"

WHEN he had finished, they walked down the hill together silently, looking blindly over the accustomed blue of the Mediterranean, not seeing it grow purple under the awakening stars.

"You'll be able to find another laboratory, won't you, Jeff?" Carol asked at last. "I mean—you'll get a job where they'll let you go ahead with your own work?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "It'll be years before I finish what I'm doing, and even then there won't be much money in it for anyone. And pure science isn't too popular with the foundations." He looked down through the deepening gloom and smiled at her. "But don't fret. Somehow, I'll find a way to go ahead. It doesn't have to cost as much as I've been spending. I've been extravagant as hell!"

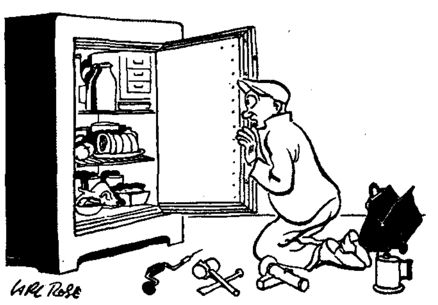
She did not answer him then, or refer to the subject again that evening, but she knew that he was lying to her. That night, after she had thought everything over, she realized that she could not let him do it, that she must not let him do it.

"Jeff," she said quietly, "I've changed my mind. I don't want to marry you."

He stared at her. "Oh, yeah?"

"We'd be so poor! I'd hate having to go without things—clothes and servants and such. And, besides, I don't think I approve of marriage. It's so unpermanent these days!"

6



The lightness of her voice sounded false in her own ears and she wished she had not tried it. It sounded false to Jeff, too. He took her in his arms.

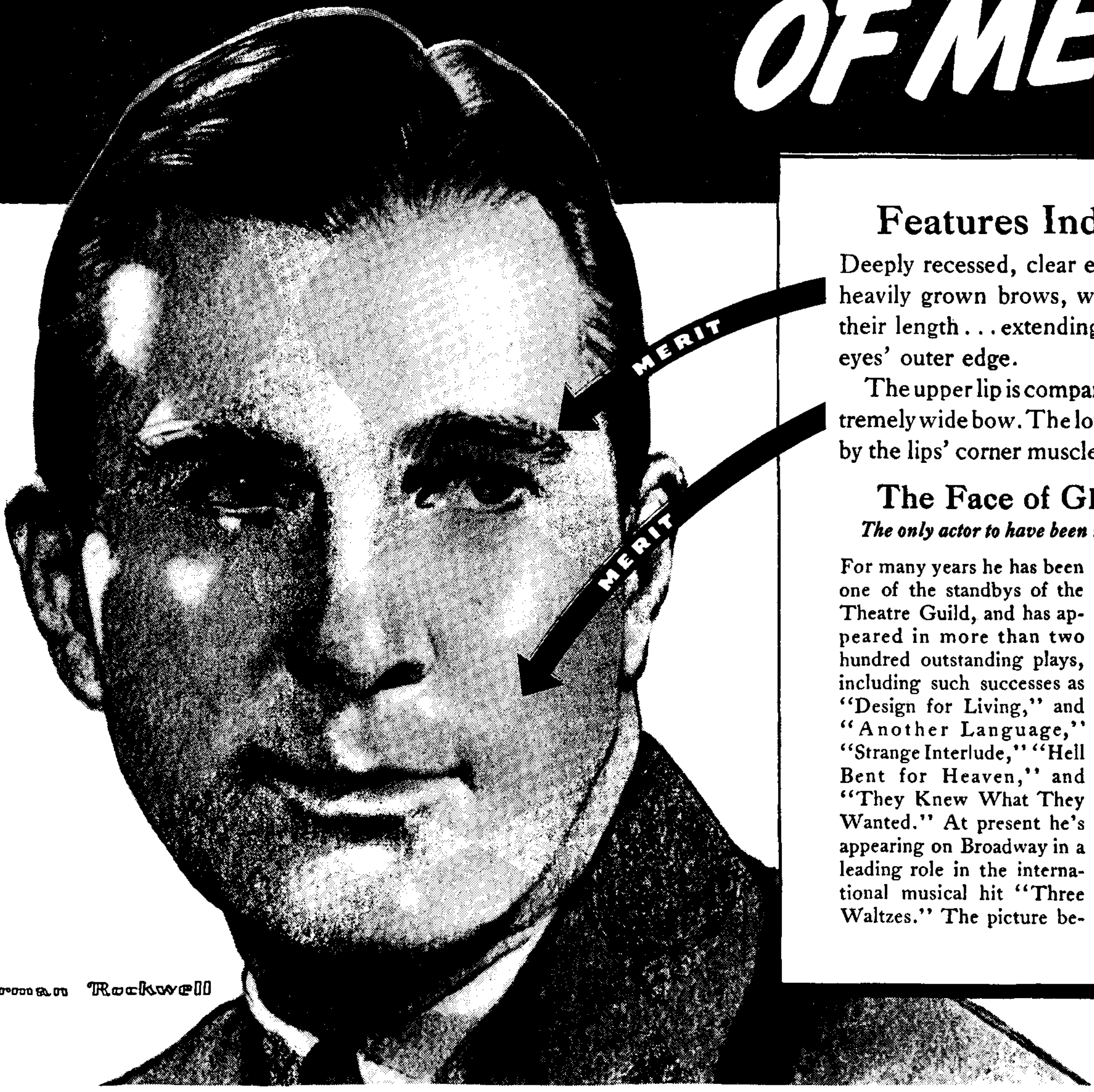
"Listen, babe, if I want to make an honest woman of you, I'll do it, and that's that. Know something?"

"What?"

"I adore you."

She clung to him with sudden desperation. "Jeff, darling Jeff!" she whispered against his shoulder. "I'll never forgive myself for doing this to you, never as

MARKS OF MERIT?


MERIT
MERIT
Norman Rockwell

Features Indicating Merit

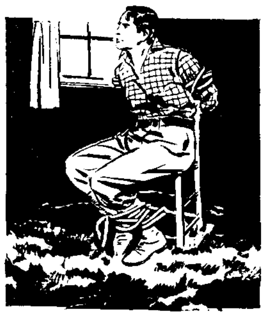
Deeply recessed, clear eyes set well back beneath heavily grown brows, which are conspicuous for their length . . . extending considerably beyond the eyes' outer edge.

The upper lip is comparatively thin, and has an extremely wide bow. The lower lip full, but tightly held by the lips' corner muscles. Strong, big-boned jaw.

The Face of GLENN ANDERS

The only actor to have been in three Pulitzer Prize Plays

For many years he has been one of the standbys of the Theatre Guild, and has appeared in more than two hundred outstanding plays, including such successes as "Design for Living," and "Another Language," "Strange Interlude," "Hell Bent for Heaven," and "They Knew What They Wanted." At present he's appearing on Broadway in a leading role in the international musical hit "Three Waltzes." The picture below is Glenn Anders cast in the role of "Andy" in "Hell Bent for Heaven."



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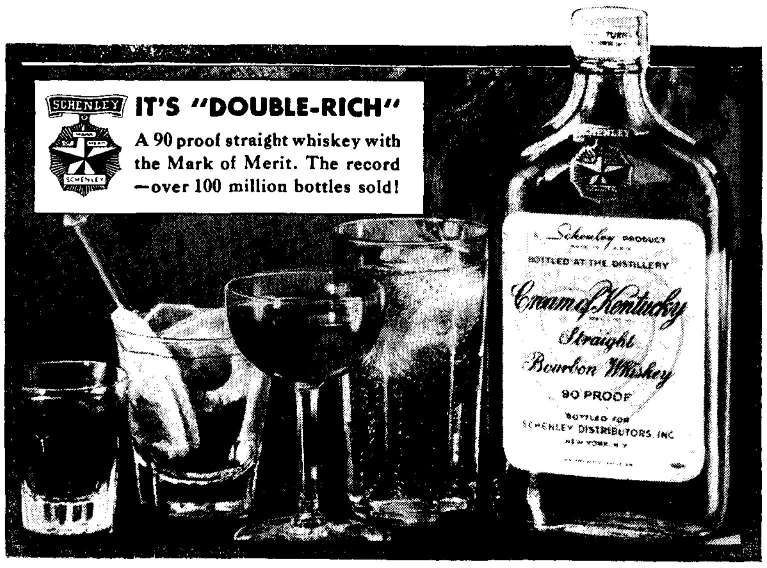

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Bendix, foremost builder of automobile brakes in the world, has developed Eclipse Brake Lining especially for tough traffic, and recommends it for passenger cars, trucks and buses. It's longer wearing, quieter, surer—a *better* brake lining.

When your brakes need relining, be sure to specify Eclipse. Your brake service station probably has it; if not, they can get it. But the easiest way is to go to the nearest Bendix Brake Service Shop. There's where you'll find men who really understand brakes! And you'll discover the cost is surprisingly low.

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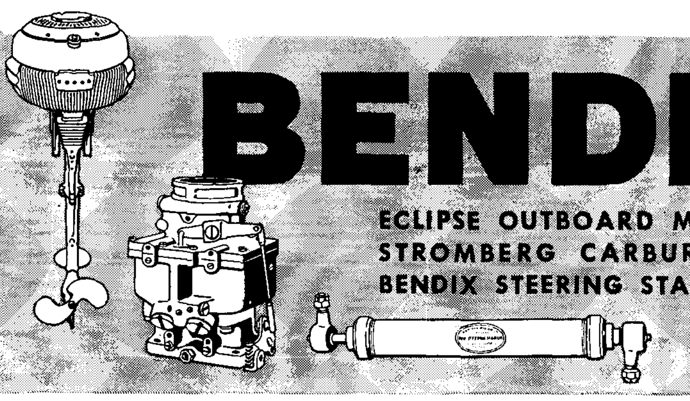


long as I live! And I'll never stop loving you!"

All the next morning, after Jeffry went early to the laboratory, Caroline wandered around the house, trying to be calm. She felt gay and miserable, tremendously excited and absurdly apprehensive. Just before lunch, she remembered that they were supposed to bring a lawyer, and she drove furiously into town to engage M. Chauvin, the notary, for that afternoon. He could draw up an agreement as well as any lawyer.

That afternoon, with M. Chauvin sitting primly in the rumble seat, they arrived at Stella's hotel a few minutes before the appointed time. Stella, they were told, was waiting for them in her sitting room. But as they crossed the lobby to the elevators, Jeffry stopped suddenly and turned to Carol.

"You're going to wait down here!" he commanded.

"No. No, Jeffry. I'm going up with you. I—"

"You're going to do as you're told, just for a change. I won't have Stella baiting you, as she did yesterday. I couldn't stand it without slapping her face in. Be good, darling, and do as I ask!"

Carol hesitated and then surrendered, feeling immensely relieved. "All right. But— Oh, Jeff, be careful! Don't tell her what you think of her! Not until the paper's signed!"

Jeffry grinned and kissed her. "Keep your hair buttoned, my darling. I'll be as sweet as a British diplomat. And I'll be right back with your divorce under my arm. Avaunt, M. Chauvin!"

As soon as they disappeared into the elevator, Carol grew panicky with regret that she had not gone, too. Almost, she ran after them, but then she controlled herself sharply and forced herself to sit down in one of the palm-shrouded, extremely modern chairs. She sat on the very edge of the seat with her hands folded tightly in her lap, trying to think and trying not to think. The only prayer she could remember was "Now I lay me down to sleep," and she repeated that over and over, saying every word to herself with slow deliberation.

"Well, Miss Day! So you changed your mind and came over to see Carew after all!"

She stared resentfully at the young man who had interrupted her. It was the reporter, Seldon of the New York Chronicle, who had come to see her a few days before. He was very tall and had a lot of uncombed red hair over a remarkably emaciated face. He sat down opposite her and offered her a cigarette from a battered package. She refused as haughtily as she could, but he would not be rebuffed.

"Mr. Stacy gone up to see his wife?" he asked.

"No!" she said. "Oh, no!" Inside herself, she went on desperately with her prayer. Now I lay me down to sleep, she thought pleadingly. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. "Mr. Stacy is at home. He's busy. He's working."

The reporter grunted reprovingly. "Don't be silly. He just went up in the elevator. A bird told me."

"No!" Carol said. "You're mistaken. Really, you're mistaken!"

He sighed and leaned toward her, shaking his head. "I'm not mistaken. Now, look, Miss Day. I'm on your side. You and Stacy have always been good guys. You might as well give me your side of whatever's up. That yellow-headed phony upstairs will be handing out *her* side soon enough!"

Carol stared at him, interested. "Don't you like Miss Carew?" she asked doubtfully.

THE bitterness of his sincerity surprised her. "I *hate* that woman! I had a job in Hollywood once, and she didn't like a couple of lines of dialogue I wrote for her. I told her there wasn't anything the matter with them except the way she read them, and she screamed until they had to fire me." He paused for a moment, and Carol could see him forcing his angry mouth into a grin. "Anyway, I don't like her."

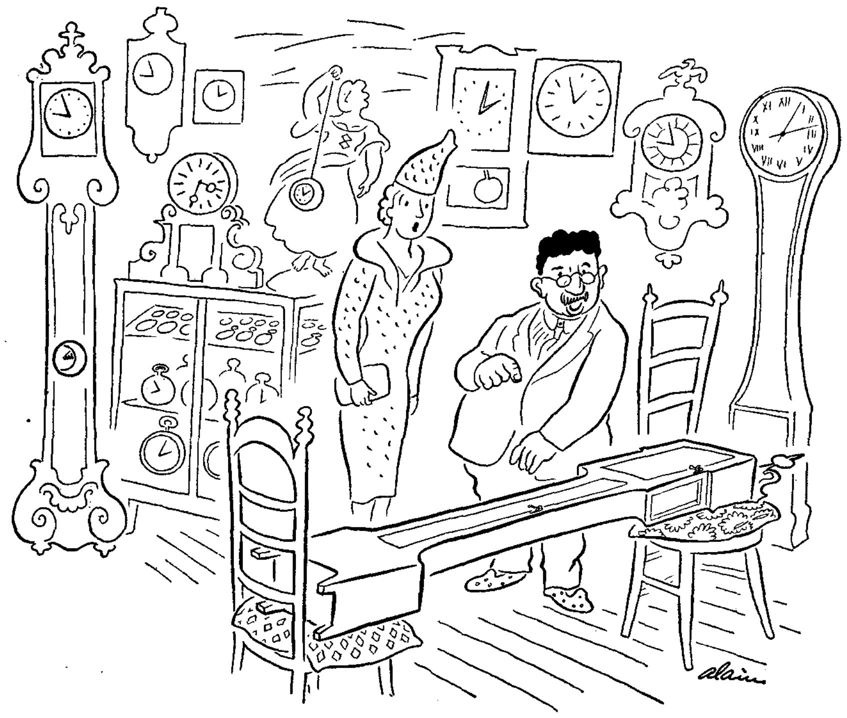
"Yes," Carol said. "Yes, but—"

"Wait a minute. Suppose I promise something. Suppose I promise that I won't print anything, or do anything, that will hurt either you or Stacy, or hinder any plan you may have. And it's just possible that I could help."

Carol stared at him a moment, full of doubt and fear, and then she told him. The more she talked, the more terrified she became of what she was doing, but she could not keep herself from telling him the whole story. When she finished, he was staring at her with his mouth slightly open and his eyes gleaming.

"Boy!" he almost whispered. "Oh, sweet day!" Then he jumped to his feet. "Come on!"

Panic-stricken, Carol caught at his



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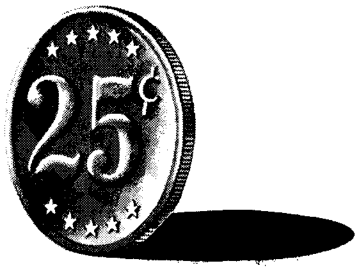

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There was a time, of course, when the old world set the standards by which all beers were judged. Today it is a different story. Making a fine beer is now a science as well as an art. *And herein lies the great contribution of Schlitz to the vast world-wide industry of brewing.*

Years ago SCHLITZ undertook the gigantic task of taking the "guess" out of brewing. This is exactly what SCHLITZ has accomplished, and this is why the high quality of SCHLITZ never varies.

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for ideas and standards in the *art* and *science* of making beer.

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People who know *drink* SCHLITZ*... their refrigerators testify to their foresight and discrimination.*

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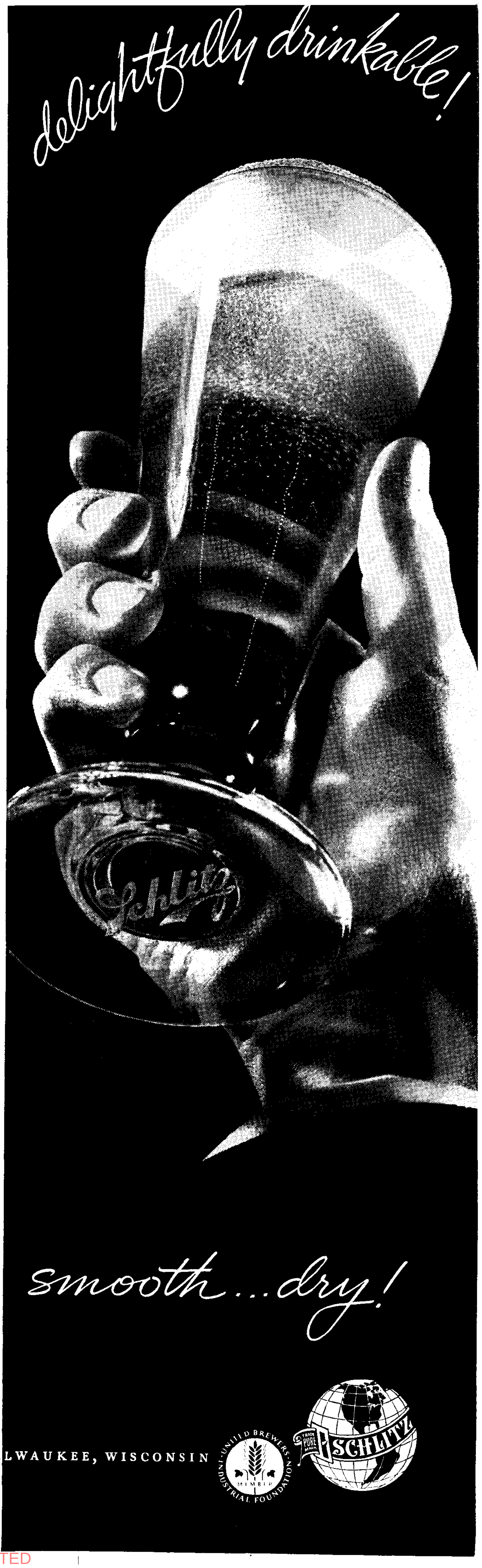

Every drop of SCHLITZ *is brewed to mellow-ripe perfection under Precise Enzyme Control ... and every bottle and can contains Sunshine Vitamin D.*

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UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION MEMBER

SCHLITZ

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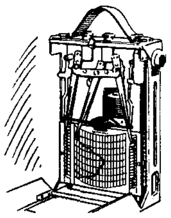
He: You'll have to agree, dear, that they've certainly taken all the *adventure* out of flying these days.

She: It was a grand trip, Jim. The lounge chairs in that United Mainliner are positively luxurious. And the stewardess was a dear. Every detail was perfect.

He: I had a hunch your first flight would make a convert out of you. They tell me most women are very fond of flying, once they've tried it.

She: I promise never to raise my eyebrows again when you want to fly. I guess I was a little old-fashioned.

A FEW NEWSWORTHY FACTS ABOUT AIR TRAVEL AS WE KNOW IT TODAY



You enjoy smooth flight ½ mile above ground! United's prescribed flight altitudes increase the comfort and efficiency of air travel. All trips are flown in the smoother air at least a half-mile above the ground. And United's exclusive automatic flight analyzers (recording barographs, like the one shown here), provide a constant check on the maintenance of these new higher prescribed flying levels.

United's transports fly "twice around the globe" daily. United is the world's most experienced airline—having flown 125 million miles over the mid-continent "Main Line" airway. More than 20,000 coast-to-coast flights . . . over 40,000 New York-Chicago flights . . . and 40,000 Los Angeles-San Francisco flights. United's route is by ten years the nation's longest-established airway.

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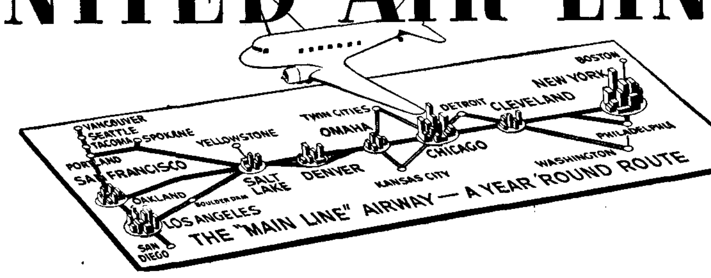
UNITED AIR LINES



arm pleadingly. "No! Oh, no! You'll ruin everything. Please!"

"Listen!" he said. "I'll tell you something. Wait till Stella sees me—she'll weaken! I can fix it, I tell you! That babe doesn't need money. She has enough salted away to feed all the orphans in China. She's just vicious."

Carol knew he was telling the truth and some of the fear inside her slowly turned into anger with the realization of what Stella, needlessly and maliciously, was even now doing to Jeffry.

She got up from her chair and followed Seldon to the elevator. When it stopped at their floor, she went with him unprotestingly down the corridor toward Stella's suite. Only once, when they had almost reached their goal, did she allow her panic to conquer her again. She put out her hand to touch the reporter's arm, halting him.

"No!" she whispered. "No, I—" Then she remembered Jeffry's laboratory and all that it meant to him, and she slowly took her hand away and tortured her taut face into a smile. "All right!" she said. "All right."

"You'd better wait out here," he said quietly. "It won't take more than a minute." He smiled at her then. "It's going to be all right!"

He stepped away from her and knocked briskly on the door of Stella's living room. Without waiting for an answer, he pushed it open and walked inside, swinging it almost closed again behind him. Carol put out her hand to touch the wall of the corridor, and then leaned against it shivering and waiting.

"Well!" That was Stella's voice, lovely and full of outrage. "What—"

"Excuse it!" The reporter sounded almost gay. "I was following a rumor and it came in here. So it's true! You've decided to give your husband a divorce!"

THERE was a long pause, and then Stella's voice again, not so lovely now, a voice tight and cold with suppressed anger. "Yes. Yes, it's true."

"Swell!" Seldon's gaiety increased. "Well, what my paper wants to know is, is there any truth in the rumor that you're getting a settlement, a whacking big settlement, from Stacy here? And that you need the dough because National Arts Pictures didn't pick up your option? And that you're all washed up in Hollywood?"

"Listen! Listen—" That was Stella's voice and it was suddenly shrill. Then there was a pause, and when the voice came again it was controlled, and so Carol barely heard it. "If you print that, or any part of it, I'll sue your paper for libel."

"The Chronicle, Miss Carew," Seldon told her, laughing, "has been sued. One more suit won't hurt us. But about these rumors—are they true?"

"Of course they're not true."

Seldon sighed disappointedly. "What a pity. They'd have made a lovely story. Ah, well—I think I saw Miss Day down in the lobby. I'd better talk to her. And to you, Mr. Stacy, when you're through. The Chronicle likes to get things straight. We're all so fond of Miss Carew."

He swung the door open and came out, closing it behind him. Silently he clapped his hands together and turned to Carol, making a delighted face that looked, because of his thinness, almost frighteningly like a grinning death's-head. Then the two of them stood there, listening to the silence that came through the open transom of Stella's room.

"Stella," Jeffry's voice said at last. "Stella, I—"

"Damn you," Stella said quietly. "Damn you!"

"Listen, Stella, I—"

"Clever Jeffry! To think of planting a reporter on me! You treacherous louse! Get out of here. Get out!"

"But this reporter downstairs?" Jeffry asked wearily. "What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him it worked. Tell him you finally beat me. Here's your money!" There was the sound of heavy paper being torn across and across. "Now will you get out! Tell him you and that woman can get married now. Tell him I hope the two of you—"

Seldon caught at Carol's arm and pulled her away toward the elevator. "Not pretty," he said. "Not pretty at all! You and I had better wait downstairs."

It was not until Jeffry and Carol were halfway home along the curving white road over the sea that at last she broke. She bowed her head and wept, heedless of M. Chauvin's agitated flutterings in the rumble seat. Jeffry stopped the car and put his arms around her.

"Never mind, my darling," he whispered. "Sweet Carol, never mind. It's all over now—thanks to Seldon." He patted her shoulder for half a minute and then said in an odd voice: "By the way—I wonder who tipped him off?"

". . . Paging Secret Agent 2x-49! . . . Paging Secret Agent 2x-49!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"I d-d-don't know," Carol wept. "Maybe it was M. Chauvin."

Jeffry looked down at her uncertainly and then back at M. Chauvin and then he grinned. "Yeah," he said. "Maybe it was M. Chauvin. Maybe!"

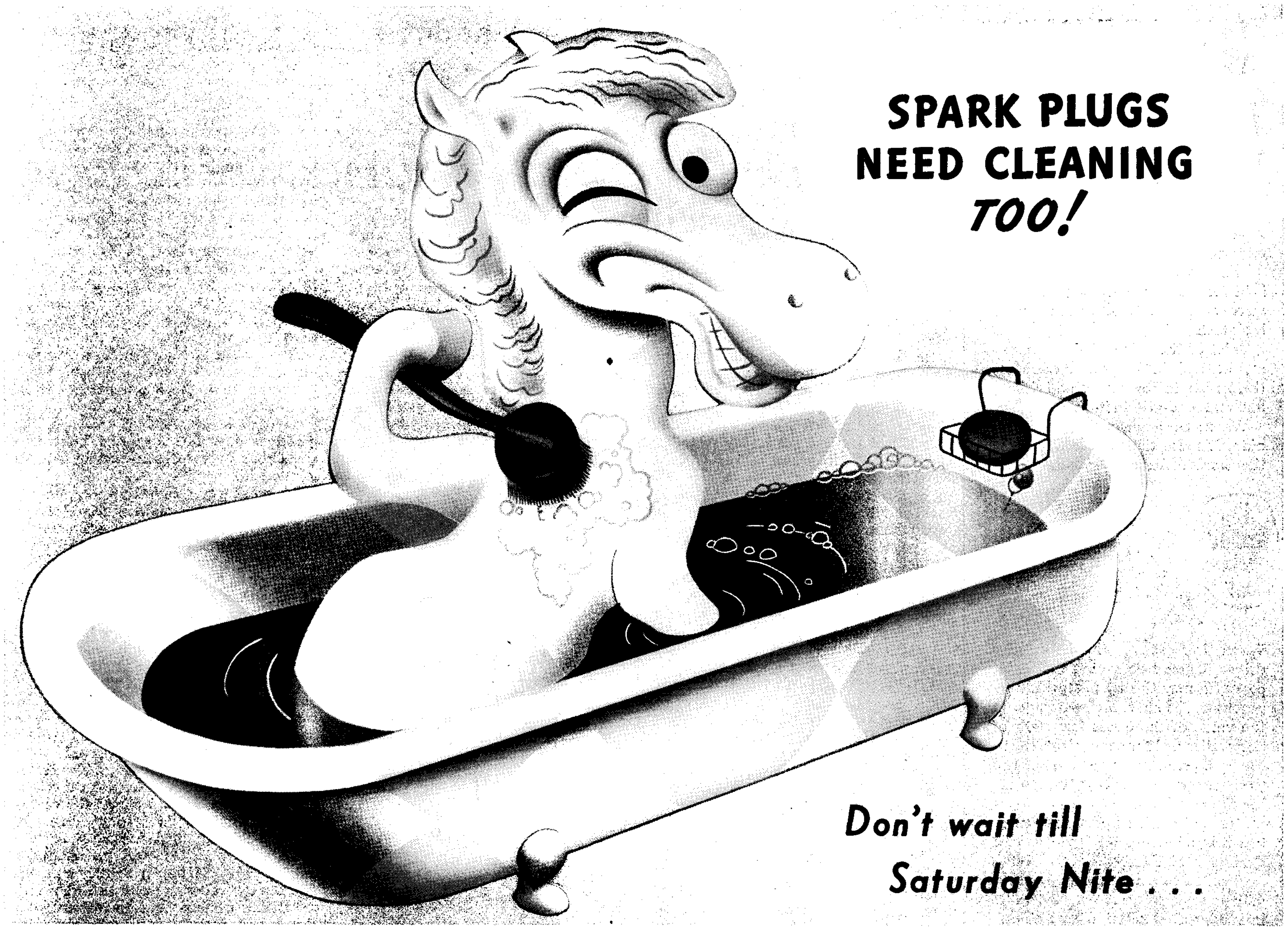
She continued to weep, clutching at the lapels of his coat and hiding her face against him until he put his hand under her chin and raised her face to his.

"We can have quintuplets now, if you want 'em," he said.

She giggled a little and gulped. "P-p-piker!"

He frowned. "But maybe we shouldn't have any children. Maybe they'd turn out like my sister Jane, for instance. Or like your mother. Or even, God forbid, like my famous Uncle Henry. Or maybe they'd be loose livers, like us!"

Carol grinned, still weeping. "You should have thought of all that a couple of months ago, darling," she said tartly. "It's too late now."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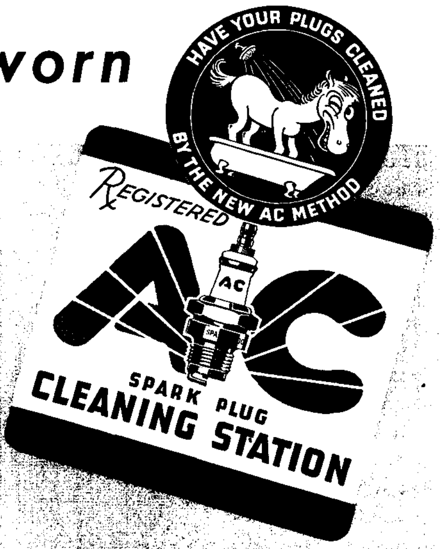
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OLD-AGE PLAN for TIRED TIRES

by don herold

● Usually, when we try to get the last 20 cents' worth of wear out of a suit of clothes or an old tire, *it's a mistake.*

A lot of the value of a suit of clothes is in the build-up it gives us with ourselves and others...before it starts to look tacky.

A lot of the value of a good automobile tire is in the safety it has while there's life in its rubber and fabric, and real road-grip in its tread design.

When a tire gets smooth on the *outside,* it's also tired inside...with the thousands of flexings it's had.

I'm about tuckered out
I'll take you in
KELLY DEALER

When tires get smooth, the average driver figures he's saving the entire cost of a new tire by postponing its purchase. He ain't. He's saving only the value of those last few 100's of risky miles and the saving isn't worth the gamble. (Ninety per cent of tire troubles come in the last 10 per cent of mileage.)

Did you ever figure how little those last few dangerous miles are worth? Pardon a table I got from the Kelly-Springfield people. It shows you save only a very few dimes per 1000 miles by risking your neck on "smoothies."

New Tire Cost	TOTAL MILEAGE					
	15M	16M	17M	18M	19M	20M
$6.00	$.40	$.38	$.35	$.33	$.32	$.30
7.00	.47	.44	.41	.39	.37	.35
8.00	.53	.50	.47	.44	.42	.40
9.00	.60	.56	.53	.50	.47	.45
10.00	.67	.63	.59	.56	.53	.50
11.00	.73	.69	.65	.61	.58	.55
12.00	.80	.75	.71	.67	.63	.60
13.00	.87	.81	.77	.72	.69	.65
14.00	.93	.88	.82	.78	.74	.70
15.00	1.00	.94	.88	.84	.80	.75

Take the cost of your size Kelly. Run across to your present tire mileage. The figure you see shows about the value per 1000 miles left.

You can save (really save) by swapping your old tires in at your Kelly dealer's on brand-new, tough Kellys with their *Armorubber* Treads—tough because of Kelly's special process of mixing a greater quantity of carbon black more evenly and more thoroughly into their rubber compound.

KELLY *Springfield* TIRES

DEPENDABLE FOR 44 YEARS

Star Shadows

Continued from page 18

For nowadays a stand-in frequently approaches the position held by a star's understudy in a stage production. Since the Screen Actors Guild has recognized them with a branch of their own, the studio salary has risen from a customary $20 a week to a minimum of $33, and many of them receive as high as $50. Many stand-ins resemble their stars so much that they can also double for them, and a double is speedy to correct anyone who calls him a stand-in.

It isn't that Hollywood makes a social distinction between stand-ins and doubles, but rather that a double's minimum weekly salary is $200 a week, or $35 a day. And Hollywood is far more keenly aware of financial classifications than of social. It's the old story of Hollywood's being concerned more with income than art.

Despite the fun of working alongside stars and big names in the country's most glamorous industry, standing-in is hard physical work. It means sitting under hot, bright lights about five hours out of an eight-hour day (and few days end with eight hours), for the stand-in spends far more hours under the lights and before the cameras than does the star. It means long hours, early rising. It means no time for invigorating sports, and no pep for social activities. It means painful wigs and make-up and hours of monotonous time on the sets when one can go nowhere, do nothing, even say nothing—only wait, wait, wait—sit, sit, sit. It even means, frequently, dieting as strenuously as do the stars, for one's figure is almost as important in standing-in as it is in acting.

A Stand-in's Best Friend

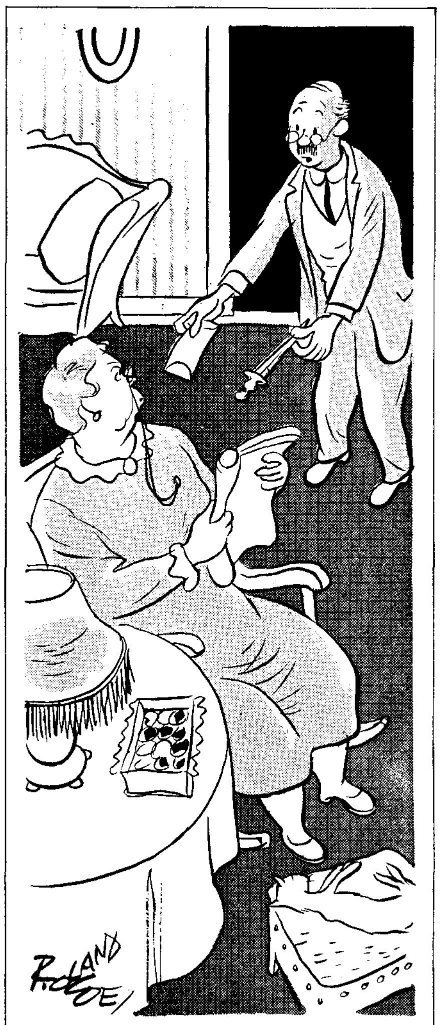
A stand-in's most important qualification is his height, for the whole purpose of his position is to stand and sit in exactly the same positions to be assumed by the stars when the cameras start turning. A stand-in, in reality, is one whose business is saving wear and tear on the stars. There are those who are not identical in height with their stars. For instance, Eddie Hall, the stand-in for Edward Everett Horton, is two inches shorter and twenty-five years younger than Horton. Yet Horton insists upon having Hall stand-in for him, for Hall's sense of humor and ideas keep Horton's in a capricious frame of mind. Therefore Hall has had shoes made especially that add two inches to his height.

Deanna Durbin's stand-in for her first two pictures was Dorothy Sherrill, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Deanna's agent. When Deanna first started in pictures, Dorothy was the right height, but by the time 100 Men and a Girl was made, Deanna had grown two inches, whereas Dot's growing had all been done several years ago. So Deanna herself suggested Dorothy's carrying a book around, upon which to stand when lights were being fixed upon her. That worked for 100 Men and a Girl, but now Deanna is looking for a new stand-in, hoping she can find one whose growth will parallel her own during the next few years.

Joel McCrea is cinema's outstanding ex-stand-in. He stood in for Arnold Grey several years back—and after Joel was well started and Grey was out of luck, Arnold became stand-in for Joel (till Arnold died). Joel used to double for Wally Reid and Valentino, too. Ann Dvorak stood in for Joan Crawford, Julie Haydon for Ann Harding. In all Hollywood, these seem to be the few cases of working up from standing-in. It's no wonder they warn you, "Once a stand-in, always a stand-in."

Ginger Rogers' former stand-in offers one of the most interesting and curious stories of Hollywood. In the old days, you perhaps knew her as Baby Marie Osborne, a child movie star who was famous and fabulously wealthy at the age of three. Wealthy at three and poor at fifteen—poor but not necessarily disheartened.

Baby Marie was discovered by the director Henry King. Lela Rogers wrote scripts for her, and she became the first Shirley Temple of the films. Until Baby Marie was ten years old, she was America's pet. And then, at Nature's dictate, she began to grow. Growing, as Jackie Cooper, Jackie Coogan and Wesley Barry will attest—and Shirley will soon discover—is an insurmountable handicap to continued success.



"Here's the paper knife and my pay envelope, darling—may I watch?"

ROLAND COE

In the years after Marie's stardom, she toured, grew up, married, had a daughter. To provide this daughter with the education she herself had missed, she returned to Hollywood to try to stage a comeback. Henry King, her first friend, got her a few bit parts to play, an extra job or two—an uncertain occupation on which to raise a child. Then Fate brought her into contact with her former script writer, Lela Rogers. And Lela Rogers had a daughter. And the daughter was Ginger Rogers.

So the former Baby Marie Osborne became a stand-in.

Curiously enough, the occasion is rare when a stand-in envies the star for whom he works; rather, he looks upon him as his best friend, for the star, regardless of temperament or eccentricity, can always be depended upon to give generously to those he likes. And too, in addition to studio salary, most stand-ins often receive outside remuneration from the stars, to which can be added some of their surplus wardrobe.

Leo Lynn, stand-in for Bing Crosby, will attest to this fact. In his off days he chauffeurs for the singing star, for which he is handsomely rewarded. He's qualified for the position, craves nothing higher and, consequently, is content with his part in life.

Leo was a plumber in Los Angeles but the bottom dropped out of his business back in 1933. Feeling the need of money with which to buy biscuits, he hunted up a man he had known in the gloomier days of his youth. That man was Crosby—and Crosby was in need of a stand-in.

"A great guy," says Leo in speaking of his boss, "and as plain as an old shoe."

Down in Los Angeles is an attorney who has four daughters. All resemble Katharine Hepburn. They're mighty clever girls, too, in this business of theatrics, with several years of professional hard knocks behind them.

They are the Doyle sisters, known and liked by everybody in Hollywood. There was no ambition manifested toward a career in the movies until they saw Miss Hepburn in her first picture. Then the resemblance between the star and Adeline, the oldest sister, brought them to Hollywood. Persistence gained them audience with Miss Hepburn. The latter liked their spirit and, despite the slight difference in height, dragged the ambitious Adeline to the casting office and praised her qualifications. When the casting director started to compare heights, Miss Hepburn bent her knees, and the discrepancy went undiscovered.

Adeline worked hard to improve her status and, in so doing, made the mistake of aping Miss Hepburn's every action. The star, recognizing the girl's talent, warned her against simulation and assisted her in developing her own individuality. In time, she was doing bit and extra work on the side, and eventually Broadway called to her. There she has been doing quite nicely, understudying, playing small parts, and frequently making radio appearances. And her sister, Katharine, has replaced her as Miss Hepburn's stand-in.

Sonja Henie Has Two

Patsy Doyle, too, is a stand-in, her star being Barbara Stanwyck. With the indomitable courage that seems to mark the Doyle family, she slipped through the gates at Warner Brothers Studio, confronted the rather startled Miss Stanwyck and begged for the job. She was refused at first because the star was more than satisfied with Jean Chatburn, who had been with her for some time. But luck played a part, serving both Patsy and Jean. The latter won a contract on her own ability as an actress, and Miss Stanwyck remembered the girl who had been so persistent.

When Mae West was a kid back in Brooklyn, her favorite playmate was Edna Eckert. The two lived in adjoining homes, played together and, in their "teens," did a sister act together. Then Edna married playwright Philip Noyer, who held one of those woman's-place-is-in-the-home convictions, so the two drifted apart.

Several years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Noyer came to Hollywood merely to see the sights. Strolling down a boulevard one evening, they happened to pass an apartment house just as a limousine was

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Beauty that anybody would be proud to own . . . from the finely-wrought radiator grille through every inch of its low-swung lines.

Inside you'll see a tailored interior . . . new short-nap mohair or fine broadcloth . . . smart new instrument panel . . . the latest in steering wheels, with convenient ring-type horn control.

Figures reveal the size and room . . . 119-inch wheelbase . . . 199-5/16 inches overall length . . . 49 inches across the rear seat. Broad, level floors. Chair-high seats. More leg room, elbow room, head room and luggage room than you ever expected to find in a low-priced car!

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No need to pay for a lot of extras! All these are included: Federal tax paid . . . spare wheel . . . spare tire and tube . . . bumpers . . . bumper guards . . . dual tail lights . . . dual windshield wipers . . . dual sun visors . . . cigar lighter.

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★ ★ ★

*Car illustrated is Chrysler Royal 5-Passenger Touring Brougham. All prices are ready to drive in Detroit, including Federal taxes.

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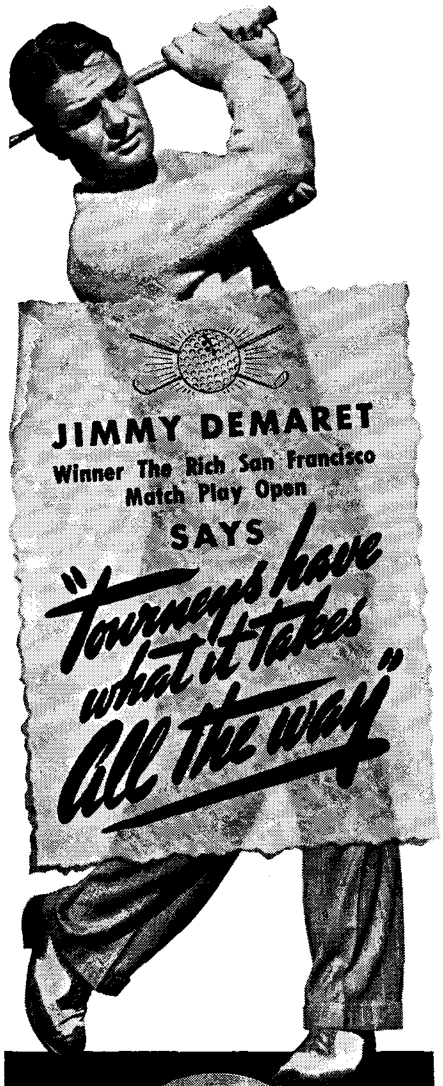
Above prices do not include state or local taxes, if any. For delivered price in your locality, see your Chrysler dealer.

☆ **Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.**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moving into the garage. Mae West was an occupant of the car. She recognized her old chum and smothered Edna with hugs and kisses. Later, in her apartment, Miss West commented on the continued resemblance between them and proposed that Edna begin in pictures by becoming her stand-in.

Although all the necessary qualifications for a stand-in are that he, or she, be approximately the same height, weight, build and coloring, it is frequently advantageous to resemble the star. Doubling in long shots enables a company to work with two units when a deadline is uncomfortably close. Also, it serves as a form of convenience in other matters. When Dick Powell was rehearsing for his radio programs with Hollywood Hotel, there were times when it conflicted with his picture making. But directorial cleverness made use of his stand-in, young Jack Goodrich. So closely did he resemble Powell that he was able to work in long production shots without camera detection.

Sonja Henie has two stand-ins. Pretty Lillian Baer serves in all dramatic or comedy sequences, while a professional man skater goes through the ice routines for the cameras. The man is Bert Clark, once the ice-skating speed champion of Canada. He was secured because no woman could be found with sufficient skill and endurance to simulate the movements of the incomparable Miss Henie. Even Bert admits that the work keeps him constantly on his mettle.

Cary Grant also has a stand-in who was once a star in sports—Mal Merrihugh, a big-time pitcher for the Kansas City Blues. A broken finger ended his pitching career, so he came west in the hope of landing a catcher's job with one of California's winter teams. He met Joe E. Brown instead and was sidetracked into extra and small bit parts in the movies. One of these parts brought him into contact with Virginia Cherrill, then the wife of Cary. She saw in him a fine double for her husband, introduced him to Cary and he got the job.

A Gentle Way of Retiring

Bill Meader's job with Freddie March came, indirectly, through an amusing incident at the Columbia Studio. They were casting the doubles' picture, It Happened in Hollywood. A crowd of talent had gathered in front of the casting director's office. Bill didn't quite know what it all meant but he figured they wanted help so he joined the group. Finally, he came face to face with the casting director.

"Let's see," said the director, "you're Fredric March, aren't you?"

Bill nodded dumbly. Later, he discovered that his job was to impersonate the screen star. He buckled down to the task and put it over in great shape. So much so that he was called by Paramount to work for the real Freddie March in The Buccaneer.

Now and then, a bit of backstage drama projects itself into the business of being an animated dummy. A young fellow named James Fleming does stand-in duty for Errol Flynn. Quiet, thin, inhibited-looking, there is nothing about him to indicate an important past—yet, one day, this happened:

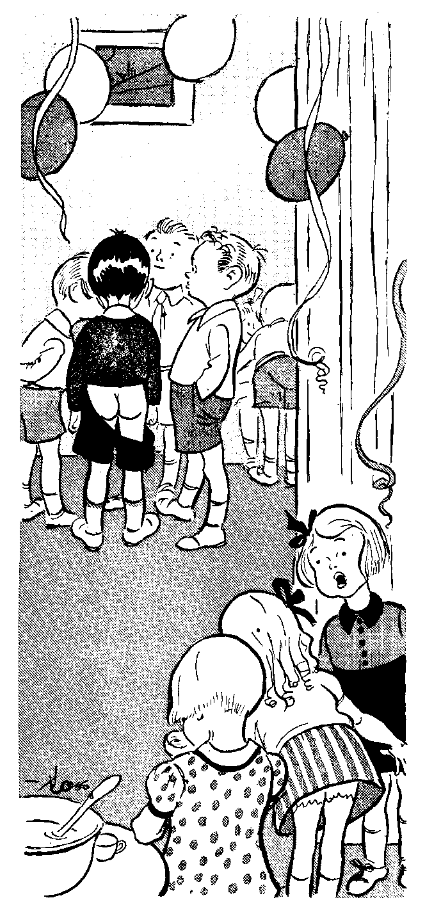
The cameras were lining up for the first shot in a beautiful ballroom. Jimmy stood patiently in the glaring light while the technicians buzzed about him. In the background were a group of fashionably gowned ladies. Among them was one who was prominent in Denver's social life and who was now getting a terrific kick out of one day's work as an extra. Her eyes fell on Jimmy; an involuntary scream escaped her:

"Why, there's Jim Fleming!"

And the story was out. A promising son of a wealthy architect, back in the Rocky Mountain city. A building foreman, himself, endeavoring to follow in the exemplary footsteps of his successful father. Then he fell in love and married. This didn't seem to set well with all parties concerned, so he and his bride quietly disappeared. A front-page story for many months.

The two came to Hollywood and Jimmy joined the thousands who contribute their anonymous services to the picture industry. His knowledge of architecture secured him several jobs as technical adviser and set constructor. Once it even got him a job as a designer in a wardrobe department. Then, one day he learned that Errol Flynn was in need of a butler. He became the butler. To this was added secretarial work, chauffeuring and, eventually, standing-in. And not until the little lady in the evening gown recognized him did any of the Denver folk know of his whereabouts.

Charles Laughton, the English actor, is one of the few who apparently are not popular with their stand-ins. Bill Hoover, who has served him in that capacity, has this to say about the rather odd Mr. Laughton:


"This will ruin Clarence socially"
A. ROSS

"After working six months with him, he still didn't know me. Temperament, maybe, but it didn't hurt me none; I just decided not to know him either."

Bill has enjoyed a rather large slice of Hollywood life. He worked chiefly in Westerns because, having been a circus rider in his youth, he is quite expert with a horse. When Laughton did Mutiny on the Bounty, Bill was chosen from fifteen applicants to double for him.

"You ought to apply to Edward Arnold," said the casting director. "You look more like him than he does himself."

That night Bill received a call from Arnold (that's how fast news travels in Hollywood) and he promised to come and work for him as soon as Mutiny on the Bounty was finished. The assignment lasted six months, during which his weight went up from 180 to 220 pounds (one fellow who should be grateful for overweight, for Arnold's scales tip him at 220). And now Bill serves Arnold well. He does all the riding sequences, takes the bumps and falls and doesn't back away from the harder stunts. He can wear the actor's clothes to perfection and also be a buffer for him in his off-screen duties.

Gassed during the war, his health so impaired he couldn't continue on the stage, a young foreigner named Gale Mogul came to Hollywood in the early twenties and became one of the town's most versatile stand-ins. His ability to write and act won him the attention of such people as Eddie Cantor and Ronald Colman. But, nevertheless, he was satisfied with the business of standing in because he wanted to learn, and that position offered a better point of observation. Now he is back in Rome, where he will direct the first big spectacle film to be undertaken under Mussolini's new cinema schedule. Most of the picture will be filmed in the Libyan desert in Africa.

One of the nicest commentaries I ever heard about this novel business of standing-in came from Mae Warren, who works for May Robson, that grand old lady of the screen. "It's a gentle way of retiring," she said, then sighed happily and returned to her knitting. This from a woman who had spent her life on the stage; a musical-comedy star in the day when Gilbert and Sullivan operettas were the popular attractions.

The Lion Was Hungry

C. Aubrey Smith's stand-in is Brigadier General R. D. Napier-Raikes, late of the English army. He likes his job, expressing it thus: "I am now about the lowest form of life within the studio but, nonetheless, I am actually participating in the making of a film production—and I came here to learn."

Ann Robinson fills the stand-in position for Olivia de Havilland; Sally Sage for Bette Davis, and Kathryn Stanley for Irene Dunne. Ronald Colman's stand-in is Buddy Roosevelt, who resembles Colman closely.

Standing-in is a new job in a rapidly aging business; a job that owes its origination to Pola Negri. The temperamental Pola couldn't stand still long enough for the electricians to spot their lights or the cameramen to focus, so the director, out of sheer necessity, resorted to a dummy for all preliminary work. The idea spread and soon the Hollywood studios took on the appearance of a ladies' and men's wear display window. The limitations of the dummy were not long in evidencing themselves and the next natural step was to replace them with people. The Ritz Brothers are the only stars today who use dummy stand-ins and they insist it's nothing personal.

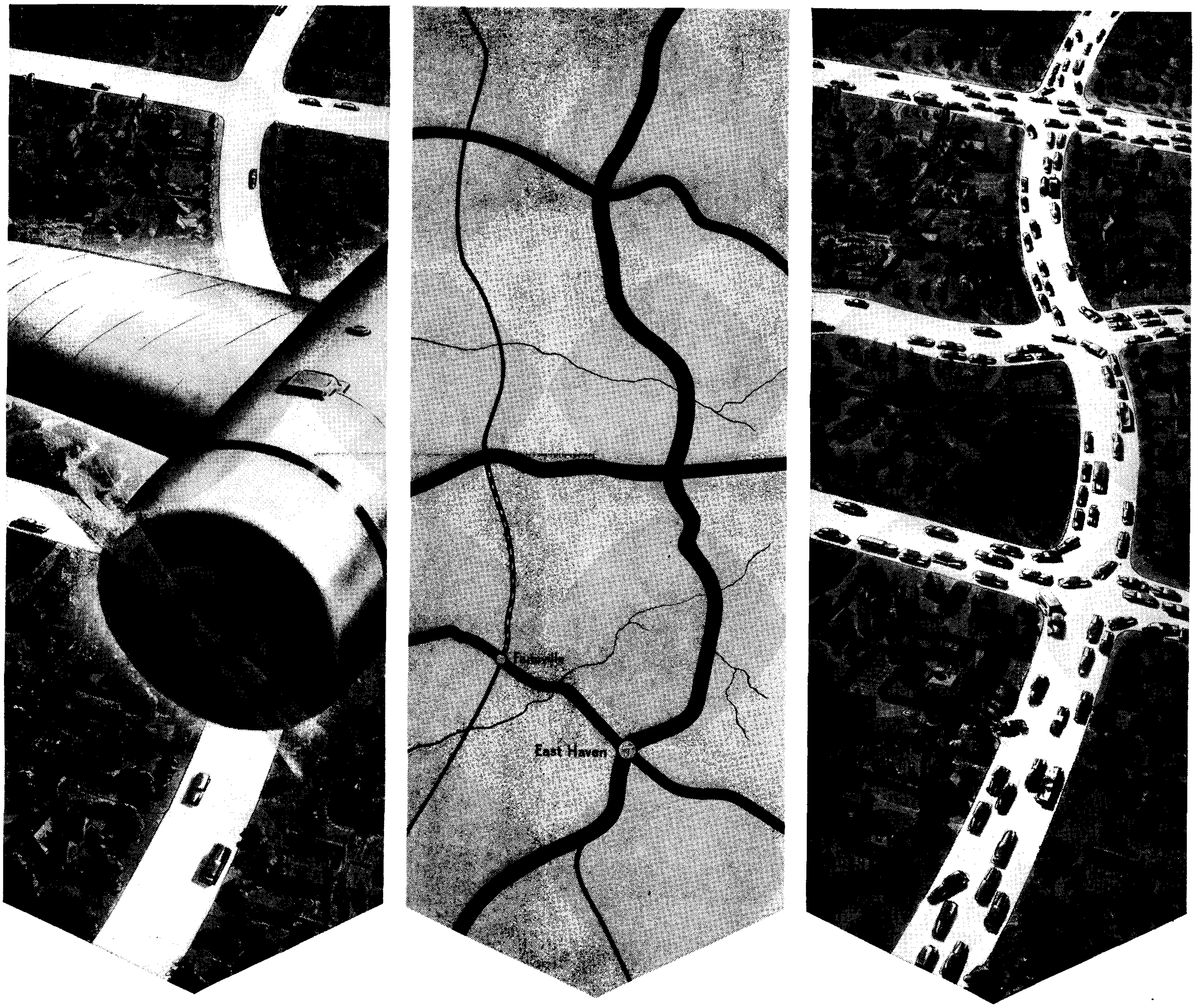
The name "dummy" has a funny sound to it, but somehow or other I can't laugh when I see a row of them stretched out in the property room. If it hadn't been for a dummy, my kid brother wouldn't be with me today.

Billy's a stunt man—the mild occupation of jumping off cliffs, turning over speeding cars, missing fast trains by a hair, and doing other odd chores like wrestling with wild animals, and that sort of thing. In the early days when I was directing pictures Billy often worked for me. In one picture there was a jungle scene (made in an arena) in which a lion was supposed to stalk the innocent hero. A very tame lion, I was assured by its trainer. To get the camera setup, I asked my brother to stand-in for the actor. He hesitated, and yet he is the most fearless person I ever knew.

"Throw in a dummy," he said, and walked away.

I did—and the lion bit off its head before we could blink.

Maybe this stand-in business is really a business after all.



4 miles by air = 6 miles by road map = 8 miles by STOP-and-GO

YES—distances are deceiving.

A mile of stop-and-go driving may well be a mile and a half to your engine.

That's because in "low" gear, your engine makes about 12 turns for each turn of your wheels. In "second," about 8 . . . in "high," only about 4.

You drive a mile, but how far your engine runs depends on how many times you stop and start—how much of the mile is in low and second gears.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅛ of a mile.

To cut this waste and its cost, they found a way to rearrange the chemical structure of gasoline, making every drop of fuel usable to your motor under all driving conditions.

• • •

You can save on the cost of your stop-and-go driving by the regular use of Super-Shell. There's a Shell dealer near you.

SHELL

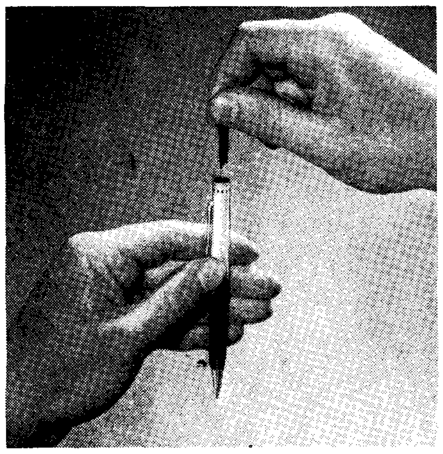
SUPER-SHELL

SAVES on **STOP** and **GO**

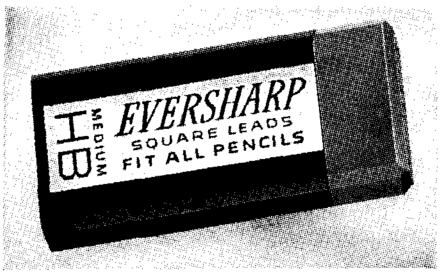
New! THE PENCIL YOU CAN SHARPEN WITH YOUR THUMB!

CLICK!
A NEW POINT
... A NEW LEAD!

Sharpening this new Eversharp Repeating Pencil is just a matter of pressing your thumb. Press the top—and *click!* A new point appears! When one lead is used, press the top again and a new lead takes its place! Feeds lead continuously!



This new Eversharp Repeating Pencil holds so many leads that the average writer need refill it only twice a year. Just lift the top and drop in a six months' supply!



WARNING! This pencil operates only with Eversharp Square Lead—the lead that fits *any* mechanical pencil better, snugger—that can't slip or twist. Ask for it in the "Red Top" package. See this new Eversharp Repeating Pencil at your dealer's. Six beautiful models—$2 to $6.

THE NEW
WAHL-EVERSHARP
REPEATING PENCIL

Made by the makers of the famous Wahl-Eversharp Pen—the only pen with the "Self-Filling" Point

Shove Thy Neighbor

Continued from page 15

down a special tax on oleomargarine. The United States government already does that. But it's not enough for Wisconsin, which adds another tax for good measure to keep oleomargarine out of the state.

As a matter of fact, nearly all the butter sold in commerce in this country is made in six or seven states. The federal tax on oleomargarine is roundly denounced by the producers of vegetable fats in other states as a tax imposed by the federal government to keep the products of one set of states from going into another set of states.

But, alas! There is one human weakness that the tax collector cannot suppress. It is a man's eternal yearning to escape taxes. A man will walk miles to avoid paying taxes. And it happens that in every state and most cities there is a large piece of the local geography that the state or town does not control. New York City can lay a two-per-cent sales tax on its citizens, but it cannot prevent them from stepping a few rods or miles up or down the road or across the river and doing their buying in Nassau or Westchester or dear old Jersey—the tax fugitive's paradise. And they do—by the millions. And these sales taxes have led various states into some strange vagaries of taxation against the neighbors who get some of the dollars of their citizens.

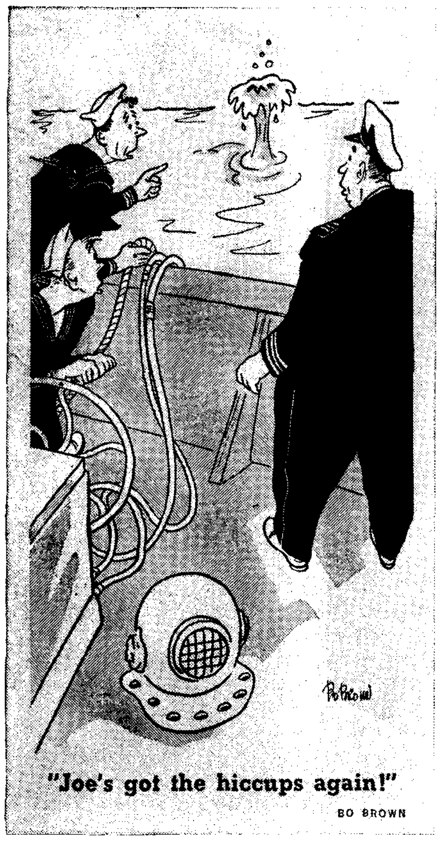
Taxing What You Use

Out in Washington state they adopted a two-per-cent sales tax in 1935. Of course all of the merchants and dealers who do business outside the state and on its rim thus enjoy an advantage. For Washingtonians could go to various points beyond the state's borders and buy without paying the tax. To offset this, Washington adopted a curious new kind of tax called the "use tax." Washington cannot, of course, force you, when you are in an Oregon store buying merchandise, to pay a sales tax to the state of Washington. But if you bring the article into the state of Washington you will have to pay a two-per-cent "use" tax on it—that is, you will have to pay the tax for the privilege of using that article in Washington.

That smells powerfully like an impost or duty. But the great Supreme Court in Washington says "No." And it does so by means of one of those powerful explosions of reasoning for which it is famous. When Uncle Sam was building the Grand Coulee Dam, the contractors bought a lot of machinery, material and supplies in other states and proceeded to bring them into Washington. But the Washington tax collector or customhouse pounced on the purchases and proceeded to load them down with use taxes. The contractors resisted, took the matter to court and ultimately it got up to the Supreme Court.

The contractors said this was a tax upon the operation of interstate commerce. The Supreme Court said it wasn't. When goods start from Pennsylvania and travel to Washington they are in commerce while they are moving. When they get to Washington commerce is over. And this was a tax not on the goods while they were moving to Washington but on the use of the goods after they got there. Which gives you an idea of how far the court can stretch these articles against interstate custom duties if they ever settle down in earnest to the job.

Since Washington got away with that. at least eight other states have gone in for use taxes—California, Colorado, Ohio, Oklahoma, Iowa, Kansas, Utah and Wyoming. There are twenty-four states with sales taxes ranging from two to three per cent. At least a third of these have turned to the use tax and in good time, doubtless, most of them will. For nothing in this world can come into style so fast as a new tax in this country. If you can't think up a new mousetrap all you have to do is think up a new tax and the legislators of the states and the aldermen of the cities will beat out a new express highway to your door.



"Joe's got the hiccups again!"

BO BROWN

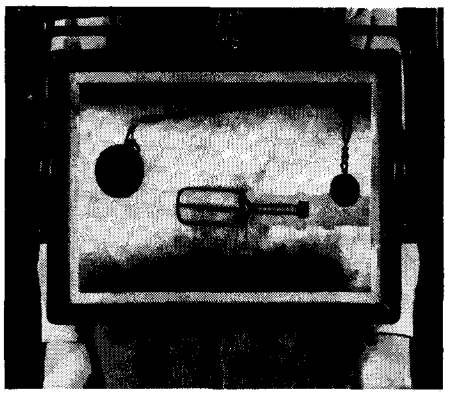
And now a new idea makes its appearance. At a glance, at least, it seems to be as full of explosives as a Japanese war plane. At the moment, Congress is locked in a struggle over the issue of minimum wages and maximum hours. Primarily this is a drive for the protection of workers in the lower wage brackets against exploitation. But beneath the stormy surface waters of this fight another struggle is in progress. Down in Washington they sometimes call it the "Second War between the States." The wage scale in the North is of course higher than in the South. And this presents at once a grave problem, for it is contended that what is a just minimum-wage level in the North would not be feasible or just in the South. Therefore Southern senators and congressmen and great groups of Southern businessmen are bitterly opposed to the movement.

But still deeper lies the effort of particular industries in the North, principally the textile industries of New England, to recover some of their lost ground. They have lost factories to the South because, they insist, the Southern states have given the factories tax differentials and because wages are lower in the South. New England has been slowly correcting its tax troubles, but finds itself helpless against the lower wage scales in Georgia, South and North Carolina and other competing states. New England, therefore, has thrown itself back of the minimum-wage bill with all its energy in the hope that the Southern textile mills may be forced to the same wage scale as those in the North. This is an issue of extreme delicacy, which I merely outline here without un-

REVOLUTIONIZES GIRTH OF A NATION
EXPANSO
U.S. PAT. PEND.
NEW KNOTHE BELT

Americans Rebel—Thousands of men hail new freedom of "Waist Motion" . . . Inside Story of Scientific Construction . . . No gadget . . . hidden springs behind buckle never exposed but allow waistline to breathe.

An X-ray photo (unretouched) shows the two hidden springs behind the buckle and within the belt that mean EXPANSO *comfort.*

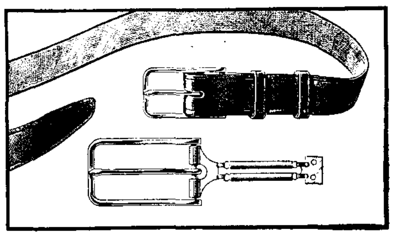


The secret of EXPANSO's comfort is hidden in two tiny tough springs, concealed behind the buckle and *within* the belt. For the first time in history, there's a new freedom to wearing a fine quality leather belt that actually breathes and expands up to an inch as the wearer sits, stands or moves. Whether your time is spent on the links, at the desk, on the street, or behind the wheel of a car, your EXPANSO never binds your mid-section, nor is it noticed except in comfort.

Its scientific construction makes it no gadget—but a revolutionary boon to the waistlines of all men.

Gone are the old-fashioned days of "notch adjustment" as the EXPANSO buckle actually breathes. Select your favorite leather in an EXPANSO belt, from one to five dollars.

Support without suppression! Slip on an EXPANSO—and relax.



Knothe EXPANSO THE BUCKLE BREATHES
$1.00 TO FIVE
See Your Local Dealer, or Write
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dertaking to discuss or decide it. And, as I write, it has in it the threat of a split of the Democratic party.

All this is merely a preface to enable the reader to understand another movement that is taking shape. It grows out of this minimum-wage battle. The advocates of this new idea say that each state is best placed to decide what wage standards should exist in that state. Wages, they assert, must be proportioned to the standards of living and to the price structure of each community. If fifteen dollars a week will buy as much in South Carolina as twenty dollars in Massachusetts, why should the South Carolina mills be compelled to pay the Massachusetts wages. Therefore, they contend, each state should be permitted to settle this matter for itself.

But, of course, they are instantly confronted with the objection that this is a grave injustice to those states that are willing progressively to improve the condition of the workers. Always there have been states that have adopted more stringent factory laws, compensation insurance, protective laws for women and children workers, wage minimums. And always there have been states near by that have opened their arms to the factories and employers who were willing to flee from the first state to escape its more civilized labor regulations. Therefore, as soon as a state seeks to improve the condition of its workers by progressive laws it loses factories through emigration. Therefore, the standards of the lowest wage states and lowest standard states tend to pull down the standards of all.

It is right here that this new and dangerous idea creeps in. Here it is. The proposal is that when a state adopts a wage standard for its factories, then it shall be permitted to prevent the products of factories in other states with lower wage standards from coming in. South Carolina would not be permitted to ship into Massachusetts. Alabama would not be permitted to ship into Michigan. In turn Michigan might be prohibited from shipping into Massachusetts. In other words, around each state a great wall would be built to keep out the products of industries that pay lower wages than the walled-in state. This, of course, is the protective-tariff principle applied to the states. And it would mean, if adopted, the creation of forty-eight independent states, each nestling behind a wall of embargoes and trade restrictions and tariff taxes.

A Matter for the Court

Could it be done constitutionally? That, of course, is a question for the great court in Washington. The Constitution prohibits states from imposing import and export duties. But perhaps there is nothing to prohibit the federal government, which has power over Congress, from passing a law prohibiting shipment of low-wage goods into high-wage states. The federal Congress has forbidden the shipment of liquors into prohibition states. In any event, the proposal is filled with alarming potentialities.

But it is definitely in line with the wave of sectional trade restrictions that are sweeping the country. Even the cities and towns have joined in the movement. They use, of course, an old device, but they are using it now extensively. This is found in the town ordinance, which requires canvassers and peddlers to have special licenses and which puts various kinds of obstacles in the way of new department stores, new chain stores entering the town.

The young man with the portmanteau filled with samples going from door to door, rousing the housekeeper from her evening nap and calling her from her morning duties, is oftener than not the representative of a "foreign" merchant. The ordinances designed to render him invalid are, of course, often based on the alleged necessity of protecting the housewife. But in fact it is always sponsored by the local merchants who wish to keep out "foreign" competition.

The fight against the chains is also partly spurred on by this battle against the foreigners. Advocates of antichain-store taxes point out that the wicked chain store owned by some commercial monster in Wall Street takes the money of the people of Valley City and drains it all into Wall Street. And some of the chain-store laws are specially designed to keep out "foreign" chains. For instance, in various states the law imposes a progressive tax on chain stores—ten dollars per year on each store up to the first ten and then increasing on each additional store until it rises to as much as $550 a store. But in at least one state such taxes are assessed whether the stores are all in the state or not. For instance, if the chain-store owner has eleven stores in the state and 490 stores out of the state, he will have to pay ten dollars tax on each of the first ten and $550 on the eleventh. A chain store that has all its stores in the state would be in a different position. If it owned eleven stores, it would have to pay ten dollars each on the first ten and about eleven dollars on the eleventh. The tax is an obvious effort to keep "foreign" chain stores out of the state.

A Broad Look Toward Progress

The big question is—where will all this end? The utter blindness of communities to their real interests where these powerful sectional and community emotions are aroused is startling. For instance, some years ago I was in Alabama for Collier's looking into business conditions. In one small town I found in progress an amazingly bitter drive against chain stores. In fact, there were threats against the mayor for his apparent indifference to the fight. The mayor told me that he was deeply concerned about it because, he explained, this town is absolutely dependent on the chain store for its existence. "We have several textile mills here," he told me, "which sell their entire output to several large chain-store systems in the North. And while it is true that the few chain stores we have here take some of our money, it is also true that in literally hundreds and hundreds of cities and towns in the country the stores of the chains our factories sell to are taking the money from the people of those towns and piping it down here to us."

The understanding of this supremely important fact is none too common. In Iowa, in 1933, I was in a small village. There a farm association secretary told me that that town was, as to all essentials, completely self-sustaining. We could put a wall around ourselves and we would have, as he put it, "eatin' and sleepin' and wearin'" to get along on. That was probably true. But it wouldn't have much. Because, as that town was organized, its one source of money revenue was corn and hogs and, save for a trivial amount, all the produce of the farmers, on whom that town depended, was, and still is, sold outside—probably in far-distant states. That town and its farms have got to tap the pockets of people in every state of the Union. In turn it must submit to a little tapping itself.

The development of this country has been built on several forces. But certainly one of them has been its vast, free market. If we are now to turn back the clock 150 years and are to break the country up into forty-eight small markets, and even hundreds of smaller markets, the end of our progress is in sight.

THE OTHER *KIND OF MOTHER-IN-LAW*

IT HAS BEEN SAID that no woman lives with her married son or daughter. *She lives with her son-in-law or daughter-in-law.*

But the mother who has a steady income . . . *a definite amount of money that she can depend on every month* . . . need never feel that she is a burden to any one. She can live her own life. She can come and go as she pleases. She can be . . . *and is* . . . independent.

In this, and in many other human relationships, New England Mutual exerts a tremendous force for happiness. Powerful and progressive, it gives *flexibility* to insurance . . . shapes and applies it to any situation, to any individual need.

Through a monthly cash income . . . known and guaranteed . . . New England Mutual insurance provides for a serene old age . . . educates children . . . brings thousands of families the peace and happiness made possible by financial security.

We have an interesting booklet which explains how easily you can provide an income for the future. This will be mailed, without obligation, upon request. Write to Department CD, New England Mutual, Boston, Massachusetts.

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GEORGE WILLARD SMITH, *President*
AMERICA'S FIRST CHARTERED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Triplets *in the showroom BUT...*

3 DIFFERENT GRADES OF PERFORMANCE ON THE ROAD

THE Joneses and the Browns and the Smiths may buy identical cars—same make, same model, same price. But what a difference in performance can result when they drive them! Here's why:

The farther you advance the spark of a modern car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

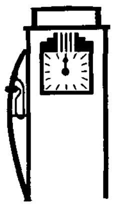
But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a spark adjustment, variously called "distributor," "Octane Selector," etc., with settings for these three grades of gas.

And the performance of *your* car depends upon the grade of gas and spark setting, as shown below.

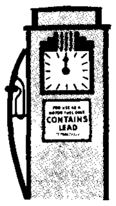
YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES



Poor performance

with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



Good performance

with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead.) The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

Best performance

with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has *enough* anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully* advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

A Proper Husband

Continued from page 17

boat? Take a boat around the island? See the birds?" Paul Despard did nothing of the sort. Paul hired the handsomest boy in town. His name was Jean Lajeune, and he was sixteen years old, and a towheaded blond as so many Gaspé Frenchmen are. Paul put him in white ducks and a blue coat with pearl buttons; he left him bareheaded, for his hair was as curly as a girl's should be and so rarely is. When a new car came into the village and the fishermen who looked like fishermen stepped forward with their cries, this handsome boy smiled, saluted the driver and said in the friendliest way:

"Paul Despard's Gull is reserved for you."

You had heard the name, had read the card or the roadside sign; and the boy was handsome. So Paul Despard got all the trade he could handle. His boatman ran the engine. He steered the boat and told you about the birds. He knew them, too; knew a lot about them. Also, he was as handsome as Valentino, and in much the same way. Every woman in his boat understood quite well that he spoke to her alone. The men were impressed by his broad shoulders, his slim waist, his swelling thighs in the tight duck pants he always wore. Tight duck pants, a sailor's blouse with an open collar, bronzed throat and cheek, a tangle of curly black hair. That was Paul Despard.

HE SAW Laurie first at early Mass one Sunday in June. After that, he sometimes went for a morning walk down the Irishtown road. Laurie was twenty-four years old, and her babies became her, and Johnny Rogan was never home from the cod banks before one o'clock in the afternoon, and seldom as early as that. So Paul sometimes walked that way, and stopped to inspect Johnny Rogan's new house, now almost done; and to admire Johnny's lovely wife and children. The babies were a little afraid of him; he was such a big, bold, black-haired man. But Laurie was not afraid of him. She was not even afraid of herself at first.

Paul said she was too pretty to live so far from town. He said she was too pretty to work so hard. He said Johnny must be a funny fellow, to be so much away from such a wife. He said if he were married to such a one, he would stay home of nights.

He brought Laurie flowers, casual blossoms picked by the wayside. Percé is all flowers in summer. He said each one had somehow reminded him of her.

"So I picked it for you. Pretty, eh?"

Sometimes Laurie told Johnny Rogan when he came home: "Paul Despard was here today."

Johnny would nod, would say: "He's doing good business. He's doing half the business at the beach. He's doing fine."

"He's friendly," she might confess, watching him to see how he took that.

USUALLY Johnny simply nodded; but sometimes he suggested: "The other men don't like him so much." Then he would go to work in the field till suppertime. Laurie might bring the children and come to watch him, and to wonder a little about Johnny. Sometimes she remembered what she had told him long ago. Johnny thought they were married. Johnny had a wife and a farm and two children and a fine trotting ox named Jerry and a new house building and a new calf training and a good boat. Everything was settled for Johnny. Johnny was married. No doubt about that.

But Laurie sometimes thought she was not married at all. She thought she would like to know Johnny, so they could talk about things, instead of just living together and loving each other. Living together and loving each other wasn't all of being married. Johnny wasn't really a lover any more, anyway. Johnny never brought her flowers. He had other defects. If she bought a new hat or made herself a new dress and asked Johnny how he like it, he told her the truth. If he did not like the new things, he said so, simply and honestly. But Laurie did not want simple honesty. She wanted praise.

Paul knew how to please a woman, how to give praise. . . .

Maybe that was why she hated him. She wished Johnny would beat Paul Despard's handsome face into a bloody pulp. She hated Paul Despard's eyes. When he came to look at her with them, to smile in sleepy ways, and speak in sleepy tendernesses, she wanted to go nearer him. She had to fight not to. She kept the children with her every morning, because Paul only came in the mornings. She kept the babies for a wall between them.

Paul played with the children as much as they would let him. They were afraid of him. They were right to be. Paul was a fearful man. François Beaulieu found that out. François had a boat, but it was a shabby boat; and Paul got most of the business. François thought that if Paul's Gull were not such a fine boat, more tourists would ride with him. François made some oil out of cod livers; he took kerosene and ocher, and mixed a red paint. Those who saw him mixing it asked him what he meant to do with it. François said he meant to paint his barn; but one morning the Gull was all ugly red from stem to stern, seats, decks, planking. The paint was slopped on any fashion, wet and sticky.

Paul that morning had walked down to Johnny Rogan's house, so he was the last to know about his boat. When he knew, someone told him that François had mixed a pot of barn paint; so Paul sought out François. François tried to fight back; but he was an older man and a smaller man, and when he was down Paul kicked him, and a rib or two snapped. François was abed for five weeks.

There were other things to make men fear Paul and hate him. There was the night neighbors heard Marie Rochard screaming under blows. Everyone knew Pierre Rochard should have beaten Paul instead of Marie; but Pierre was a helpless little man and Paul was strong.

ONE day Johnny Rogan was slitting cod on the cleaning table. The knife fitted neatly in his hand; a thick haft, a broad, short, triangular blade whetted on both edges. You could have felled a bullock with such a knife. Pierre Rochard said at his elbow:

"Johnny, I saw Paul Despard stopped at your door talking with Laurie the other morning."

"Aye," said Johnny. "She told me he was by."

He spoke calmly; but his knuckles whitened under the gurry on his hands as he grasped the knife a little tighter. Johnny made himself speak calmly, for if he showed anger it would turn many tongues loose to bandy Laurie's name; yet that night he said unhappily to Laurie:

"They're saying Paul Despard stops here sometimes of a morning."

"Aye," she said. "He does. Why not?" She watched him.

Johnny blushed with misery. "One and another goes out of his way to tell me."

She asked gravely: "Then what are you going to do about it, Johnny Rogan?"

"Why, nothing," said Johnny. "What would I do? You can send him away if he's a bother to you." From his point of view it was as much for Laurie as for him to pull her weight in the team. Certainly it was not for him to chide her.

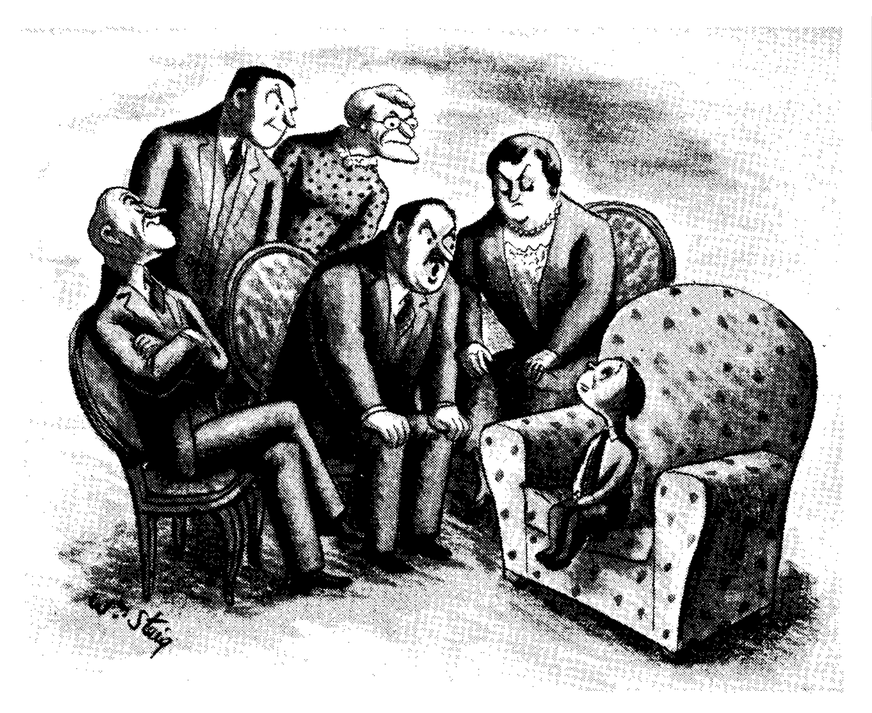
But Laurie, perhaps by perverse intent, pretended to misread his refusal to interfere.

"Aye, he's a strong, big, fighting man, I've heard," she said. "What could you do, to be sure, against such a one?"

Johnny felt as though a hot iron had touched his cheek; he looked at her so hard and long that her angry eyes were shamed and fell. She said then, contrite and tender:

"I'm sorry, Johnny. I didn't mean it. Well I know it isn't true."

He spoke simply. "You're a woman,



"Why did you lie to us?" WILLIAM STEIG

Taste it!

YOU TOO WILL SAY...

"WHY PAY MORE?"

3 YEARS OLD
ONE QUART
MEADWOOD
EST 1892
90 PROOF
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED FROM 100% SELECTED GRAINS
DISTILLED BY
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO. INC.
PEKIN, ILL.

Try the only real whiskey test — pour some in a glass — and drink it.

THIS WHISKEY IS

3 YEARS OLD

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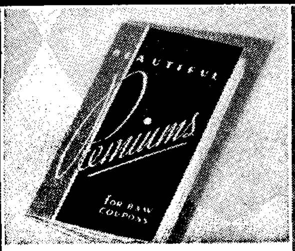

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and we're married. I'd never watch and tend you like a silly girl."

"Aye, we're married. You've always said so," she assented, in a tone that troubled him. That night he remembered, lying sleepless, what she had said to him after their first sweet night together, which now seemed so long ago.

PAUL DESPARD walked down the Irishtown road in the mornings, when Johnny was away; but Laurie's babies played around her in the morning, and a man had no chance with her alone. In the afternoon Johnny was at home, and in the long, sweet summer evenings. Paul thought it would be convenient if Johnny were not always at home in the fragrant dusk. He thought: "How, if one day Johnny's homecoming were delayed a while, so that in the evening a caller might find Laurie alone and the babies asleep, and none to interfere?"

When in August, Ernest Dupee, who was Johnny's helper, neglected a cut in his hand till it became infected and he had to go away to the hospital in Gaspé, Johnny was left to fish alone. The chance seemed to Paul propitious and late that night he rowed out to Johnny's boat unseen and went aboard her for a while.

What he did there had no result for a week or so; but Paul could wait. One day, on the offshore bank, hauling his trawl singlehanded, Johnny was late in fishing. When he started for Percé after the other boats had gone, his engine died. It coughed once or twice and went peacefully to sleep; yet before it stopped, Johnny had made his diagnosis. It was short of gas; but he had filled the tank that morning, so he knew the feed pipe must be plugged.

Lucky for Johnny his wits were quick that day. A gale was coming up; the cliffs of an island under his lee were three or four hundred feet high and not a quarter mile away. A boat hurled against their foot by these seas now running would not live five minutes. Nor, for that matter, would a man. There was no time to clean the feed pipe; but there was a rag of sail in the cuddy and he could fix a makeshift mast. Johnny jumped. Johnny's fingers flew. Before he had the bit of canvas set and drawing, the boat was not two hundred yards off the cliffs. But Johnny skinned by—within spitting distance of the rocks.

It was still a long job under that rag of sail to make his mooring, and Johnny had time to think. That feed line would not plug itself. Johnny tended his engine with a loving hand, and he always strained his gas. Someone had plugged the feed pipe, and Johnny knew it in his heart, and he knew what he meant to do to the culprit if the culprit could be found. He made his mooring, and took his cod ashore and cleaned them and saw them weighed. Then he rowed out to the boat, tossing at her mooring, and went to work on her.

What he found at last was plain enough. The obstruction was a match. The end of the match had been bruised and crushed for half an inch or so and then spread out like a mushroom. Like a screen, this had collected small particles of sediment in the gas till at last it clogged the feed pipe.

Johnny put the match in his pocket, recoupled the feed pipe, tried the engine, found that it ran. Then he went home. He never mentioned the match to anyone. But after that, to be sure there was no more meddling, he slept aboard his boat every night till Ernest Dupee was well again. Then they took turns.

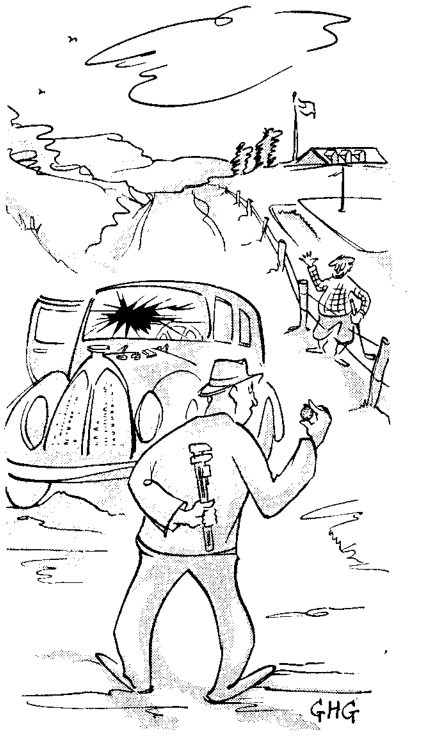
WHEN Johnny slept on the boat, Laurie was alone at home. The babies went to sleep at dark. The moon, about that time, was full; and Laurie was alone. But Laurie, all alone, fought Paul Despard and beat him. Even without Johnny to help her fight, she won.

"Will you always cheat yourself for the sake of one like Johnny, that makes an excuse to stay away so he'll not have to know what's going on?" There was an amiable scorn of Johnny in Paul's tone, and the taunt was bitter hearing; yet Laurie thought wearily that it was true. Nevertheless she said:

"Johnny has his ways and I have mine. What he does or doesn't do, that doesn't let me off from doing all I ought. You've wearied me to death, Paul; you're fine and handsome and strong and brave and all. But no."

"Johnny knows what's going on," he argued, "but he takes care not to come home. Is that a man for a woman like you?"

"Might be he thinks if I won't stand without watching, I'm not worth the watching," Laurie said. "But whatever he thinks, it's my job to stand."



"I'm no good at throwing. You'll have to come and get it"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"He'll sleep in the smell of fish in his stinking boat because well he knows if he came home he'd find me here. Laurie, you're wasting yourself and your life and a night like this." He grinned with that impudence that always dizzied her. "And you're wasting me."

She could find no more words. She slapped him hard on the mouth. "I can't talk against you; but that's what I think," she said. "Be off from me."

He chuckled and reached for her. "You're never meaning that," he whispered, pressing near.

SHE stood in the doorway, her hand on the shelf within the room; and one of Johnny's old cleaning knives was there under her hand. When Paul pressed toward her, that knife pricked his breastbone, and he swore and recoiled. She could not speak, but she faced him rigidly. In bold challenge he cried:

"If I go I'll not be back! Do you want it so?"

"Yes," she said, "I want it just so."

Paul Despard laughed. He did not believe her. If he pretended to go, she would surely call him back. He walked away.

But Laurie did not call, and Paul went on in a choking rage. He walked along the road toward town till he came to the path that is a short cut down through the glen below the cemetery. Paul took the path that night; and Johnny came home that same way. Ernest Dupee had sent Johnny home. "I'll take the watch

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tonight, out of my turn," he said. "I want to be off tomorrow night."

So Johnny started home, and he and Paul met face to face.

They stopped within arm's length. Paul was tall and broad and lithe. Johnny was inches shorter, somewhat bowlegged, built close to the ground. Paul was the one who spoke, in a jeering tone.

"You're late, Johnny. Been patching up that old tub of yours?"

Johnny wanted to hit him, because that was a fine boat he had and no tub at all. But if he hit Paul, people would think it was because of Laurie, and that would loose many wagging tongues, so he controlled his voice.

"Ernest took my turn to sleep aboard her," he said, and stepped aside and passed the other man.

BUT Paul wanted trouble tonight. His fists itched for it. He spoke, behind Johnny, drawling, "Did you ever find out who put the match in your feed pipe, Johnny Rogan?"

Johnny swung briskly around. He said thickly:

"I didn't find out who it was till just now."

That was all he said; but then all of him, say a hundred and seventy pounds of bone and sinew and stout muscle and dammed-up rage and worry and despair, gathered itself into one hard, knotted, salt-cured fist that struck Paul fair on his grinning mouth. Paul went back and down. He spat teeth. He rolled on his face to catch Johnny's leap on his back. He reached up over his shoulder and got Johnny's neck in the crook of his arm and jerked the smaller man forward over his head.

Paul was first on his feet; but Johnny came up like a jack in the box. And they fought.

No one ever knew how long they fought. But a number of men saw Johnny presently drive Paul Despard into town. They saw something that looked like a pig, with a man driving it, come crawling toward them on hands and knees along the dusty road.

They watched in wonder, and they saw that the man erect was Johnny Rogan, and his head was high. But the pig was Paul Despard. They recognized Paul by the clothes he wore, for his countenance was altered, and his whimpering and clucking were not like Paul Despard's bold laughing tones. When Paul came where they stood, he would have risen to cling to them for safety; but Johnny kicked him hard, and he fell forward on his hands and knees again in babbling fear. The men began to laugh. Pierre Rochard was among them there, and Pierre called a gleeful question.

"Did you find him at your place, Johnny Rogan?"

Johnny asked Pierre gently: "What would he be doing at my place?" His tone was so very gentle that Pierre felt cold along his spine, and everyone suddenly stopped laughing, and Johnny said simply: "It was him tried to wreck my boat, that's all." He walked past them, driving Paul Despard down the lane to South Beach. They followed to see what would come next. They saw him drive Paul into the Gull.

"Start your engine," said Johnny Rogan then. "And keep it going. Don't come back again."

When Paul was gone, Johnny brushed through the little group of men and went home; and Laurie saw his wounds and wept with love while she tended them. "Was it Paul?" she asked; and then in a choking passion: "I wish I'd killed him before he hurt you so. I will, too!"

"You'll not," Johnny told her. "He's near enough killed already; and—he's gone for good."

So she made him tell her and tell her; and when they were abed, the babies sleeping soundly, she whispered:

"Johnny, it's ashamed I am. I thought you were afraid of him and it broke my heart. But I'm a proud, happy woman since you whipped him so for me."

Johnny was a stupid, honest man. "It was him crippled my boat that time, Laurie. I only found it out tonight," he said.

SHE was for a moment very still in his arms. "Was that why you fought him, Johnny?" she asked at last.

He felt her quietness, and in a slow, deep understanding Johnny knew at last what she had known so long. He held her tight and he laughed like a man. "It was not," he told her in a stout mendacity. "That about the boat's but a word to give the town to play with. I'd never have half killed the poor man for the boat's sake. It was all for you."

Laurie for a moment did not speak, and he was afraid; but then she laughed richly and fitted closer in his arms. "Eh, Johnny, you're sweet," she whispered, and she sighed in a soft content. "It's not a man to love her and work for her and even to fight for her that binds a woman hard. It's the one that will tell her what she wants to hear, even if maybe it's not to the last word true. Johnny darlin', you're a proper husband now."

That boy of yours — what's his value? To you, of course, his weight in gold a thousand times over. You wouldn't trade him for power or honor or even life itself.

But what's he worth to the rest of us — to his home town, his state, our country? What power of mind and heart may grow in that strong young body? What fire of spirit may sometime flash from those bright eyes? Given a fair chance, what great service may he perform for his fellow men?

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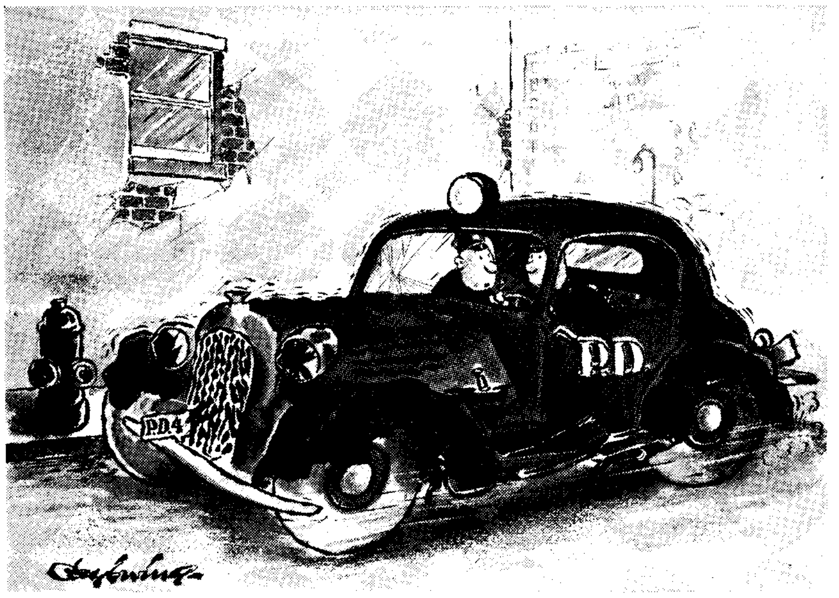


"Yeah . . . but how are we gonna explain away th' ticket for reckless driving?"

JAY IRVING

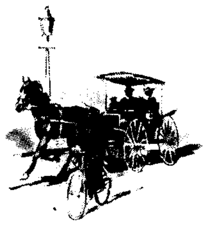
“I’M GLAD
CHAN

A noted statesman, publisher and humanitarian sums up some benefits of the “pay-as-you-live” plan

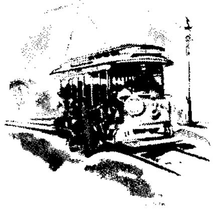
by ARTHUR CAPPER

United States Senator from Kansas

“WHENEVER I hear people talk about the ‘good old days’ I wonder how many of us really know or remember life as life was lived fifty—or even thirty—years ago.



“Automobiles were ‘high-falutin’ ” and expensive. Few families could afford them. Out in Kansas, we traveled by leg, by horse, by streetcar or train—or we stayed at home. Housework was an eternal grind, demanding an expenditure of energy and elbow grease that left our wives and mothers wilted and worn at the day’s end.



“We have every reason to be thankful for the marvels that have been wrought in our time . . . for the vision that conceived and the skill that produced things this generation takes for granted. What a difference they have made . . . the electric light, the motor car, the automatic refrigerator, washing machine, heating and air conditioning equipment. I am glad I have lived to see these changes in American life . . . to know my countrymen have achieved a standard of living far above that of any other people.

“The time-payment plan of buying substantial things has given millions of honest, hard-working people their chance to turn dreams into realities.”

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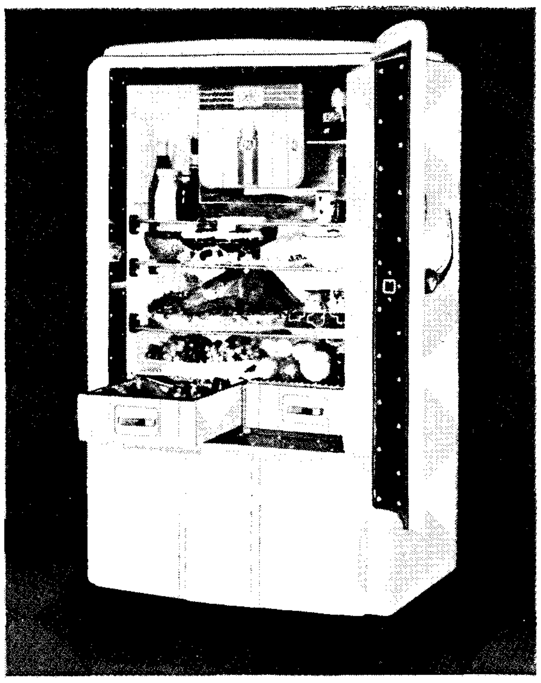
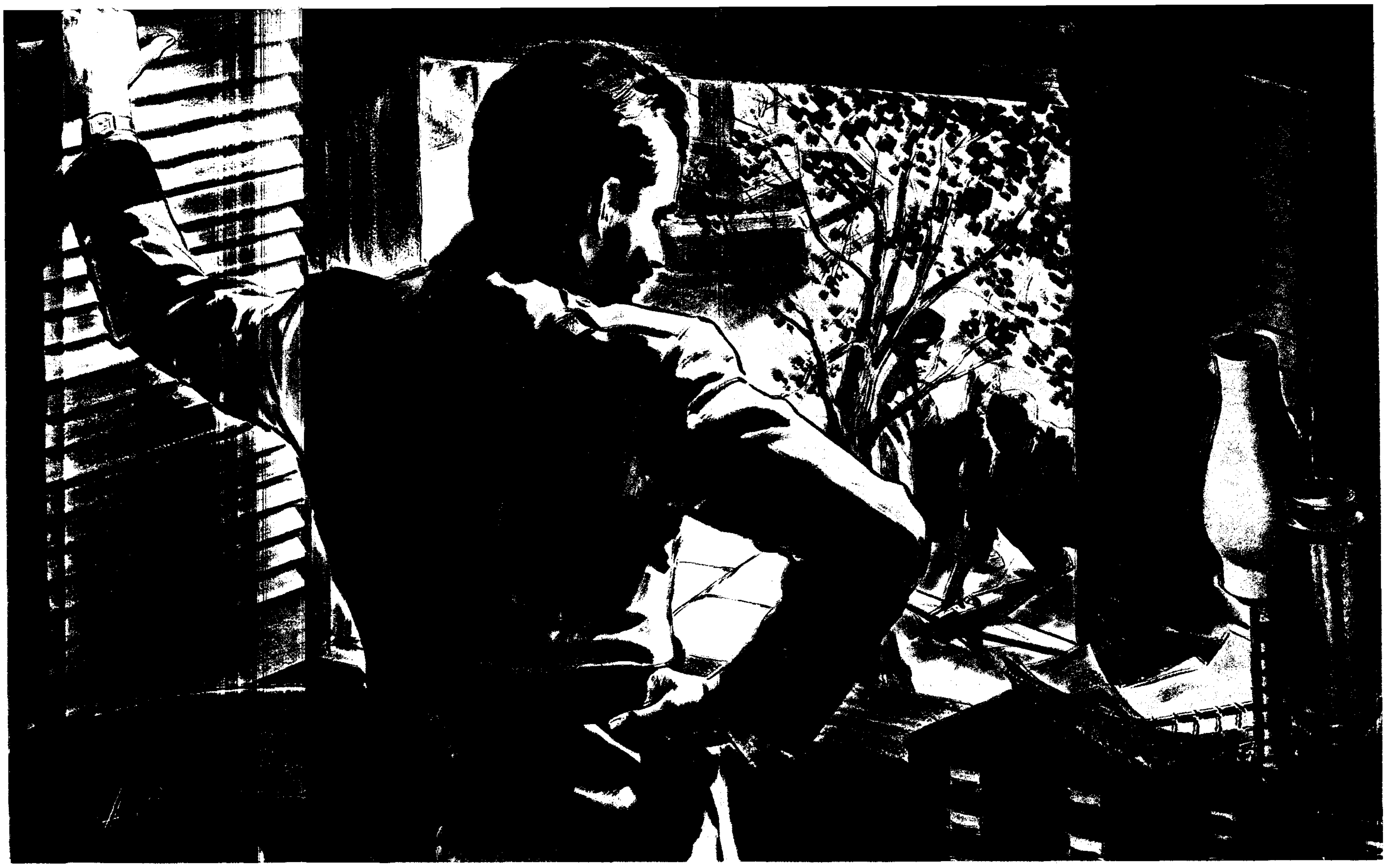


SAVE ALL WAYS! See this refrigerator that started a "save wave" in America! Look at *all* the price tags—compare values! Check the General Electric for these multiple savings: for low use of current, for upkeep, for long life, for preserving food, for fast freezing and quick release of ice cubes, for convenience, for capacity, etc. And we believe you will choose a General Electric.



"Have your fun, little ones," the General said to himself with a mirthless smile. "Soon you will learn that airplanes are not child's play"

Little Children

By Edward Stevenson

WHEN the foreign correspondents had left, the General got up from his desk and began pacing the floor and muttering angrily to himself. For nearly two years he had been in the spotlight but he still hadn't become accustomed to his press conferences.

He was ill at ease with the correspondents. They buzzed about him like flies; they asked hundreds of stupid, annoying, embarrassing questions. That little redheaded American, for instance, who disdained the offices of the interpreter and put his own questions in wretched Spanish. "What about the bombing of the school in Charcos, General?" he said with that polite, scornful smile of his. "It is said that over two hundred children were killed."

The General had exploded. A lie. Propaganda of his enemies! He was furious; he pounded his desk. But he knew that the reporters were unconvinced. Already they were on their way to file their dispatches. And between the lines, he knew, they would call him a liar.

The General halted his pacing and stared out of a window of his office. In the court in front of the building two small boys, sons of one of the headquarters attachés, were playing with a toy airplane, wheeling it back and forth and making droning sounds with their lips. "Have your fun, little ones," the General said to himself with a mirthless smile. "Soon you will learn that airplanes are not child's play."

The war had been going on for almost two years, but there were times—and this was one of them—when the General felt as though it had been going on forever. God in heaven, who would have guessed that the foolish, stubborn, untrained rabble could hold out so long?

Sometimes the General almost felt that it had ceased to be *his* war. His allies, voracious for the plums he had promised them, were now in the saddle. They were arrogant and sure of themselves; they hardly bothered to hide the contempt in which they held him and his people. All they were interested in were the rich mines that were to be their reward for their assistance. They pillaged and devastated the country—what did it matter to them? It was not *their* country.

The bombing of Charcos now. Why had they done that? Charcos had no importance; it was undefended and out of the line of conflict. And now they had killed two hundred children! God in Heaven, they must be mad!

A car stopped at the curb and a tall man in an aviator's uniform emerged. The guards snapped to attention and presented arms. Becker! The commander of the allied air force!

THE General returned to his desk and pretended to read some papers. Becker appeared almost at once. He did not bother to knock.

"Excellency!" he said, clicking his heels together and saluting briskly.

"Sit down, Captain," the General said. *Excellency!* He didn't like the way Becker said the word. There was a vague sneer in his guttural voice.

Becker sat down.

He had a sharp, pock-marked face, icy green eyes, thick lips; his hair was a grayish stubble. He tossed some papers carelessly on the desk. "A report of yesterday's attack," he said.

The General did not look at the papers. "I have heard about Charcos," he said mildly. "I thought it was agreed that open towns that had no military importance, no soldiery, were not to be attacked."

"Ah, yes. But—"

"Two hundred children were killed."

The Captain shrugged. "A psychological attack. It is the newest thing in military tactics."

"I do not understand, Captain Becker."

"It is simple. Look: it is true, is it not, that soldiers who are not mercenaries, like your dark legions, for example, must have some reason to fight? Of course! Home and family and country—is it not so? When we want men to fight we must convince them that all they hold most precious is endangered. Am I not right?"

"Naturally!" the General said, a little impatiently.

"So! A man is prepared to die for his family and country. He does not want to die—no! But he is *prepared* to die, and to see his comrades die all around him. It is war, he says. And he thinks of family and country, and fights on. But what will happen if he realizes that for all his sacrifices and heroism his loved ones are still killed, his land laid waste? Then his spirit is crushed; he is demoralized. Is that not true?"

"But killing children!" the General muttered.

"Ah, but that is the point! A soldier is used to seeing his comrades die, but only the most hardened soldier becomes accustomed to the sight of women and children blown to pieces. The appeal of a little twisted body, Excellency, is very powerful. It softens the strongest man. It impresses him with what the pacifists call the futility of war. Two hundred little children. . . ." He shrugged eloquently. "I do not like it too much for my own part; but we must demoralize the enemy and force their surrender."

The General opened his mouth, but Becker, as if in anticipation of his objection, said pointedly: "You would not like my country to withdraw its support, eh, Excellency?"

THE General stared at his desk. Captain Becker arose and saluted. "Tomorrow . . . another raid, Excellency."

He was gone before the General had absently returned his salute. Little children! the General thought. Little children! His head sank forward wearily.

He was aroused by a sudden scream. Becker! God in Heaven, what had happened? He rushed to the window. Becker was lying at the foot of the steps, his head grotesquely twisted on his neck.

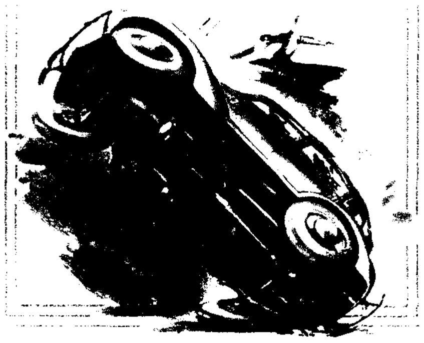
The General hurried downstairs and into the street. The guards had gathered around Becker, excited and alarmed. One of them, a corporal, had the attaché's two little boys by the arm and was shaking them.

The soldiers stepped aside for the General. He bent over Becker, but he saw at once that the Captain was beyond aid . . . a broken neck.

"How did this happen?" he demanded.

"These sons of the devil!" the corporal stammered, pushing the frightened boys toward the General. "They left their toy on the steps and—and the Captain stepped on it and fell down the stairs!"

Are we getting saner?



Some day people are going to look back on roads 18 feet wide with a white stripe in the middle and cars going 50 miles an hour or more in both directions as one of the most insane things the human race has ever done.

In the meantime greater safety lies not only in more careful driving but in the condition of brakes, headlamps, windshield wiper and tires.

Some states now have laws requiring inspection of tires as well as brakes and lights. And some day there will be laws against the kind of tire repair work that is done by many service stations today.

Tire safety is our specialty. We have studied the problem for 15 years and have developed an entirely new kind of tire repair system. It repairs nail holes and breaks in tires without heat which destroys tire life. It does away with boots which twist and rub. It prevents blowouts.

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BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION
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Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 20

kerchief from the lower part of his face, gulped fresh air into his smarting lungs. She was not there. For the past hour he had been searching the ship for Dorothy Bonner. The Hindu from second cabin said he had seen her going toward Frayle's stateroom. Larkin had gone to look. She wasn't there. There was broken glass on the floor, glass from the frame of the lifeboat notice, which had been yanked from the wall. But there was no sign of the girl. There was no one and nothing in second class now, except billowing, choking clouds of smoke and the scattered personal effects abandoned by the panicky, long-departed passengers.

The passengers were on deck now, huddled into tense, silent groups—waiting. The whole universe was waiting. The lifeboats were still swung out in their davits, waiting. The sea was waiting—oily and darkly uneasy beneath a lowering, overcast sky. Only the fire was not waiting. It was an articulate fire, now murmuring sullenly, now bellowing expectantly as it inched forward from the stern.

Larkin went to his cabin. It was dark. The ship's power plant had gone out ten minutes ago. He stepped in, groping for his brief case and typewriter. At least he could salvage those. But they were not there. Someone had taken them.

When he came out again, the blazing stern illuminated the whole ship with a sudden new burst of awful pyrotechnics.

A white-coated figure flashed past him, stopped. It was Satō, with two buckets dangling from a pole across his shoulders. He put down his buckets.

"I have put youah brief case ando typewritah in rifeboat Numbah One, Mistah Rahkin," he said. "Remember—Numbah One. Have put everything inside."

"Thanks, Satō. Are the pumps still working?"

"Not foh long time," said Satō. He held out his hand. "Godu-by, Mistah Rahkin," he said. A grim smile crossed his face as he added: "Japanese say, *Sayonara!*"

As he picked up his buckets, something splashed to the deck. Larkin caught the unmistakable whiff of gasoline.

Captain Fujiwara was shouting something through his megaphone.

Lifeboat stations. . . .

THE lifeboats astern had all been burned away, but five boats had been lowered successfully amidships. At Lifeboat No. 1 the purser was fighting back the yelling crowd with a revolver. The third officer was already sitting in the stern sheets, shouting, "*Hayaku! Hayaku!*" Mrs. Greeve and her protégées were in the forward thwarts. Behind them were General Rodriguez, the Hindu and the Slavic gentleman from second cabin, and two Japanese women.

"Two more," shouted the captain through his megaphone.

The crowd surged forward again. The purser was shouting. A fat Japanese gentleman was howling in Larkin's ear, bumping against him with the insistence of an All-America guard. Larkin braced himself, turned his back on the lifeboat, faced the frantic fat man. Then, with a sudden movement he pushed the Oriental aside, bowled over three others in his movement to the rear. He had heard a small voice calling, "Glen!"

Dorothy Bonner was struggling with Frayle. She was fighting with her hands, her feet, her whole body. Her small fists were alternately beating and clawing at Frayle's face. For an instant she squirmed free. Frayle caught her by one arm, jerked her back, flung her to the deck.

Larkin reached her at the same time Frayle did. Larkin's right arm lashed out and up in a long, looping swing that terminated in a sudden crunching impact on Frayle's jaw. Frayle slewed sideways. He sat down abruptly.

Larkin scooped up the girl in his arms, charged toward the ship's side, toward the lifeboat. He swung her over the gunwales of the lifeboat, just as the afterfall gave way three feet, spilling the occupants toward the stern.

Someone grabbed Larkin from the rear.

The lifeboat leveled off. The third officer cried: "*Yoroshii. Iko-ya!*"

Blocks squealed as the falls ran out rapidly. The lifeboat dropped with the speed of an express elevator, struck the water with a jarring, hollow smack. Mrs. Greeve's scream came up shrilly from below.

LARKIN turned as Frayle's strong hands clamped themselves about his throat. He drummed against Frayle's midriff with quick, short jabs. Frayle gasped: "Shima! Help me."

Larkin saw a boat hook swinging down on him. He ducked, caught the stinging blow across his back.

He bent double, tackled Frayle about the hips, raised him off his feet, wheeled half about just as the boat hook descended again. He could hear it crack against Frayle's skull, felt Frayle go limp.

Frayle slumped from his grasp, rolled across the deck toward the empty davits, vanished over the side.

Larkin reached the side in time to see the splash.

He jumped. The black surface of the water rushed up to meet him, dizzily, interminably. He hit with a loud, painful flop. The sea closed over him. He continued to go down, down. . . .

He came up gasping, spitting water. His ears rang. The mad, dancing reflections of the glare from the burning ship blinded him. He saw a shadow in front of him, struck out with long overhand strokes.

Half a dozen hands pulled him into the lifeboat. He sat for a long moment, breathless and dripping, before he realized that Dorothy Bonner was holding both his hands.

"Frayle . . . ?" he began.

"He couldn't swim," the girl said. "He didn't even come up once."

GLEN LARKIN, drenched and soot-begrimed, sat in the captain's cabin aboard the Empress, sipping the skipper's Scotch.

"That makes eight more boats we've picked up," the captain was saying. "Fifteen more members of the crew, and 83 passengers, mostly third-class. There were two white men in the last boatload."

"Was one of them a man named Frayle?" Larkin asked.

"No, one was a Mr. Cuttle, and the other's name was Willowby, I believe," the captain said.

"No more boats adrift?"

"The Jishin-maru is taking the rest," the captain said. "We're proceeding to Honolulu."

A florid-faced, white-haired officer came in.

"This is Dr. Smith, Mr. Larkin," the captain said. "You said you wanted to see the ship's surgeon."

"I do," Larkin said. "Is the girl all right, Doctor?"

"Yes, she seems comfortable."

"Tell me, Doctor. I have an impression that morphine contracts the pupils of the human eye when taken in any form; is that right?"

"Correct, sir," said the doctor.

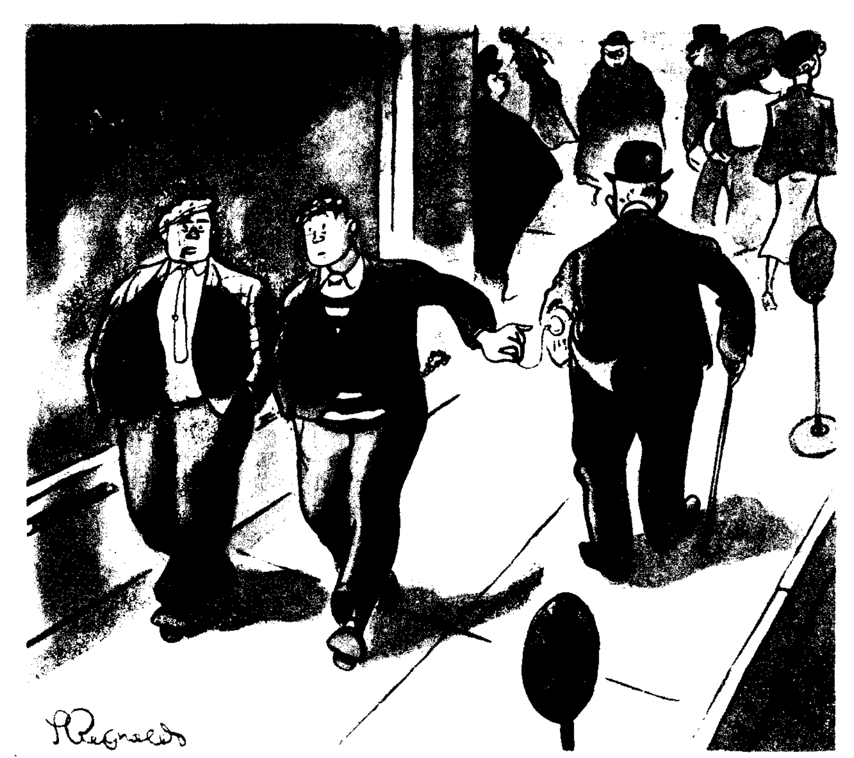
"And aconitine?"

"Aconitine has the opposite effect. It dilates the pupils."

"What would happen if I injected a syringeful of aconitine into my arm, Doctor?"

"Good Lord, man! It would kill you!"

"That's *what* I suspected," said Larkin. "Captain, I wonder if I could have Mr. William Cuttle brought up here."



"Walking's a fine form of exercise but it bores me unless I'm doing something"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Certainly," was the captain's reply.

"Hello, Gumshoe," was Larkin's greeting as the insurance detective made a bedraggled entrance.

"You again!" said Cuttle mournfully. "Ain't you caused me enough grief?"

"I promised you a break, Gumshoe. I promised I'd crack the deep-sea murders for you and give you the credit. Well, here it is. You can ask Captain Wyatt in your own name to radio ahead to Honolulu to have the U. S. marshal meet us with a warrant charging murder on the high seas."

"Yeah?" said Cuttle. "And what's the name? John Doe?"

"No," said Larkin. "The name is George Willowby. And that reminds me, Captain Wyatt. You'd better have Willowby locked up until we land."

"Hey, wait a minute," Cuttle protested. "Why would Willowby kill all those birds?"

"WELL, let's start with Arthur Bonner," Larkin said. "I'm sorry I can't tell you exactly why he killed Bonner, because I haven't got an answer to my radio yet. But I'll lay you ten to one that we'll know why the minute Willowby is fingerprinted tomorrow morning. My guess is that he was a classmate of Bonner's at Sing Sing. At any rate, he was certainly a fugitive from American justice. He claimed his passport had been stolen before the Kumo reached San Francisco. Actually it wasn't stolen. I have it in my pocket now. Willowby hid it under a mattress, and it was going to stay hidden until after Honolulu—so he'd have an excuse for not going ashore in American ports where he might be recognized and arrested.

"After all, Willowby's past was behind him, he'd built a new life for himself, and he had a long and lucrative future in store for himself in the Far East. And he didn't propose to have it wrecked by anyone. That's why he killed Bonner, when Bonner recognized him, and no doubt threatened to expose his past.

"Bonner, if you remember, had been doing considerable prowling around the Kumo, looking in portholes, lining up victims to blackmail. It was petty blackmail at first. All he wanted was morphine. I happen to know he looked in Willowby's porthole, because I was there at the time. I know, too, that he asked Frayle and Hood for morphine, and I assume he did the same to Willowby. Willowby obliged—only instead of filling Bonner's syringe with morphine, he filled it with aconitine. Willowby had told me previously that he was taking aconitine for his neuralgia. . . . Is that a common remedy, Dr. Smith?"

"Quite common," said the surgeon of the Empress. "If administered in very small doses."

"A few drops in a glass of water, was the way Willowby described it," Larkin went on. "Only he gave Bonner a syringeful. That explains why Bonner's body was found on deck, instead of being dropped overboard—as an expert would do it, Gumshoe. It was a long-distance murder.

"I noticed that the pupils of Bonner's eyes were dilated, but it didn't mean anything at the time. It wasn't until after the funeral that I remembered that morphine contracts the pupils. Dr. Bioki should have noticed it—and his negligence cost him his life. But he wasn't particularly interested in the death of a man who was apparently a common stowaway.

"You remember when I first intimated to you that I thought Bonner might have been poisoned? We were down looking at the coffin Bonner came aboard in, and the absence of the hypodermic struck me as a possible clue. I suggested we go up and talk to Doc Bioki about it. Well, Willowby must have been worrying about that missing hypo, too, and he followed us below decks. When he heard me suggest calling on Bioki he locked us in while he went up and stabbed the doc. He knew the doc might remember about prescribing aconitine for Willowby's neuralgia, and he knew that the doc could explain that aconitine dilates the pupils—something I didn't know till now. Anyhow, that murder was convenient, because Willowby's cabin was just across from Bioki's.

"After that, he still had to locate the hypodermic—since he knew I was looking for it, and that a laboratory test could determine what it actually contained. It must have been common knowledge aboard that Hood was the man who went through Bonner's pockets. At least Millie Greeve saw Hood doing it, and Millie isn't exactly tongue-tied."

"Millie could have told him," Cuttle volunteered. "She knows Willowby. She— Say, I wonder if that's where Willowby got my nosegay? I could've dropped it while I was talking to Millie that morning, and he could've . . . I'm a such-and-so! What was he doing in my cabin talking to Millie, anyway? I'll hang that bird!"

"The flower, of course, was a dead giveaway," Larkin said. "I knew you didn't kill Hood, because the azalea was in Hood's left hand. Your buttonhole being in your left lapel, as it is in most men's coats, it should naturally have been in Hood's *right* hand if he had grabbed it while being strangled by someone facing him. It was obvious, therefore, that the flower was a frame—but I didn't suspect it was Willowby who framed you. Not at first, anyway. Not even though I'd seen him in the vicinity of the steering-engine room when the murder occurred . . ."

"And why the hell *did* he frame me, anyhow?" Cuttle demanded.

"Obviously he was trying to make the crime too perfect," Larkin said. "By the time Hood was killed, Captain Fujiwara was determined to lock up somebody for the rest of the voyage, and Willowby thought he would guarantee his own freedom by furnishing a culprit. You were an easy goat, because of your anthomania."

"My *what?"*

"YOUR fondness for flowers. Willowby thought the captain would be quick to accept the azalea clue as proof of your guilt. When you removed the flower before the captain saw it, however, and when the captain decided I was the murderer on the basis of Frayle's story, Willowby decided he'd have to talk fast. He knew I must have seen the flower in Hood's hand, because he saw me go down the corridor to meet Hood—who was already dead. He knew damned well I wasn't going to sit by quietly without saying something, so he got in his story first, thinking that I'd testify to the truth of your removing the flower from the dead man's hand, and that the weight of our combined testimony would be enough to hang the murder on you—and thus leave him scot-free.

"The only thing wrong with Willowby's picture was this: When he came into the steering-engine room with you, the flower was not in Hood's hand. It was in mine. I'd removed it and didn't have time to put it back until after you sent Willowby to get Captain Fujiwara. Unfortunately for Willowby, he didn't notice that the flower wasn't there. You may remember, Hood's body was lying behind the binnacle and was partly hidden by it. Willowby took only a step or two beyond the threshold and apparently didn't see the hand. At any rate, he couldn't have *seen* a flower in it, because it wasn't there.

WHAT TO DO FOR A HUSBAND WHO IS NOT A GOOD MIXER

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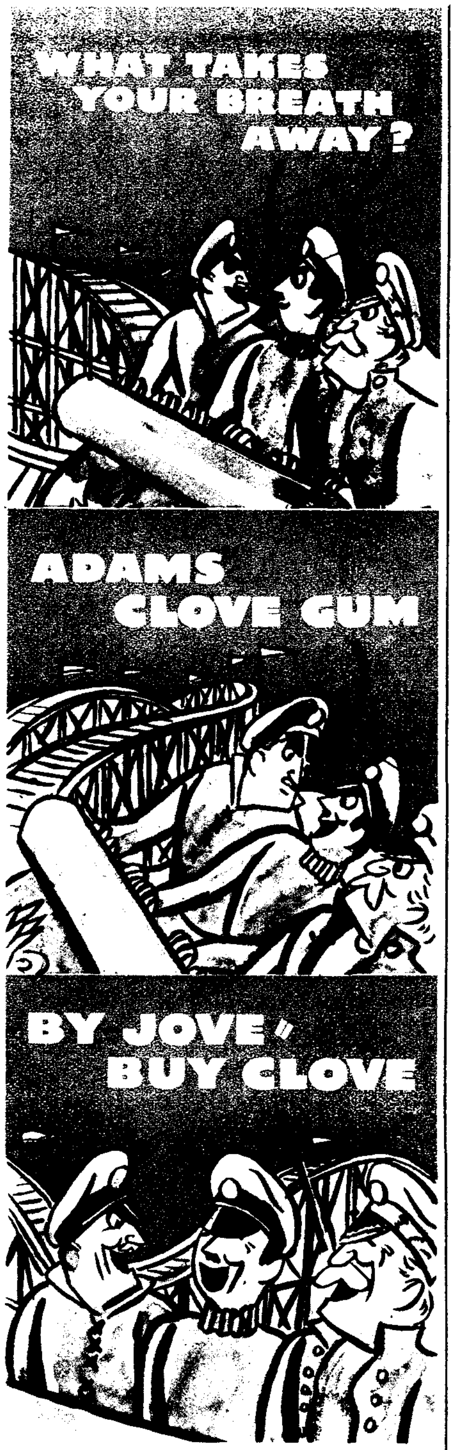

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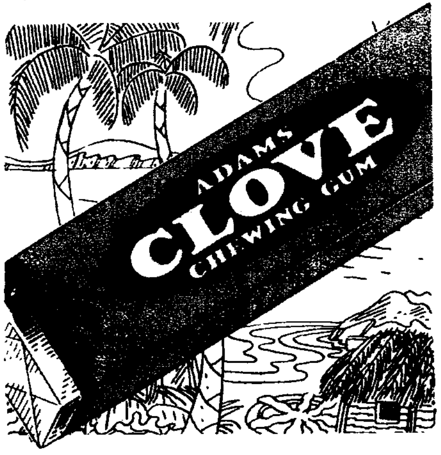

A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

"And if he knew the flower was there, as he said, he must have put it there himself!

"I didn't spring this on him then, because I was waiting for the answer to my radio query on Willowby's passport number. I wanted to have a complete case, motive and all, before I clamped down. So I meekly let Captain Fujiwara lock me up, figuring I could get a little sleep while waiting for my radiogram. The fire, of course, caused a slight hitch in the program . . ."

"For a newspaperman," said William Cuttle grudgingly, "you ain't such a bad detective."

LARKIN was working in the sitting room of his suite at the Alexander Young. The window was open and the flower-scented air of the Honolulu morning was sweet in his nostrils. He had just sent off the last installment of the personal history of Dorothy Bonner and he was glancing through the carbon copies. The telephone rang in the adjoining bedroom.

"I have San Francisco for you," said the operator. "Go ahead, West 8656."

A second later Larkin's voice was hurdling two thousand miles of ocean to vibrate shrilly in the receiver pressed to the ear of the San Francisco bureau manager of the Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance.

"Listen, you so-and-so," Larkin said, "what's the idea of ignoring my last three wireless queries?"

"I didn't ignore anything," said Beasley. "Is it my fault if the ether is jammed up with S O S calls? Anyhow, you must have got the message by mental telepathy or extrasensory perception. I told you to phone me from Honolulu."

"And so I'm doing it," Larkin said, "with a grass skirt in one hand and a bottle of O-kulihau in the other. Can't you smell my breath?"

"Cut the comedy," said Beasley. "This phone call costs plenty dollars per minute."

"All right. Listen. When I hang up, get our Baltimore office on the wire and have them pick up a man named Hans Schatzman. He's a photoprinter and photographer. Have him put on a transcontinental plane so he can get the Hawaiian Clipper out of Alameda tomorrow. Who's paying his fare? Why, you are, Beasley. Is Dorothy Bonner still our story or isn't she? All right, then. This bird Schatzman is the surprise witness, produced by Seven Seas, who's going to clear up the mystery of the Navy's blueprints. He'll testify that he made photostats of the missing plans, not for Bonner or his daughter but for a charming scoundrel named Frayle who at this moment is no doubt communing with his selachian brethren. Sharks to you, Beasley. . . .

"Sure, he'll testify. Have Baltimore tell Schatzman that unless he plays ball with us, we'll have him jugged for conspiracy in stealing military secrets. . . .

"The photostats? I've got 'em. Never mind how. I've got them. . . . No, I don't think they'll shoot me, Beasley. I'm going over to Pearl Harbor and put the naval commandant's mind at rest as soon as I can get the federal court to impound the photostats as evidence.

"And listen, Beasley. Did you check on British passport No. 98765432 for me?"

"I did," Beasley said. "And there's no such passport. Hasn't been for five years, since the man who had that number was killed near Ossining, New York. Fellow named George W. Allowby. He caught two mugs trying to steal his car on the Albany Post Road, back in 1932, and had the bad luck to protest. They turned out to be a couple of cons who'd just gone over the Sing Sing wall, and one of them shot him."

"Who were the mugs?" Larkin asked.

"One of them was a Brooklyn chemist named Henry Binks, who was doing a long stretch for embezzling money from his firm—"

"That's the guy," Larkin interrupted. "That's our murderer — George Willowby, the Englishman from Brooklyn, N. Y. He doctored up the dead man's passport to give himself a new name. And there's your motive all cleared up, Beasley. He was in the jug at the same time as Arthur Bonner."

"Where is he now?"

"He's in the jug here. They're waiting till they get a report from the F.B.I. in Washington on the fingerprint classification they cabled over. Then they'll arraign him."

"And the Bonner gal?"

"She's in the jug too, I guess. I'm going right down and see what they've done with her. But first I'd like to dictate the real story of the fire, Beasley. It's a pip. It's about a steward—"

"Say!" Beasley's voice broke in like a blast of August static. "I don't know how many shares of A. T. & T. you own, but just don't try to string out this little oceanic phone call and then stick me double for it on your expense account."

"Would you be interested in some two-pants suits—by any chance?"

C. W. ANDERSON

"This is a great yarn, Beasley. It has everything. And besides I owe it to the poor guy. He did me plenty favors."

"All right. Cable a hundred words."

"A thousand, Beasley—if I have to send it by carrier pigeon."

"*Good*by."

"Bye-bye, Beasley. It's been just lovely hearing your voice."

LARKIN hung up and walked back into the other room. He was halfway in when he stopped and blinked. Dorothy Bonner was sitting in front of his typewriter, her legs crossed, a cigarette in one hand, and the carbon pages of Dorothy Bonner's Own Story in the other.

"Hello, darling," she said. "I'm out."

"So I see. Habeas corpus?"

"No. Bond. Mr. Pendenning's lawyer arranged bail. I told him he had to—so I could come up and kiss you."

"That all you came for?"

"That—and to make sure you'd be willing to appear as star witness for the defense."

"Lot of good I'd do on the stand," said Larkin, "without those photostats you tore up day before yesterday."

"There's the other set," the girl said. "I heard you telling someone called Beasley that you had them. Where are they?"

"In my brief case."

"How'd you get them?"

"Satō, the steward, must have put them there. He intimated as much. Heaven knows where he got them - except that it must have been from Frayle. Your vanadium papers were in the brief case with them."

"Good Lord!" the girl exclaimed. "Poor General Rodriguez."

"What's happened to the general now?"

"He's in jail," said Dorothy. "Not having the papers I'd given Charlie Frayle to take care of, I was afraid the general might have another change of heart, now that he's on dry land again, and run out without signing with the Eagle people. So I had him locked up as a material witness in my case."

"Bright girl," said Larkin.

"So I've been reading," said Dorothy, with a wave of Larkin's manuscript. "I'm quite fascinated with myself—in the Larkin version. Glamorous, and all that. You've made me a cross between Greta Garbo, Joan of Arc, Mata Hari, and the Duchess of Windsor. I'm a little sorry it isn't all true. Maybe I've missed my profession."

"SAY, I'm sorry about that tripe," Larkin apologized. "Tear it up, sweetheart. I'll resign my job and go straight."

"What would you do—start a detective agency?"

"I could write my autobiography," Larkin said.

"You're too old for that," the girl retorted. "You're past thirty. These days nobody past thirty writes his autobiography. Oh, this story about Dorothy Bonner isn't really bad, darling. You'd better send it in, I guess. I'll make just one addition."

She inserted the last page in the typewriter and pecked away laboriously with two fingers: "When or if she is cleared of charges now pending against her, Dorothy expects to continue her journey to Japan to join . . ." She paused, looked up at Larkin. ". . . her fiancé, Mr. Glen Larkin, Tokyo correspondent of the Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance. Mr. Larkin once expressed an opinion that Dorothy would marry him when he asked her, and while he has not yet asked her—"

"Gimme that!" said Larkin. He yanked the sheet out of the typewriter, inserted a fresh sheet, sat down in Dorothy's lap, and began pounding the keys:

"Sevseanews sanfrancisco add girl spy—"

"Hey, what's the idea?" Dorothy demanded.

"This has got to go separately," Larkin explained.

"Meaning that you've already sent the other—the part you offered to tear up?"

"Well, yes," Larkin admitted.

"You cad!" said Dorothy. "You shameless, perfidious, unmitigated cad! I love you."

Larkin couldn't write any more because Dorothy had a firm grip on his hair and was pulling one ear—until he turned around and kissed her.

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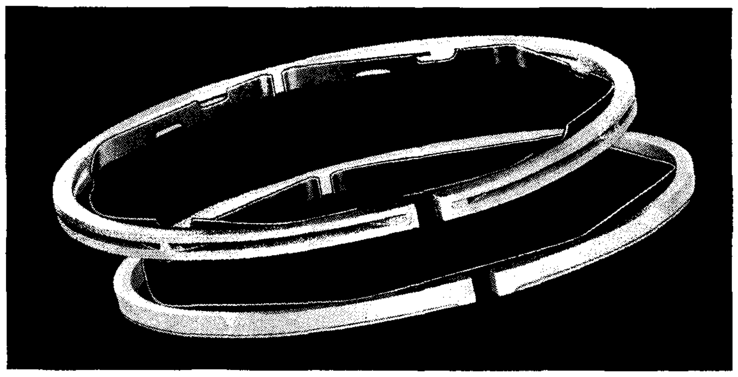

HERE'S POSITIVE PROOF! Below are reproduced the unretouched photographs of two pistons that were part of a set in a motor and run under identical conditions. They tell an important story.

USUAL RINGS

- This piston with usual rings shows that *rings and piston both are scuffed and badly worn.* Therefore, effective sealing action is impossible. The rings have never seated. The damaged ring condition extends into the piston making it impossible for the motor to operate properly.

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- Now look at the piston with Altinized Super-X Rings. The rings and piston show virtually *no wear or scuffing.* The rings are properly seated. The sealing action is positive. Ring operation is successful. *Undamaged rings and piston enable the motor to operate efficiently.*

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Golden Waters

Continued from page 30

lakes that lick away at the glaciers and in the icy streams that tumble from far above the timber line.

Golden-trout fishing is not sport for highway fishermen. It's a treat reserved for those anglers who will endure the effort to pack into the Mount Whitney high country. And it's an effort worth while, too. From Giant Forest you ride beneath the venerable and ageless Sequoias, then over a ridge and down into the stupendous blue amphitheater of the Middle Fork of the Kaweah, skirting the rims of canyons two miles deep and many more across, to the slopes rising up to the Great Western Divide. In one of these canyons tumble the chilly waters of Granite Creek, and only Mr. Onus Brown knows how you're going to get there by nightfall.

The Anglers' Goal

Matter of fact, you're not. Night overtakes you as you're scrambling up a mountainside so steep that the horses halt to pant every twenty steps. You follow the wandering guide through chaparral, across splashing streams, over fallen logs, and lunge down slopes so steep you push the pommel almost out of the saddle. A mule goes down. "There goes the supper," yells the cook. But under Mr. Brown's vitriolic tongue-lashing, the mule takes heart and scrambles up the rocky bank to trail the party across an alpine meadow, slip stiff-legged down a sandy hillside into a stand of pines, crisscrossed with fallen monarchs of the forest. Off in the inky darkness, you hear the roar of a cascading stream.

"There's where you'll get your goldens," says Onus Brown. "Everybody off and make camp. How about those steaks, cook?"

"Ya, ya, in a minute," calls Bill-the-Baker, who is already piling sticks for a campfire.

Next morning, you are up with the day to bring in a string of trout for breakfast. Steaks are always the menu for the first night out on a camp trip, but next day's always Friday, fish day.

Goldens are great early-morning biters. They dart for your gnat like starving chickens. Man, this is going to be easy! The heck it is! That's a cute trick they have, taking your fly for a ride, then making it walk back. Why don't they strike, like rainbows or cutthroats? Wise guys, eh? This is going to be interesting.

Which it is, for goldens have some neat habits all their own. They like to push upstream until they are almost rubbing noses with the melting ice that feeds the streams in which they live. They thrive in mountain lakes too high and cold for most other trout. They've lived a precarious existence for ages, and are cagey, wary fish.

Originally, Salmo Roosevelti lived only in a sixteen-mile stretch of alpine waters, Volcano Creek, now renamed Golden Trout Creek, which rises in Cirque Peak ten miles south of Mount Whitney and flows from a 13,000-foot elevation down to a point two miles above the sea, where the stream plunges over a series of waterfalls into the Kern River. No fish can ascend these steep waterfalls and it is doubtful if they could survive the crash over them going down. Stewart Falls is seventy feet high and Aqua Bonita sixty.

Since all trout, being members of the salmon family, came originally from the sea, the mystery that baffled anglers for years was how the goldens ever got up there above the waterfalls in the first place. The most likely guess was that of the geologists who claimed that at some time an ancient volcano let loose in the creek just above the point where it empties into the Kern, isolating a few rainbows at the headwaters where they had gone to spawn. In the thousands of years that they were stranded in this haven, this select little school of fish inbred themselves into a distinct species with golden yellow bellies, smaller mouths than their cousins, and a hereditary hankering for the coldest, highest waters they could reach.

It was back quite a spell, half a century or so ago, says Onus Brown, when the Stevens Brothers and George Thomas of Visalia first stumbled onto Volcano Creek meandering down from Cirque Peak through the lofty alpine meadows. The three pathfinders knew, of course, there couldn't be any fish above the falls, but just for fun, one of them did get out his line to wet a leader, after the hopeful manner of anglers everywhere.

Wham! No sooner had it hit the water than the rod was almost jerked from his hand. Their astonishment was even greater when the trout was landed. When they saw his golden hue, the trio caught another and another. They were all golden!

"Let's take some alive over to Cottonwood Creek," proposed George Thomas.

They crowded thirteen of the smaller goldens into the coffeepot and carried them on horseback over the crest of the Sierra Nevada via a 12,000-foot pass, to Cottonwood Creek on the more accessible eastern slope. Every time they came to a spring or stream, they gave the trout fresh water. It was a long, hard trip, but at the end of it, twelve of the baker's dozen were able to swim off under their own fin power.

From that tiny nucleus have sprung the millions of goldens found today in lakes and streams of the Sierra Nevada as far north as Yosemite. That gives you an idea of the vitality of the goldens. A few years after this original planting, another party found Cottonwood Creek alive with them. They not only caught all they could eat, but transplanted some into the chain of lakes above the falls. In the Cottonwood Lakes the goldens not only increased prodigiously but they grew to thirty inches in length, three times their size in Volcano Creek. It was here that the early rangers used to come for stock to plant the streams cascading across their summer ranges. Later, the forest and parks rangers carried them to other high-country waters.

Godfather to the Goldens

We talked with Clarence Frye, one of these old-timers of the forest service who later joined the national parks force. He said he had stocked no less than forty separate waters himself. He became a sort of godfather of the goldens in their new haunts. Each summer he roamed the high country, testing all the waters he had stocked to check upon his trout. In dry years when they were stranded in shallow pools, he used to seine the big fish out alive and plop them into milk cans, which he transported over the ridges to deeper waters. Granite Creek, which roared past our camp, was one of these.

"Sure you'll find goldens there," declared Clarence when we saw him at Giant Forest. "I stocked the stream myself four years ago."

Once in the years gone by, goldens became something of a national issue. Enthusiasts who contended they were a distinct species thought certain waters

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should be set aside for them exclusively instead of mixing them up with the rainbows and losing their identity. It was a day when everybody was trying his hand at fish planting and sportsmen were introducing exotic trout such as Loch Leven, Dolly Vardens, Eastern Brook, German browns and others into Western rainbow waters, and the conservation contingent among the anglers was up in arms. They wanted the Sierra Nevada streams and lakes saved for native trout.

Tracing the Migration

Finally, some of them called Theodore Roosevelt's attention to the golden trout and his possibilities. With characteristic vigor, the President dispatched the government's leading fish expert, Dr. Barton W. Evermann, to the Sierra high country to ascertain the facts. Dr. Evermann visited not only Volcano Creek, but the considerable number of waters into which goldens had been transplanted. He checked the story of their discovery and traced their enforced migration from Volcano to Cottonwood Creek and Lakes and thence to scores of others. He even divided them into three groups, the Volcano Creek goldens, the Soda Creek goldens of the upper Kern tributaries, and the South Fork goldens, found in the Kern South Fork.

The Soda Creek and South Fork goldens were speckled the full length of their bodies on the upper half, whereas the Volcano goldens had spots only on their tails. Most trout devotees refuse to accept them as separate strains, because, it seems, back in the eighties a group of ranchers dug a tunnel from Volcano Creek to the South Fork of the Kern, and some adventurous spirits among the goldens explored this new waterway. They tried the life in the river, didn't like it, and tried to swim home. Unfortunately for them, the tunnel had caved in. So the runaways worked up other tributaries of the Kern. Having crossed with the rainbows, their offspring are not pure goldens like the progeny of the unadulterated Volcano Creek clan, found in the Cottonwood Lakes and other strictly golden waters.

"Cottonwood Lakes!" exclaimed Onus Brown. "That's where we used to get the big ones."

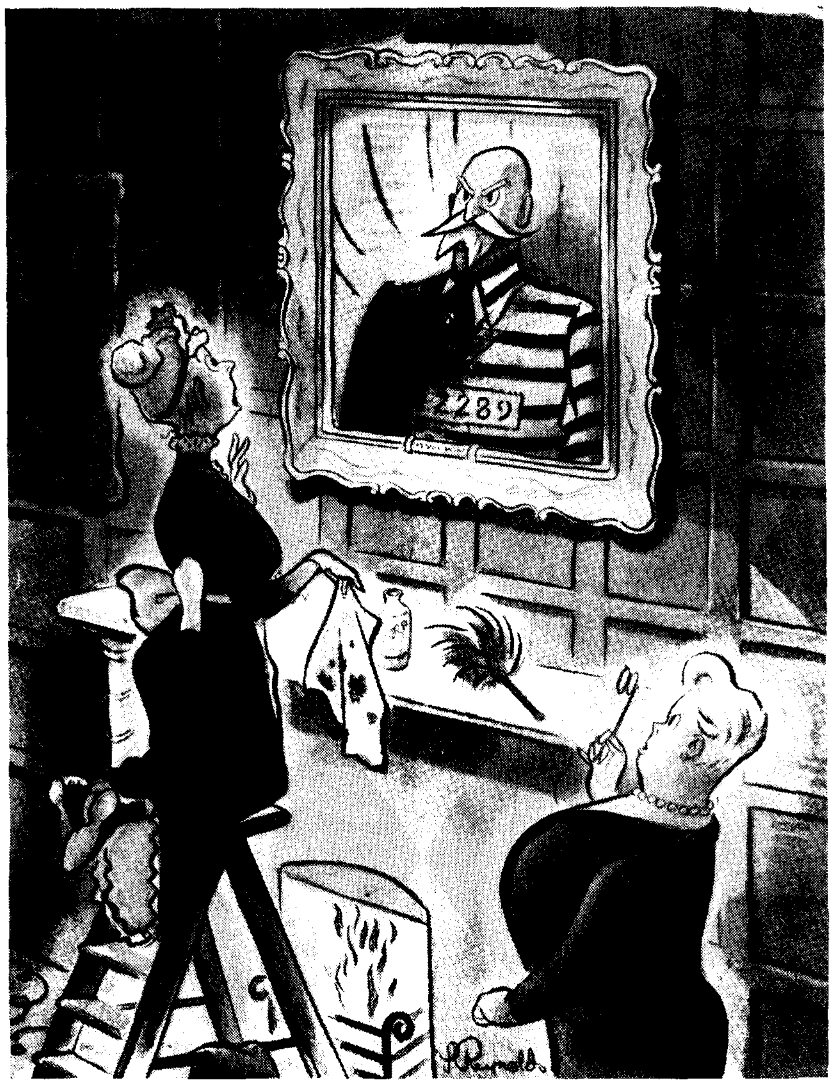
"How big?" inquired Buck Plumb, "and how far is it?"

Mr. Brown measured off his right arm from the finger tips to just below his shoulders.

"I was fishin' over there one time and hooked a golden that long," he replied. "This goldarn' trout fought and threshed around for an hour and got me so wore down, s'help me, I had to hitch a mule to my line to pull him out. When I opened him up, what do you reckon I found? Well, sir, he'd swallowed a can of baked beans someone had dropped in the lake. I opened the can and had beans with my trout for supper."

Not to question Mr. Brown's veracity, but just to be on the safe side, we decided after that one to check his fish lore with Dr. John C. Snyder, whose opinions on trout are just about the last word in the book. We found the lean, spry doctor down on the campus of Stanford University where he has retired for the second time, once as a member of the faculty and again as chief of the bureau of fish culture for the California Fish and Game Commission. Dr. Snyder, an ex-down-Easterner, has probably fished as many trout waters as any other angler in the country. He is no swivel-chair student of trout culture either, but an ardent midstream angler.

Dr. Snyder was full of facts, not only about Salmo Roosevelti from the southern Sierra but was also much excited



"Emily! What did I tell you about cleaning Grandfather Vantwit's portrait too briskly?" LAWRENCE REYNOLDS

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over a brand-new strain of golden trout recently discovered in Silver King Creek, an isolated tributary of the Carson River, which rises in the Sierra Nevada near Lake Tahoe, flows eastward into Nevada and just fades away into the desert.

The newly found goldens, known as Piute trout, are of lighter hue than the originals from Volcano Creek. They are spun gold, as it were, almost silvery in certain lights, as beautiful fish as you ever laid eyes on. The Piute goldens, too, trace their origin to isolation in the mountain fastnesses by a waterfall that they could not traverse, Lewellyn Falls, at the lower end of Silver King Creek.

Dr. Snyder says it is something of a habit with old Mother Earth to play tricks like this on the finny tribe. In the San Pedro Martir Mountains of Lower California is another offshoot of the rainbow clan, isolated by dried-up stream beds. On lofty San Gorgonio in the San Bernardino Mountains is a strain of rainbows not so long isolated but that they still closely resemble their cousins. Neither of these turned golden, but they did take on an arrangement of speckles all their own.

According to the doctor, the newly found Piute goldens and the original Volcano Creek strain are not even cousins beneath the skin. He was so all-fired certain of this that we began angling for his reasons.

"Look at their scales," he replied. "The Volcano Creek goldens have large scales, like the rainbow that came from the Pacific Ocean. The Piute goldens have fine scales, like the cutthroats that migrated from the Atlantic by way of the Mississippi and its tributaries."

The Trek from the Gulf

We said we'd like to have seen the cutthroats cutting across the five-hundred-mile Nevada Desert in covered wagons, but Dr. Snyder was ready for that one. In ancient times, he said, Nevada was mostly Bonneville Lake, which has long since dried up. All the native cutthroats found in Lake Tahoe, the Truckee River, the Carson and other streams flowing eastward into the Nevada lakes and sinks are offspring of those that made the long swim from the Gulf of Mexico many long years ago.

There are a few places, only half a dozen or so, along the Continental Divide in the Rockies where trout could travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific watershed, or vice versa. We had seen one, Two Ocean Pass, in Yellowstone Park, where one end of the lake drained into a tributary of the Pacific-bound Snake River and the other into Atlantic Creek, bound for the Mississippi. A smart rainbow from the Columbia could hitchhike up the Snake, across this lake, then down to New Orleans, if he knew the way.

But the Piute goldens, once stranded by Lewellyn Falls, formed by some ancient cataclysm, had to stay in Silver King Creek, which Dr. Snyder was instrumental in having closed to fishing until other waters could be stocked with offspring of this rare trout. This year, members of the Mount Ralston Fish Planting Club, a group of public-spirited Sacramento sportsmen, stocked the Leland Lakes, lofty waters above Lake Tahoe, with Piutes. Each year, co-operating with the California Fish and Game Commission, they plan to extend the range of the species.

Goldens are something of a problem for the fish culturists who are trying to keep the topmost waters of the Sierra Nevada stocked with these prized trout. They thrive at such high altitudes that there is barely time to hatch the eggs before the winter closes in again. At Cottonwood Lakes, the egg take starts on July fifteenth. That leaves but three months to fertilize a million eggs, rear the fry to an inch in length and plant them, transporting most of them by pack train over skyscraping mountain passes, before the snow falls. Goldens have been shipped to Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Vermont, Canada, and have even been transplanted successfully in England, in an experimental way.

How the baby goldens survive the first rigorous winter in the snowbound frozen Sierras is a mystery to the fish planters. Most of the streams and lakes freeze over shortly after the plantings. But the fish manage to eke out on minute crustacea and aquatic insect larvae in the frigid water and often double their size the first month in the water. The glaciers that feed these lofty streams are perpetual iceboxes for them to raid. Frozen in the ice are countless insects held in cold storage for years until the time comes for them to float downstream into the waiting jaws of the ravenous golden clan. In three to four years, the fry are husky trout, seven to ten inches long, just right for the camp frying pan. One of the strange habits of this trout is that neither the males nor females take on their brilliant colors until they are old enough to spawn, which may throw some light on the why and wherefore of their golden hue, in case you are biology-minded.

"De weather wuz miserable and somebody sez, 'Cheez, what a day for a moider.' Dat got me thinkin'"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Both types of goldens, according to Dr. Snyder, are veritable chameleons when they choose to be. They can turn their color on or off at will. Drop a live, squirming golden into a dark bucket and he will change his coat of many colors before your eyes from brilliant strong hues to dark inconspicuous shades. Dr. Snyder once employed an artist to paint accurate color pictures of the goldens for reproduction in a scientific report. Before long the artist was frantic. Every time he caught the right hues in the portrait, Mr. Golden switched colors on him. It was like painting a constantly changing sunset.

Some Like It Simple

Continued from page 13

places. She says she might even end up being a lady director."

"God forbid!" Mr. Bartel said fervently. "Why, this is even more serious than I realized, George."

Someone down the counter called for more coffee and George saw that the trade had piled up on him while he had been talking to the writer. Hurriedly he waited on a song-and-dance team, an actor who was gradually recovering from an option celebration and a morose song writer who borrowed his pencil long enough to scribble some lyrics on a paper napkin.

Once he glanced over at the cashier's desk and halted dead in his tracks when he saw that Mr. Bill Moberly was there, talking fast and low to Jessie. Jessie gave George a sweet, triumphant look that so upset him that he drew a strong black one and drank it right there in front of the customers.

He was suddenly surprised to learn that Mr. Bartel had not yet left the store. A rasping voice said: "George! Come up here a minute."

"I thought you'd gone, Mr. Bartel."

"Gone?" Mr. Bartel laughed hollowly. "Gone? After your upsetting me with talk of lady directors?" He shook his head. "Instead I have been sitting here worrying about you for the past fifteen minutes, George. For fifteen minutes when I should already be at the studio and asleep on my divan."

"Well, thanks," George said awkwardly. "Thanks for worrying about me."

Mr. Bartel ignored that. "George," he said, "this is distinctly a situation. This is where you need a twist."

"That wouldn't do any good," said George. "I don't go for anybody but Jessie."

"I mean a twist on the situation," his counselor said patiently. "A dramatic surprise. You need a punch scene—where the woman realizes what she has almost lost forever. Something fine and dear and precious."

"You mean—" George's voice was eager—"I should date somebody else?"

"Immediately. Employ that old Beatrice Fairfax technique where you let your girl chase you until you catch her."

SANDRA WILLIAMS didn't come into Schott's until late that afternoon. George had decided that she would make Jessie madder than anybody else. Sandra was very gorgeous in a strictly professional way and she had a stock contract that paid her sixty-five dollars every Wednesday noon. She had always been very cordial to George, something that Jessie had frequently commented upon.

She gave George a flashing smile when he hurried up to wait on her. He saw that she was made up to look like Claudette Colbert this week. Last week she had been a lovely duplicate of Joan Crawford but Miss Colbert had had a good preview since then.

He busied himself rearranging the salt and pepper shakers that were grouped before Sandra.

"Miss Williams," he began and then the words faltered and died away.

"Yes?" she asked archly, giving him one of her nicer smiles.

"Are you busy tonight?" he asked abruptly, forcing his courage. "If you're not dated up I'd like to take you to the Casino."

"The Casino?" she repeated. Her voice was faintly dubious but her smile was still warm and encouraging.

"Yeah. You know, over on Western Avenue."

Miss Williams immediately registered ladylike disdain. "The idea!" she said loudly, icicles dangling on every syllable. "Asking me to a dime-a-dance joint! Now I've heard everything!"

Several customers turned to stare at them and Jack Schott came hurrying up from the prescription counter. He was a nice, brisk little man, well versed in the gentle art of handling tantrums.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously. "Something wrong, Miss Williams?"

"Something wrong?" she repeated, very dramatically. "Oh, nothing at all! Simply nothing. I've merely been insulted!"

GEORGE could see that Jessie was leaning over the cigar counter, straining to catch every word. He started to slink away.

"Look at him!" Miss Williams said loudly. "Taking a powder. He should!"

The owner gave her a bewildered look. "You're not talking about George?"

"Who else would I be talking about? It's a fine thing when a girl can't come in here without the help's trying to date her. As if life wasn't hard enough for a girl with just a stock contract!"

"I'm sorry," George said miserably.

Miss Williams swept up her compact and purse.

"You should be," she said, very regally. She glanced coldly at Mr. Schott. "You can mail me my bill. I shawn't be coming in here again."

Mr. Schott failed to display any alarm. Miss Williams never paid her bill anyway. As she made a sweeping exit George fumbled nervously with his apron.

"I'm sorry, Jack."

His employer sighed. "It's all right," he said finally. "I just hope that you're not going Hollywood on us, George."

"Not me!" George said fervently. "Not if it makes you act like that dame."

Mr. Schott gave him a pained look. "Please, George. Customers are never dames."

"Yes, sir," said George.

All during the dinner trade he thought bitterly that he had certainly had to learn his lesson the hard way. It all went back to one thing: a guy should never let himself get involved with any girl whose first name began with Jessie.

She had proved that herself. She was certainly very unsympathetic about his narrow escape from joining the unemployed. When George served her dinner she had sniffed: "Making passes at the customers! Very neat, George."

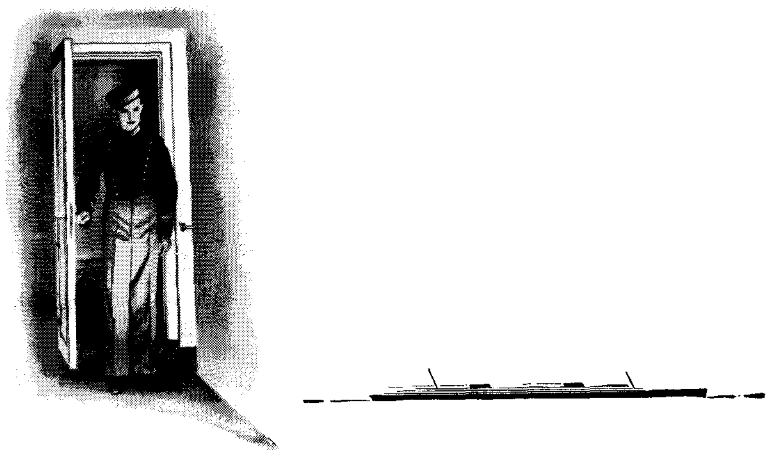
"Nerts," George said, low and very distinctly. "I can make passes at whoever I want to."

"Of course you can," she said sweetly. "But you mustn't mind if I don't stay around to watch. I'm going to a preview with Bill."

He didn't really believe that until, a little before eight, he saw her slip some of the twelve-dollar perfume out of the cosmetic case and quickly put a drop behind each ear.

GEORGE was properly astonished to find himself entering the Castle Club with Mr. Sid Bartel at the witching hour of midnight. Mr. Bartel had made his customary good-night appearance at Schott's and was horrified to hear of what had happened. It had upset him so that he had immediately announced that he knew he could never go home to a quiet night's rest.

"It's like this," he had said. "I have story troubles to begin with. Then I find that you, George Carter, were almost



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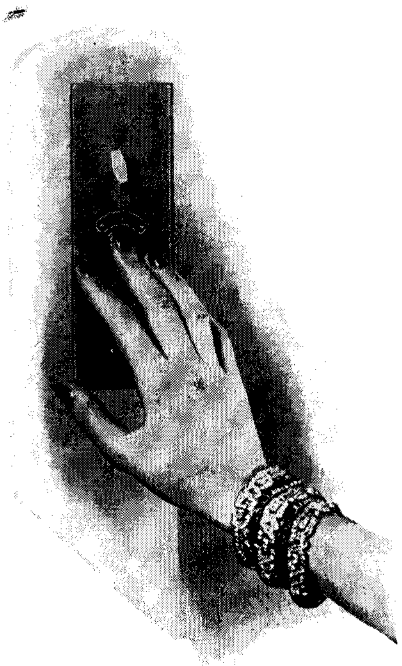
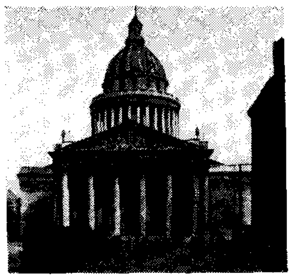


Tower Bridge, London



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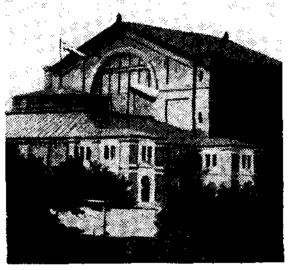

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separated from your bread and board by following my well-meant advice. It's just too much."

"Skip it," George said moodily. "We all lay an egg now and then, Mr. Bartel."

"Thank you, George," he said; "it is nice of you to take it that way. Nonetheless, I feel that I was still an accessory before the fact. A night like this was meant for drowning sorrows; for merriment and wassail. Come along and watch the Castle Club claim another victim."

For George's chips, the Castle Club was overrated. They had a peephole, just like any Wichita Falls speak-easy, and once you were inside you found yourself in the midst of all those people you had seen at Schott's all day. There was a futuristic bar and a great many people clamoring around it. There was also a dining room with a six-by-eight dance floor and a small swing band.

Mr. Bartel deposited George at the bar. "Just sign my name," he instructed him. "I am going in and concentrate over the roulette tables."

George, sighing, hooked his elbows on the bar. He knew it would be hours before he saw Mr. Bartel again.

AFTER a while, his drink cold in his hand, George wandered over to the doorway that separated the bar from the dining room and stood there, watching the dancers. One quick look and he shuddered and took his drink in one long gulp.

The dancers were doing a very polite Big Apple. And few things are more horrible than a polite Big Apple. George watched them morosely.

When Mr. Samuel Zerbst, the well-known producer, had his turn to come down and shine and proceeded to give out with a rumba, George could stand it no longer.

"Hey, you!" he said belligerently. "You're all wet. You ought to shine with a Susie Q or a Charleston Swing. You're not supposed to rumba!"

The Big Applers glanced uncertainly at one another. For a moment the dancing ceased entirely. George came down the steps to the group.

"It's like this," he said tolerantly. "You gotta give. Big and hot!"

Mr. Zerbst's partner, a well-known actress in a very low-cut evening gown, registered well-bred amusement. "All right, honey," she said. "Let's see you give."

"Gladly," said George, hoping his garters wouldn't come down. When George really gave out he usually found himself involved with his garters. But not tonight. Tonight was his night to shine. He did.

He brought out his entire Rainbow Ballroom routine, starting very modestly by simply truckin' it out. Then he went into the Charleston Swing. As Molly Martin said in her column the next day, it was something really fearful and wonderful to behold.

George ended with an intricate design that combined all the more daring elements of the Organ Grinder Swing. When he hit his last break, gasping, he flung his hands in the air and panted: "Now! Everybody Praise Allah!"

"Quick!" said Mr. Zerbst, always willing and eager to play follow the leader, "Everybody Praise Allah!"

Everybody did. They rushed forward, arms upraised and hands quivering. When they came together they all bent low and chanted: "Praise Allah!"

Unfortunately Mr. Zerbst's head collided with that of his lady and they fell heavily to the floor. George helped them to their feet. Gamely, they insisted on carrying on.

Under George's expert instruction, the group was soon the envy of all eyes. Couples began to straggle in from the bar and the gambling rooms to watch the dancers. Mr. Sid Bartel was among them.

He had been losing heavily and his legs no longer had that hollow feeling. As a matter of record, Mr. Bartel was as full as a capacity house. Fascinated, he watched George from the side lines. Mr. Bartel knew a hit when he saw one. And George had definitely developed into a four-star attraction.

When the dance was over, a number of pretty little things attached themselves to George's lapel and demanded private lessons in Appling. Even Zorita Zuvar sent over an invitation to join her at her table for a drink. George, wiping his brow, declined all invitations and tried to elbow his way from the crowded floor.

Samuel Zerbst grabbed his arm. "Wait a minute," he said. "You ain't under contract, are you? How would you like to make a test, eh? We can always use young fellas."

Mr. Bartel shoved his portly figure through the Big Applers.

"Not so fast, Sam," he said thickly. "You think I have no loyalty to my employers? I saw him first. I even brought him here."

"That's right," said George. "Don't you think we'd better be going home, Mr. Bartel?"

Mr. Bartel gave him a sorrowful glance. "To think you've been hiding your appeal, George," he said reproachfully. "Wasting your life on a lot of cherry-coke consumers!"

"Who has?" asked George.

"You have. You've got what it takes, my boy, and your career is in Superbo's hands. The wardrobe will give you the costume."

"What costume?" George demanded, worried that the situation was getting a little out of hand.

"For Robin Hood," answered Mr. Bartel. "The boss has tested everybody but Shirley Temple already. By noon your test will be in the can. By six o'clock you'll be under contract. By midnight—"

But George wasn't listening. Why not become an actor? he thought bitterly. This time Jessie had pushed him too far. From now on he wouldn't care how low he might sink.

JESSIE let out a shriek when George, dressed as Robin Hood and accompanied by three barking dogs, attempted to make an inconspicuous entrance during the noon-hour rush.

Halfheartedly, George tried to kick the dogs away from his heels. After vainly waiting all morning for Mr. Bartel to appear at the studio and arrange the details of his test George had headed for Schott's, hoping to pick up the writer's trail. The three dogs had discovered him alighting in the adjacent parking lot and promptly decided he needed investigation.

As she stared at him, Jessie felt the same way. George was a study in violent green hues. His jerkin was of apple green, his breeches were forest green, and the long hose and turned-up toes of his deerskin shoes were dyed an autumnal green. The ensemble was completed by a dark green velvet cap with a great feather.

"George Carter!" she gasped. "Coming in here drunk and dressed up like that!"

"I am not drunk!" he said bitterly, kicking away the largest mongrel, who promptly set up a steady baying. "I am not drunk. The studio dressed me this way."

Jessie's eyes widened and her cupid's bow mouth thinned into an ominous straight line.

"Going to studios when you're needed on the fountain! If Jack Schott hears about this—"

"Shut up," George said abruptly. "This is no time for an argument!" Twin

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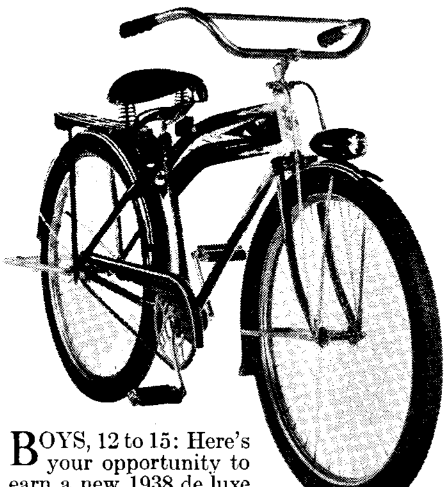

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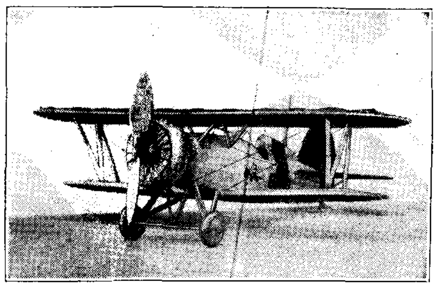

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spots of color flared in her cheeks as he looked desperately about the crowded pharmacy. "I have to find Mr. Bartel."

He saw everyone but Mr. Bartel. And, still worse, everyone saw George. Two actors dressed as Indians turned from the fountain to get a better view of him. Several of his steady customers came rushing toward him, demanding an explanation. Had he lost a bet?

One of the dogs bit one of the customers while the other two mongrels kept up their canine dirge. A passing police dog heard them and trotted into the drugstore to join forces.

Jack Schott forced his way through the crowd surrounding George. "You're fired!" he said. "For keeps. Doing this to me on a lunch hour!"

George was too preoccupied to plead his cause. Simultaneously, the largest dog had nipped his exposed calf and George had sighted Mr. Bartel. He shook off the dog and charged down on the writer. Jessie hurried after him.

"I been waiting all morning," George said bitterly. "How much longer do I have to wear this getup?"

MR. BARTEL whirled at his voice. George could have hung his hat on his eyeballs as he stared at him.

"Why, George," he said. "What are you doing dressed up this way?"

George let out a moan. "Listen," he said desperately, "you know darned well you sent me over to the studio for a test!"

Mr. Bartel shook his head. "I'm afraid you've been drinking, George," he said wistfully. "I don't remember anything about a test."

Jessie could see that George's face was getting red clear through all that make-up. He seized Mr. Bartel's lapels and shook him thoroughly. "You have to remember!" he shouted. "After I did the Big Apple last night—"

"Go home and sleep it off, my boy," Mr. Bartel said paternally. "We all throw a whingding now and then."

"You're darned right we do," said George, bringing one up from the floor. "Catch this one!"

Mr. Bartel caught it with the end of his nose. His knees buckled slowly and then he collapsed in sections, just like a folding drinking cup. Jessie grabbed George's arm.

"This way, lug!" she said fiercely, shoving him toward the back room. She had him clear out the back door and into the parking lot before George could attempt to free his hand from her clutch.

"What're we running for?" he demanded. "I can go to jail if I want to."

"You sure can," she said, "but I'm not going to let you. Get in there!"

She opened the car door and slid behind the wheel. George was still staring at her, dumfounded, as they turned out onto Sunset. "What's the big idea?" he asked weakly.

She glared at him. "Wanting to be an actor! Big Appling with a lot of producers! Haven't you any pride?"

"No," he said. Then, "Where we going?" he added cautiously.

"What do you care?" she demanded fiercely. "Anyone who goes Hollywood like you did needs a guardian!"

"Swell!" George said brightly. Then, his face clouding, he added: "That is, if you mean—"

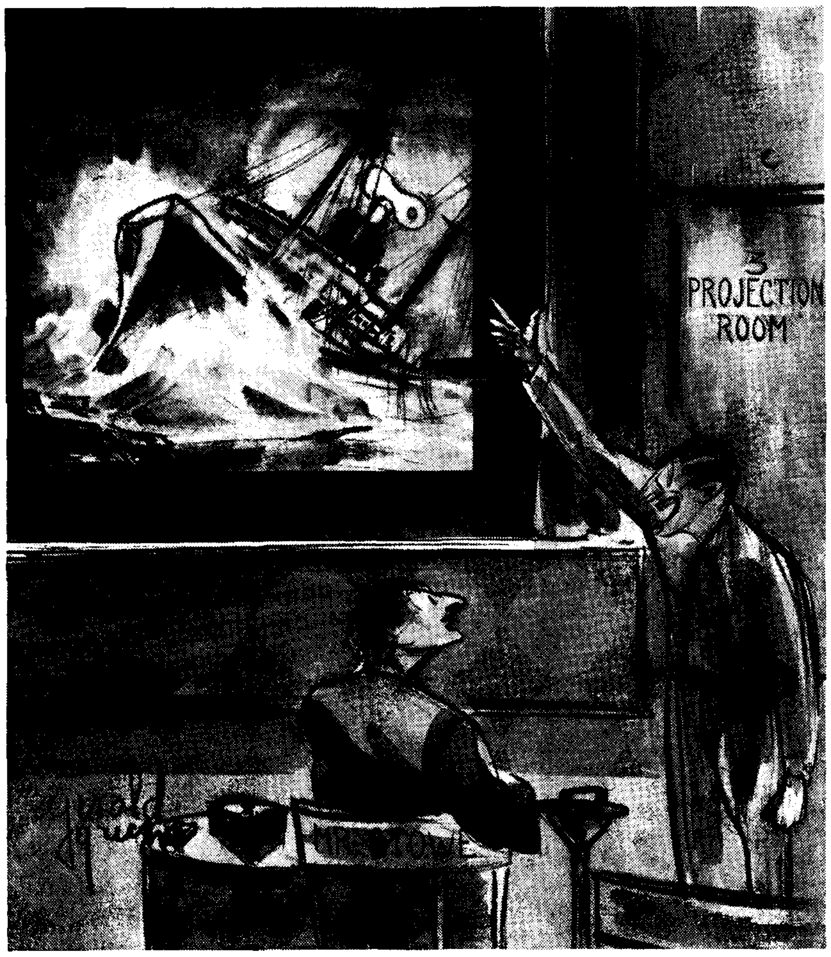
Her little chin was suddenly no longer so stiff and so stubborn. It even quivered a little.

"That's what I mean," she said simply. "You're a goon and a woman can only have one career. Mine's going to be keeping an eye on you. Any couple running a fountain has to have dignity."

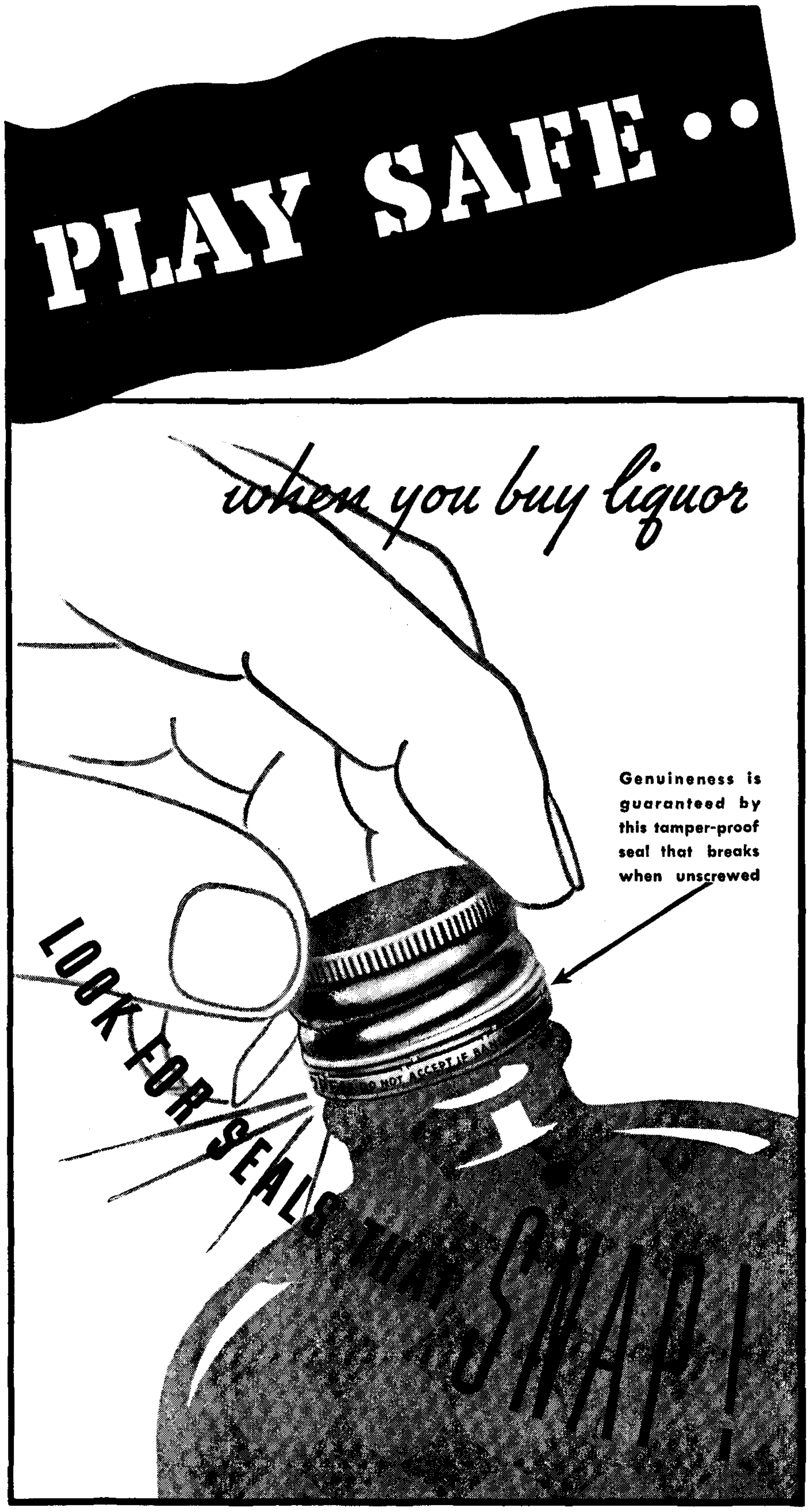
Maybe it was just because he was dressed up like an actor but George felt that that was his cue line. He moved right over beside her. She turned to smile at him then and he thought that her eyes had never been so clear and sweet.

"I love you, too," he said.

"Take off your hat," said Jessie. "No man wearing a Robin Hood hat is going to kiss me in broad daylight."



"It's a very nice shipwreck, Mr. Stowe, but WHO'S responsible for leaving that key in the boat?" GERALD GREEN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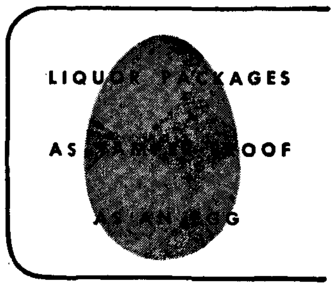

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Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 19

patrolling up from the Wolf Creek cabin. Slipping back from his position, Merritt led his horse quietly down the trail a distance, got in the saddle and drifted away. When he was quite beyond earshot he put the pony to a quick run. The trail here dropped gently, winding with the land's contours, and so presently brought him to the place where he had picketed his extra horses. Catching them up, he slanted across the trail, aiming for the high ground on the southern prow of the hills. He had not quite cleared the trail when a dry voice said:

"Wait a minute, Owen."

Merritt's nerves this morning were quick-strung. The sound came out of the timber at his right elbow, and his reaction was to throw himself flat against the saddle and wheel the horse around, at once drawing. He saw a shape duck back behind a pine. Afterward Pay Lankershim called in the same dry, amused way: "Now you were a mite careless, Owen."

He waited until Merritt said, "All right," and then stepped from shelter and came on to Merritt's stirrup. Pay was a long, wire-tough old man with hatchet features and a set of ink-black eyes that kept sliding quick glances all about the trees. He had a week's whiskers, and a big chew of tobacco prominently nested in his cheek, and it was plain that he had slept in his clothes a long while. He seemed to be enjoying himself. "What," he wanted to know, "was all that larrupin' up yonder?"

MERRITT told him, observing the thin smile it brought out. Old Pay had always been an Indian for drifting, even in his prosperous days. He was the kind to light a campfire deep in the hills and sleep well away from it; he was the kind to rise without sound from some covert spot where least expected, as now. And he had a hump in his back from leaning down in the saddle to study the signs on the earth. This was Pay.

He said: "What you goin' to do for a ranch? Hell, you can't go back there and make a target."

"Nothing on the ranch," said Merritt, and told him the rest of it, about Vird and Cultus Charley. Pay listened solemnly, never ceasing to place his bright black glance here and there into the timber, like a fisherman casting a constant fly. "Well," he said, "I never thought you'd come to it, Owen. It sure puts you on the dodge and I dunno how you figure to come out. I think I better go tell Bourke Prine. Where you goin' to be?"

"Up on that knob somewhere."

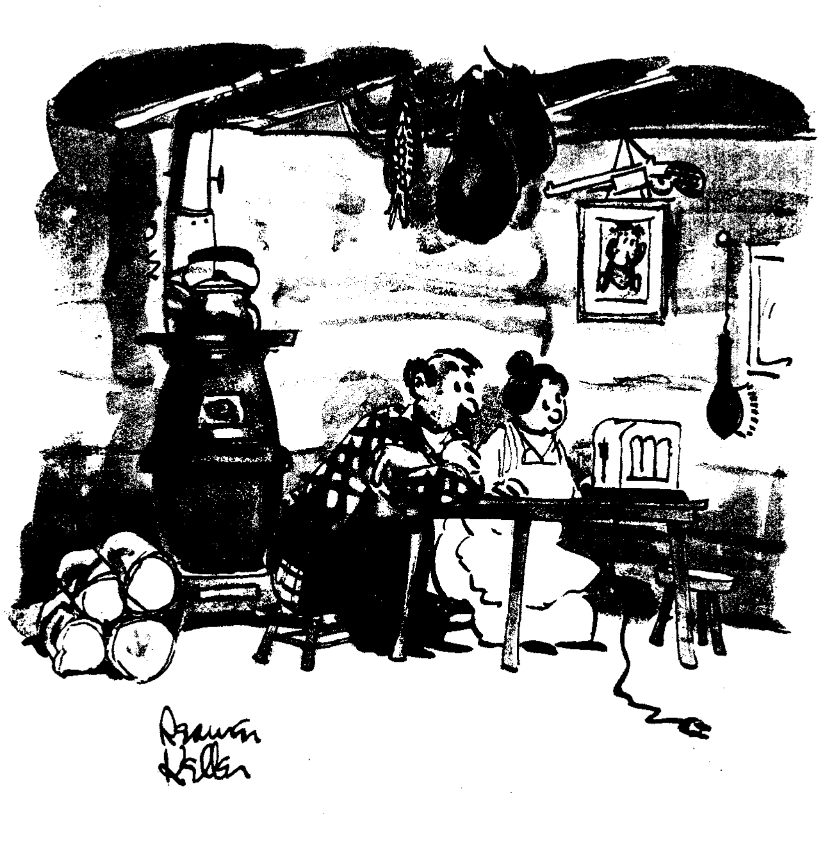
"See you later," murmured Pay and faded into the timber. Presently he reappeared on an old brown horse and trotted down the trail with his bony shape jiggling at all its joints. The first flash of sunlight from the eastern rim flushed the high sky a light pink. Merritt turned south again and traveled into a rising, rougher country. An hour or so later he threw off in a brushy bowl on the heights of the hills, put the horses on picket and cooked himself breakfast over a quick fire. Later, he crawled well back from the bowl and stretched out for a short sleep.

WHEN Hugh Clagg left Nan Melotte's cabin he started again for Coral Flat, this time by the roundabout route through Stage Coach Pass. This eventually put him out on the margin of East Desert, at the southern base of the Bunchgrass Hills. Here he turned into the hills, cutting across the high corner of Owen Merritt's range. Merritt's beef grazed through the thin scatter of pines and after an hour or more of riding the district, he knew where the bulk of that beef lay. And later, riding northward, he began to see Skull's cattle in the timber. During that time he heard three quick shots break the immense stillness of the night, higher up and quite distant. Around midnight he reached Corral Flat and paused at the edge of timber, knowing too much about Skull's crew to ride into the meadow without due warning. There was a light in the line cabin and the drowsy sound of voices. Hugh Clagg put a hand to his mouth and whistled through his knuckles.

The voices quit and the light went out. A man's feet scraped the cabin floor. Somebody in the yard called: "Who's that?"

"Dutcher there?"

The Skull man repeated his question in a suspecting tone: "Who's that?"



"Take it back, Bessie—three years is fair enough time to give any toaster to work"

REAMER KELLER

Hugh Clagg spoke his own name and drifted his horse over to the cabin. He saw the shape of the Skull man before him.

The Skull man came up and seized the bridle of Clagg's horse, his tilted face appearing as a narrow white blur in the dark. The light in the cabin came on again. Other men stepped out.

"He ain't here," said the fellow holding the bridle.

"Been here tonight?"

"No."

They stood in front of him, carefully placed beyond the beam of light shining from the cabin—all five. They were motionless and close-mouthed and he felt their dislike rise as solidly as a stone wall. They were a tough lot, most of them having records of violence in other districts. But these were the kind of men Dutcher deliberately hired, knowing they would be loyal to the outfit that fed them. Dutcher had pounded into them his own hatred of anything that wasn't Skull, his own surly brand of vengeance.

Clagg was a tough man himself and recognized toughness in others. So he said, "I'll ride to the Wolf Creek cabin. Maybe he's there," and drifted on, and was relieved when Corral Flat was well behind him. These men remembered that he had once rustled beef from Skull and wouldn't forget it, regardless of what his present politics might be. He had to be careful when he met them in the hills.

THE trail ran through the mealy blackness of the timber for another six miles and arrived at the small spring marking the headwaters of Wolf Creek. Another cabin lay here, formless under the night. He caught the faint scent of wood smoke and paused at the edge of the pines, calling Dutcher's name.

Dutcher answered immediately, not from the cabin but from the trees near by: "Clagg?"

"Sure. What you nighthawkin' for?"

"I heard your horse comin'," said Dutcher, and moved forward. Clagg stepped down and the two came together at the edge of the meadow. "You be careful how you ride around this country," added Dutcher.

Clagg grinned in the darkness, ironically amused. He had his agreement with Skull but Dutcher, like the others, couldn't forget he had once lived on Skull beef. It clung to the foreman's mind. It was an injury he would never be quite able to forget. As well as any man, Hugh Clagg knew nothing but an easy and patched-up truce existed between them and that one day when the need for this was ended Dutcher would go after him without mercy. The truth of it amused Hugh Clagg. It was a joke he enjoyed. He said: "I got something to make you feel good, Fay. Sally Isberg came up to visit Merritt tonight. I saw her leave."

He was laughing, softly and audibly. Fay Dutcher's talk lunged at him "What's so damned funny?"

"You don't like that, Fay," said Clagg. "I knew you wouldn't."

"The little flossy!" ground out Dutcher. "She comes up the line from nothin', onto Skull. A kid out of a no-'count, nigger-poor family. And she starts cheatin'. By God, I'll fix her."

"Tell Isberg? No, I guess you won't."

"Why not?" said Dutcher in his growling tone. "Why not?"

"A man don't like to have his wife talked about. He'd throw you off Skull in a hurry."

"Me?" said Dutcher. "Throw me off? What would he do without me? He can do the thinkin', but I'm the man that does the work, which he knows." He quit speaking. Clagg knew the foreman was grasping at his thoughts and having a heavy time. It made Clagg repeat: "You won't tell Isberg."

Dutcher grumbled, "No, I guess not. There's other ways." He shot his next phrase at Clagg hard and fast. "Listen, you keep your mouth shut. I won't have it known around that a woman can fool Skull. Keep your mouth shut."

"Sure," said Clagg. "Listen, Fay. Hold the boys at Corral Flat out of the timber tomorrow night. I'm going in to pick up some of Merritt's beef. It ain't so far from the Flat and I don't want to have any accidents with your boys. Keep 'em at the cabin."

"All right."

"What are you going to do about Merritt?"

"Never mind," said Dutcher, at once suspicious. "How did you know I was here?"

"Just a guess."

Dutcher said, "Your guess is too good." He stepped nearer. "Hughie, you know too damned much."

"A man," answered Clagg, a repressed laughter in him, "likes to keep track of his friends."

"No," contradicted Dutcher at once, "you're no friend of mine, and I'm none of yours. You're a little slippery for me. I gave you a piece of business once—and you didn't do it."

"About Merritt," murmured Clagg. "About Merritt in the saloon. No, it didn't work. I tried again, out on the Piute. Repp, the blamed fool, got in the road."

Dutcher said: "Go on, ride. And quit comin' around this side of the range. You might get hurt. I'm through with you."

"All right," Clagg said. "But I can still do you a good turn. Keep your men at the cabin tomorrow night."

He cantered away, repressing his amusement. Beef was beef. With Skull out of sight that outfit's cattle was just as good as Merritt's. It was a joke.

AT NINE o'clock in the morning Tuck Ring raced through the pines with the news of Merritt's raid and found Fay Dutcher on the way to the home ranch. Dutcher's immediate reaction was to turn and start back. "We'll pay that gentleman a visit," he swore. But after the first shock wore off he drew in again. "No, I got to tell Isberg first. Never know what he'll want to do. You keep the boys out of trouble, Tuck. If Merritt's on the warpath he may go to pot-shootin' again. So drag back from the Flat. I'll be there later." At eleven o'clock he stood in Skull's big living room, giving the story to Isberg.

Isberg said: "He didn't hit anybody?"

"No," answered Dutcher. And he showed his open contempt for that. "He just wasted a lot of lead. Was I out to

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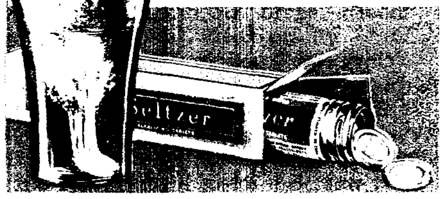


make trouble I'd save powder till I saw somethin' to hit. I don't think Merritt's got the sand."

Isberg showed his foreman an irritated impatience. "He's smarter than you are. If he'd killed one of the boys we'd have something to hang on him. I'd have Medary pick him up. But he does it the other way. Now he's telling us to clear out of the Flat."

"He can't tell us nothin'," grunted Dutcher. "We'll go down and pay that fellow a visit."

"You don't seem to understand the kind of a man you're up against," retorted Isberg. "He won't be there."

"Neither will his house, when we get through with it."

"Wait — wait," Isberg interposed. "That won't do—yet. The Piute won't like it."

"What's that got to do with it? Is this your ranch or does it belong to the folks on the desert?"

"We've got to have a better reason," insisted Isberg.

"He came on our land," pointed out Dutcher. "Reason enough."

Isberg looked at his foreman, cool and calm. "We've been on his also. Ever occur to you that the people in this country can get damned good and mad?" He went past Dutcher to the doorway, and called up a rider. He said: "Go down the valley and ask Swanee Vail to meet me in town. Circle over to Tague's—and to Spaugh's."

DUTCHER'S contempt for public opinion was always pretty close to the surface. "What of it? What can they do? This is your land. Let 'em shout. If they tried to come in here, a whole damned army, they wouldn't get beyond the front gate." He stared down at Isberg's slight, pointed shape. "What you afraid of?"

Isberg flushed and Dutcher closed his heavy lips, knowing he had made a mistake. Yet it was a sly mistake, working both ways. It offended Isberg, but it roused his pride as well. "That's enough of that, Dutcher." Then he got to thinking and said: "What started this?"

Dutcher moved his vast shoulders. When he spoke he didn't quite meet Isberg's eyes. "A little trouble, I guess. One of the boys ran into George Vird on the trail last night. There was some smoke. Vird's dead."

Isberg's face showed actual shock. He looked at Dutcher with an expression wild and unsteady; and this anger brought him up against Dutcher. He reached out and seized Dutcher's shirt front, twisting the cloth until Dutcher bent from the pressure. "Dutcher," he said in a voice half breathless, "if you go against me again I'll kill you."

Dutcher brought both his arms down against Isberg's hands, knocking them clear. He stepped backward into the center of the room. "By God," he said, "that's far enough for you to go, Mr. Isberg."

"Answer me!" yelled Isberg.

"No," said Dutcher, "I had no part in that. I told you once that I couldn't hold those boys back. They had Vird marked and they got him. And that's the way it is with Owen Merritt. What kind of men you think work for Skull, Mr. Isberg? You ought to know. You told me to hire that kind."

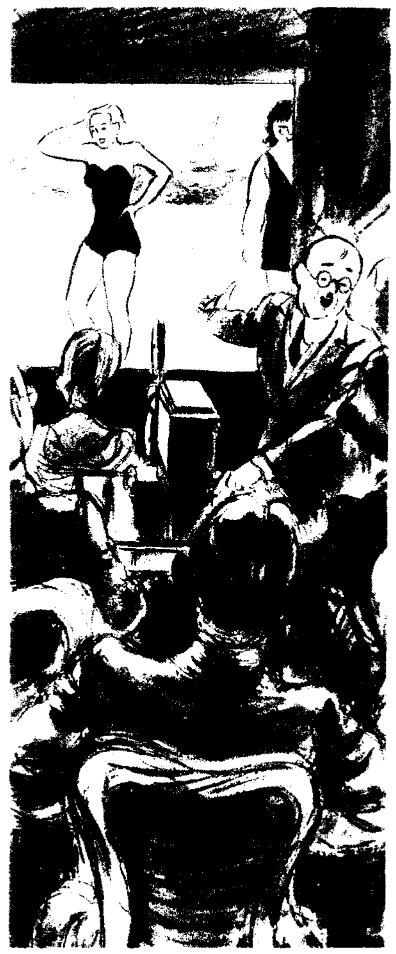
Isberg turned away from Dutcher and walked to the corner of the room. He swung, pressing the palm of his hand across his forehead, scrubbing away the fine sweat formed there. His voice had flattened out; he had himself checked. "All right, Dutcher. Now listen to me. You find Clagg and tell him to work on Merritt's beef."

"He's doin' that tonight," said Dutcher, observing his boss with a quite close glance. Hard a man as he was, he had been actually astonished. Isberg had shown him something he hadn't seen before, which was a temper that could kill. Dutcher had seen the yellow-white flame of that emotion in the Skull owner's eyes; it was something a man couldn't mistake.

"All right," said Isberg. "And leave Merritt alone until I tell you what to do next. Better stay away from the Flat for a while."

"Suppose," said Dutcher, and afterward closed his mouth as though caught in mortal confession. Sally Isberg came down the stairs. She had heard a good deal of this, as both Dutcher and Isberg immediately realized. Both men watched her with a reserved attention. She faced them at the bottom of the stairs, cool with her eyes and throwing their interest back at them.

She said to Isberg, "Should I go, or should I stay to hear the rest of this?"



". . . and that was supposed to be a movie of my wife, but I hadn't learned to focus the camera yet"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"I think there's very little left to hear," observed Isberg, dry as dust.

She pulled up her chin, meeting his glance with the same cool gravity. "If I am not to hear your conversations, Will, then you had better warn me beforehand. Both of you have been talking pretty loud."

Isberg said to Dutcher: "What did you say?"

BUT Dutcher shook his head. "Nothing," he grumbled, and kept his eyes on Sally Isberg. He had turned sullen. There was this little silence, with its very evident feeling. Isberg stared at his foreman and then, quite quickly, turned to see what was on his wife's face to cause Dutcher to close up so quickly. He had sharp intuitions and he knew something was wrong though he had no information from her contained expression. It made Isberg call, in a half-irritation: "What is it, Dutcher?"

Dutcher repeated, "Nothing," and left the room.

"The man hates me," remarked Sally.

Isberg at once said: "Been discourteous to you in any way?"

"No. If he were I'd take care of it. I can't blame him, for he knows very well I despise him."

Isberg's glance kept searching her. "Why?"

"Will," she said, "I don't think he's a good man for Skull."

"For Skull," replied Isberg, at once, "he's the best man in the world." He said it smoothly, yet it had its challenge for her, its faint ring of insistence, as though he put his will against her will and wanted her to submit.

She stood her ground, clearly realizing how perilous this moment was for her and how swift his latent suspicions would rise at anything she might say. Yet she had a will that was, in its own quiet fashion, equal to Isberg's. It compelled her to speak. Paused before him, she looked across the little distance at his set, self-disciplined expression. Her eyes were level with his eyes—and then he stepped away from her, a touched pride showing at the angle of his mouth because of that equality in height. She knew that irritated him, but she could not help it. Her shoulders squared a little and her lips, long and fresh-colored and pleasant, lay in a firm line. She had a resoluteness that heightened her and steadied the supple grace of her body.

"Will," she said finally, "do you have to break Owen Merritt to get what you want? Is there no other way?"

"Our bargain," answered Isberg, dry and distant, "didn't specify I should protect Merritt, did it?" He was watching her with a narrowing interest; he was weighing her expression and each word she spoke.

"No. But is it fair?"

"Sally," he said, "maybe you'd better quit dreaming. When I want a thing I get it. Skull is too big for sentiment, and I'm in too much of a hurry to stop to grieve about any one man. Didn't you know my disposition when you married me?"

SHE had her long, calm glance. "I did, Will. But I never saw in you any desire to destroy, or kill."

"Have I killed?"

"Your men have. You hire them and you support them."

His voice withdrew from her; it denied her. He pulled himself straight. He was indomitable, he was quietly relentless. "Merritt's got himself to blame. He was in the party that killed three of my men in Winnemucca. He riddled my line cabin this morning. You think that's all right for him, Sally?"

"If you had been in his place, Will, what would you have done?"

"I'm not in his place. It seems you are."

"Oh, Will, do we have to quarrel?"

"It is interesting," he said, "to get the truth out of you. Maybe you figure you have made a mistake."

Her pride was as strong as his pride. Her cheeks flushed, her chin lifted at him; and her temper, then, could not remain humble. "Lately," she said, "you have turned to sarcasm."

"What is a man to believe?"

She drew a long breath, steadying her temper, and then was calmer than Isberg. "We shouldn't fight, Will. I'm your wife—and I'll never do anything to hurt you. But if I'm to help you I've got to say something. Don't let Dutcher push you into too much trouble. There isn't any reason why you should try to break Owen. He's fighting you now because Dutcher started trouble. Buy him out if you can. Or if you can't, let him alone. Skull is big enough without Christmas Creek. And I can tell you something, though you won't like it. Merritt is popular with people on the desert. If you ruin him or if you kill him you'll make those people hate you."

He had never ceased to watch her. An inner malice laid its faint impression on his lips. His reserve remained unbroken, impenetrable. He said, as courteously insistent as ever, "I have wondered about something. Suppose you had known, before we were married, that I meant to go after Merritt. Would you have married me?"

"What a brutal question," she said in a breathing tone. "Do you want me to answer it?"

"I want the truth out of you, Sally. It seems I have not had it before. Either that, or you have changed."

She said directly: "I wouldn't marry a man who told me he intended to commit murder, Will. Or who hired others to commit it for him."

HIS eyes widened a little and a degree of paleness came back to his small cheeks—betraying the disturbance inside. And yet he showed her a small, thin smile and bowed his head, saying, "Thanks for the compliment," and left the room. Never moving, she heard him later pound across the bridge. It meant he would be going into The Wells.

She thought: "He wants no advice from me. I shall have to keep still. This will have to be patched up somehow. We've got to go on." Still-placed in the quiet room and thinking it over with a long, long care, she knew she could have said nothing else. She was seeing Owen Merritt now and at once a greater thought went through her like a shock. Her marriage had been a mistake, a tragic error that could never be remedied. It hit her all at once, knocking down her courage and her resolution. She was caught and could not escape. She could do nothing and say nothing. Living in this house, she had to watch Isberg pursue Merritt. For he would not change now. If anything, her words had hardened his will only so much the more. She had gone to Owen once. She could not go again. She was Isberg's wife.

Dutcher's voice said: "I want to speak to you, Mrs. Isberg."

It whirled her around. Dutcher came into the room, walking with an aggressive swing of his shoulders.

"Mrs. Isberg," he said, "you don't like me and I don't like you. I don't understand how you tricked Isberg but I guess a smart man's got to be a fool once. Anyhow you got a nice livin' out of the deal and Skull will have to pay the way for them deadhead people of yours."

"Why don't you tell that to Mr. Isberg?" retorted Sally.

"Maybe you'll tell him."

"I can take care of myself, Dutcher. It's time you knew that."

His talk came out of the bottom of his throat. Everything about this huge man was black and heavy and guttural. He had his head down and looked at her with a slanting contempt. That too, she understood, was another characteristic of him—a contempt for most things and most people. He had a savage, brutelike belief in himself. From her observation she had noticed that only Isberg could turn this foreman of Skull into respect. He said:

"Sure you can take care of yourself. But some things you better not do any more, like goin' up to see Owen Merritt. You do that again and I'll find a way of breakin' you apart. Nobody's going to cheat this ranch while I'm around. From now on you ride close to this house or else take one of the crew along. Remember that, Mrs. Isberg."

He blocked the light of the doorway as he left. She went immediately up the stairs, her legs weak from a real fear.

Isberg, going a roundabout way, reached town rather late in the morning. Vail and Tague and Spaugh were in Medary's office; and Isberg went there at once. He said: "This morning pretty early Owen Merritt shot hell out of my line cabin on Corral Flat and ran for the timber."

"Why now," murmured Mike Tague, "he shouldn't ought to have done that."

None of these men bothered to ask Isberg why it had happened. They were old hands and they knew why. Tague looked a little uncomfortable, for he liked Merritt. The others said nothing.

Medary spoke up mildly: "Maybe you ought to add, Mr. Isberg, that George Vird's dead. Merritt brought him to town at midnight."

"Vird," said Isberg at once, his voice quick and arbitrary, "was in on that Winnemucca shootin'. He's been lookin' for trouble and finally he found it."

"Hate to see it break like this," the sheriff murmured. "Maybe—"

"Never mind about that, Medary. Skull's been bothered too much by men nighthawkin' its range. Merritt had no right to come on it and start shooting. It's a bad thing to set up before the Piute. You start that in one place and it spreads to another. I'm telling all you men that it might happen to you. So I'm going after Merritt. What I say is, don't give him any help."

"He shouldn't 've done that," said Tague regretfully.

"Well, I guess you got to stop it," said Clay Spaugh, and no more. Swanee Vail, being nearer Skull and therefore more under its shadow, only nodded.

"Mark, you go out and bring Merritt in," said Isberg.

Medary looked at him. "What for? A trial? No, that won't work, Mr. Isberg. You won't get a jury to help you. He'd be turned loose."

"You do it," insisted Isberg.

But Medary had his own stubborn streak. "I ain't going on a wild-goose chase. If Merritt's on the jump I'd have a hell of a time catchin' up with him. If I brought him in it wouldn't stick. Maybe you don't know something, Mr. Isberg. There ain't twelve men on the Piute who like Skull well enough to stick Merritt in the jug for you."

"What's the matter with you, Medary?" asked Isberg, very sharp.

MIKE TAGUE, always a peacemaker, came into the argument. "I guess maybe that's right, Will. You better go after him yourself." He got up, waving the smoke of his cigar away with his hand, and this move brought Spaugh and Vail likewise out of their chairs. Isberg gave them a close, displeased glance.

"You fellows run cattle, don't you? You want to see this business get out of hand? If they can shoot at Skull they can shoot at you."

"Sure," agreed Tague. "But when they shoot at me, Will, I'll do my own huntin'. I'll never ask another man to do it for me."

"All right. But I'm telling you what it will be like. Don't give Merritt any help."

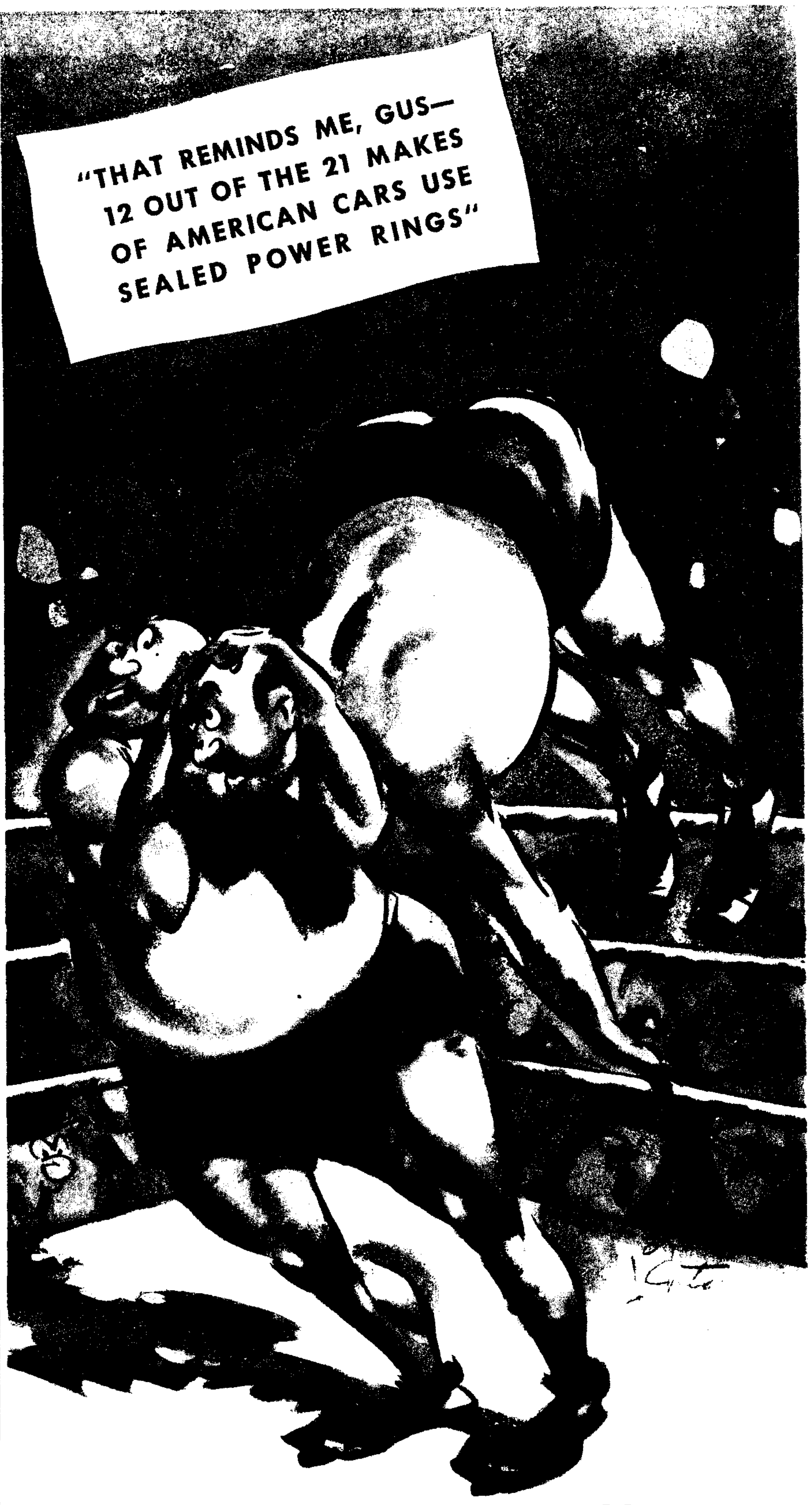
The three filed out, leaving Isberg with the sheriff. Medary said: "Well, what you want?"

Isberg got up. "Nothing," he answered. "I've changed my mind. I'll take care of it personally."

"May be best," murmured the sheriff.

Isberg gave him a critical glance. "Mark," he said, "you're crawfishing. Maybe next election you ought to take a rest."

Isberg rode directly to Skull, arriving there about two o'clock and meeting Dutcher. He said: "Saddle me a fresh horse. We're going up to Corral Flat." He went into the kitchen and had a quick meal. Dutcher was outside waiting for him but Isberg walked to the living room and stood there a moment, hearing Sally's steps somewhere in the



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upper part of the house. Presently she came down and, as always, his glance went to her face and searched it for expression. But it was smooth and cool and, as before, he felt that odd barrier between them. It brought back his temper to hear her speak as she did.

She said, driving at once to the trouble between them: "Will, do you want me to leave?"

He answered that with a small malice in his words: "What would you go back to?"

He had his moment's pleasure from knowing his question hit her hard; it broke through her composure. She looked at him so oddly, repeating, "Do you want me to leave?"

"No," he said, "that's the last thing I want. You will stay here." He showed her the edge of the smile she knew so well and had begun to fear.

"Then we've got to talk this out. I can't have you looking at me like that, as though it was all a terrible joke. I can't have you go on believing the worst about me. We've got too many years ahead of us."

He said, smooth and distant and unstirred, "We'll talk about it. When I come back we'll do all the talking you want."

"Will—"

But he had turned through the doorway with a dismissing motion of his arm. He stepped into the saddle and rode over the yard, Dutcher beside him. He said, "We're going up to Corral Flat. I have decided to visit Mister Merritt."

"He won't be there," Dutcher said.

Isberg threw a quick, amused glance at his foreman. "Don't worry about that," he answered. Dutcher said nothing more, and so they rode into the hills, Isberg entirely silent.

AFTER Isberg had gone Medary sat before the desk with a wry and troubled look on his face. Politics was a game of survival, of guessing where the power lay. In this county the power belonged to Skull and to the four other big outfits controlling three quarters of the country's range. The little people, the two-bit ranchers and the folks in the Broken Buttes and the homesteaders didn't count very much, and never would. The division was quite clear and he had, in the course of his own career, played with the big owners, his reward being an undisturbed tenure in office. His course now was pretty simple, as it had always been. Yet the more he thought of it the worse it got and presently he rose and crossed to Tom Croker's saloon. Tom was another foxy one.

"Tom," he said, over his glass of whisky, "what do you think?"

"Merritt? No chance, Mark, no chance."

"Sure, sure," murmured the sheriff and downed his drink. He dawdled over the bar, tracing a pattern on the wood with his finger. His face was screwed tight, his expression showed a distant irritation.

"Ain't a thing you can do to help him," said Croker by way of consolation. "Like the boy, don't you? So do I. But he'll cash in his chips. I know Isberg. He's an Injun for rememberin'. You know what he remembers?"

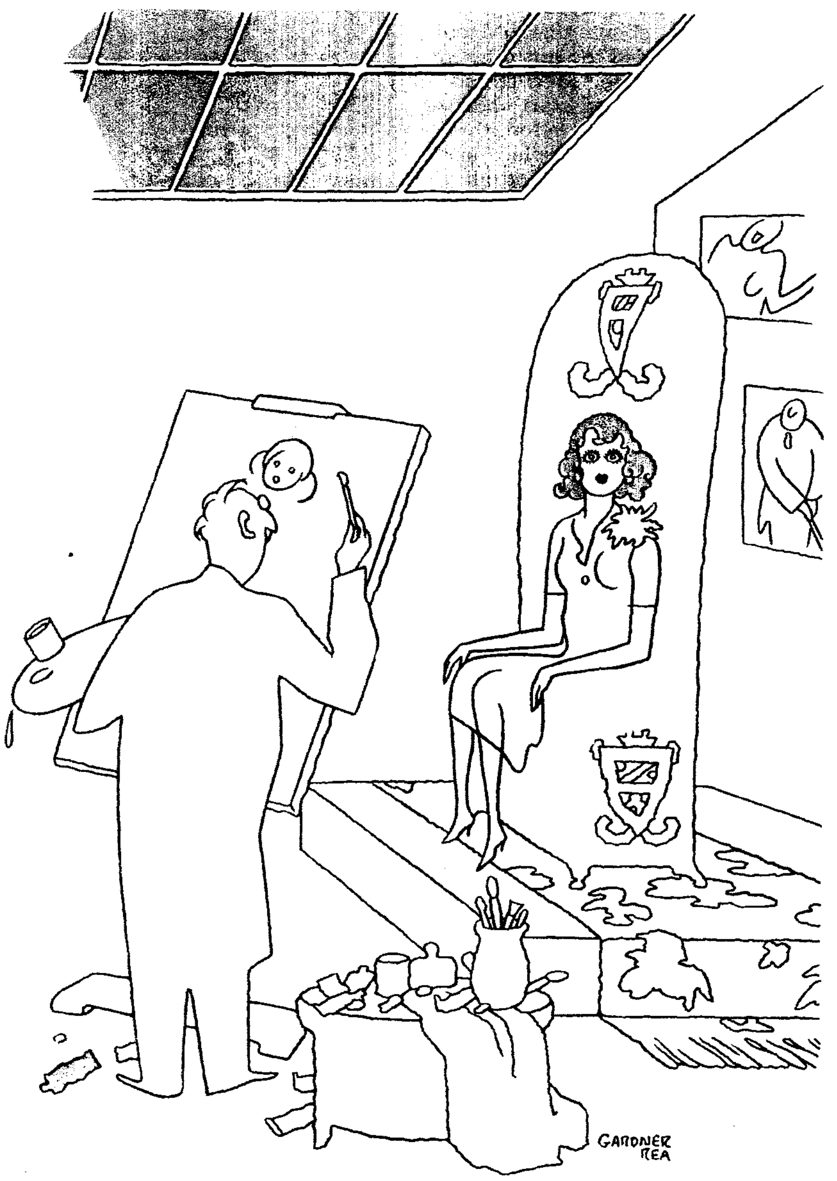
"Yeah; Sally." Then Medary added with a quick discontent: "What'd she marry him for?"

"He's an Injun," repeated Tom Croker, "and he makes my hair stand when he's around. It takes a pretty tough fellow to do that, Medary. What you goin' to do?"

Medary had his second drink, which for him was unusual. He said, "I'm going to do the first damn' fool thing in a long time, Tom," and went to the door. "I'm goin' down to the Fremont to hunt antelope and I won't be back for two weeks."

He went to the stable, presently reappearing in the saddle, leading a pack horse behind; and struck straight into the Piute, aiming for the blue blur of hills in the distant southwest. He could not help Merritt, whose troubles were past repairing, but in leaving town he knew he'd anger Isberg. It was, as he had said, a foolish thing for a man to do who had cut his milk teeth in the obscure politics of a cattle country. He said to himself with a philosophic resignation, "Well, the huntin' ought to be good anyhow," and faded from The Wells.

FROM his hide-out in the hills late that afternoon Merritt saw two riders appear on a little meadow below. He walked down the slope to intercept them.



"Let me know when you're through with the expression, Mr. Fuller, so I can relax"

GARDNER REA

Pay Lankershim grinned as though all this was a good joke. But Bourke Prine turned his temper loose on Merritt.

"Why in thunder didn't you come over to my place and let me in on this? I rode to your house this morning. No fire in the stove and nobody around. I went down to Nan Melotte's but she hadn't seen nothin' of you. I pick up your trail in town—and I get worried. Then Pay comes along."

They squatted in the heavy shadows of the pines, Pay Lankershim still smiling. Bourke Prine rolled himself a cigarette, now and then shooting his sharp glance at Merritt, who lay idle and untalkative. "Well," challenged Bourke, "what you going to do?"

Merritt said: "You been asking that question for a month. I did something, didn't I?"

"Just a beginning. Isberg will follow you to hell now. You can't go back to your ranch." Bourke moved his heavy shoulders to express his dissatisfaction. "Well, we better think of something," he said.

"You think of something," drawled Merritt. "You're the man that wanted to make a fight."

Bourke said, "You got an idea in your bonnet when you talk like that. Let's have it."

"I'm going up to Corral Flat again tonight."

Pay Lankershim chuckled. "That's the way. We'll all go."

The three of them sat around, considering it, until Bourke got up and moved to his horse. "All right. I'm going home. Then I'll cut into the high trail and see if I can spot anything. I'll be here when it gets dark."

Pay had a new thought, and went likewise to his pony. "Think I'll drift up toward the Flat and keep an eye open. Be back same time as Bourke. Meet us here."

BOURKE studied Merritt a little longer. He said, "You got something in your coco." Then the two moved out on their separate trails and Merritt returned to the high bowl from which, when the spirit moved him, he could scan the long vistas leading down through the open timber.

Bourke, he thought, was a pretty hard man to fool. And Bourke was right in believing he had something on his mind. Waiting was hard work and as this day went on, his original idea seemed less effective than at sunrise. Lying here, he felt thoroughly outside of everything and out of touch with the Piute. To raise a little hell and run for shelter was, when a man looked at it in cold blood, a defensive gesture but it wasn't fighting. Meanwhile Skull had the country to itself. His ranch house was exposed and probably by tomorrow morning would be burned to the ground. His cattle would undoubtedly be run off. This was what happened to a man on the dodge.

Flat on his back, he rolled up a cigarette, dragging in the smoke. One small white cloud drifted over the treetops and disappeared. There was a little wind coming over this high point and somewhere a jay made a great racket in the timber. It wasn't Bourke's affair and it wasn't Pay Lankershim's affair, but here they were doing the work while he remained idle. Nor did it seem any better when he thought of the risk Sally Isberg had taken in coming to see him at his ranch.

He rose and scanned the lower pines, and circled the bowl. He moved his saddle around and sat on it and watched the sky deepen in color while time dragged and the shadows in the timber began to creep upslope toward him. It was a long day with nothing to do but think; and after a while it occurred to him that a man's thoughts could only go so far until they turned and followed the same trail back. He remembered the way Sally Isberg had held to him the night before, he remembered the intensity of her voice and the fragrance rising from her hair; then presently, by one of those strange skips of the mind, he found that the image of Nan Melotte was before him, vivid and very real.

AT SUNDOWN he rose and saddled the gelding, caught up the two extra horses, and rode downgrade toward his ranch. Not until he was well away from the high point did he realize how quietly the change had come. Running wasn't any good. A man had to stand fast and do his fighting. This was what it amounted to. So he rode on through twilight, deliberately avoiding Bourke and Pay because he didn't want them mixed up in what seemed certain to come, and arrived at the edge of his ranch yard just as full night rolled out of the sky.

The darkness and the emptiness of the house hit him hard; it was as though he saw his own ruin in advance, and this was the reaction that roused his anger, quick and personal and hot. He had come off the left fork of the hill trail, avoiding the creek. It brought him in behind the barn and here he left the horses and went on to the back of the house. The door stood open and he spent a moment on its edge, listening for trouble, before going in. A little later he lighted a lamp, left it on the table, and walked through the front room, stopping on the porch. The light from Nan Melotte's cabin cut its diamond sparkle through the lower blackness of the desert.

He had been here only a few minutes —and was turning to go into the house again—when he heard the scuff of horses above the steady rustle of the waterfall. Wheeling back against the wall, he made out Isberg's voice. Very cool and very plain, it rose from the slope directly across the creek. "Go straight on. Merritt, is that you? I want to talk to you," Dutcher shouted, and horses splashed through the shallows of the creek and a gun broke the night, its slug going through the wood of the house wall with a small, rustling echo. The shape of Skull's men appeared and little yellow and purple rosettes of muzzle light began to flash from all their guns.

(To be continued next week)

The Irish Setter hunts with care;
He points—and never moves a hair;
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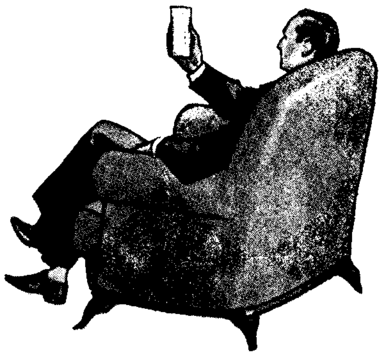

"YES, TOM, those Calvert people are past masters of the art of blending. They know how to bring out all the velvet smoothness and rare bouquet that make a truly noble whiskey. If you *trust your taste,* Tom, you'll find that Calvert is about the smoothest, finest-tasting whiskey a man can drink!"

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Nothing Happens in Brooklyn

Continued from page 10

Clem laughed and ses Joe you are a good skate and so is Ethel but I am not built like you are. I have got to have my excitement. I could never settle down and live by the clock like you do especially in a neighborhood like this. It is too dead for me.

Ethel ses that is exactly what I told Joe last night Clem. Nothing ever happens around here. Look at Joe now. It is hardly ten o'clock and he is ready to go to bed and start snoring and that is the way everybody else is in this neighborhood. It is disgusting.

I ses see here Ethel I do not want to bring out any family secrets in front of an outsider but when it comes to snoring I know some other people that do a pretty good job of it. I ses I get sleepy early because I work hard all day to earn a living for you.

I ses I do not need excitement like Clem here but what does it get him? I ses he comes around afraid to let the cops see him and hungry enough to eat half a ham and four eggs and I bet on top of that he needs a couple of bucks for his pocket.

Clem laughed again and ses Joe now I know you really are a mind reader so I gave him a couple of bucks and he went out our back door again without trying to go upstairs next door to see his Moms because Petey Angelo was still setting there with Myrt McGuire and he had his arm around her tighter than ever.

I ses Ethel why don't those two people get married and have it over with and set inside out of the night air? I ses are they still trying to make up their minds after six years or what?

Ethel ses Joe it took you five years to marry me and my Moms and my Pops was getting ready to ask you to call it off and give somebody else a chance so you let Myrtle and Petey alone. They will get married when they are good and ready. I ses all right Ethel and now I am going to bed and if I snore a little I hope you will not tell it all over town.

Wednesday night my wife Ethel ses look Joe old Missus Chambers is sick. She was taken down with the flu this morning. Doc Curtcher ses he thinks she is going to pass on. All she talks about is Clem and she wants to see him. Where do you suppose that no account Clem is?

WHY Ethel I ses how in the world would I know where Clem Chambers is? I don't keep track of people like him. I ses wherever he is he will not come to any good end. I ses I read in the paper this morning where they have got him tied in with that big mail-truck robbery. I ses I never thought a fellow from this neighborhood would turn out to be a tough guy like Clem.

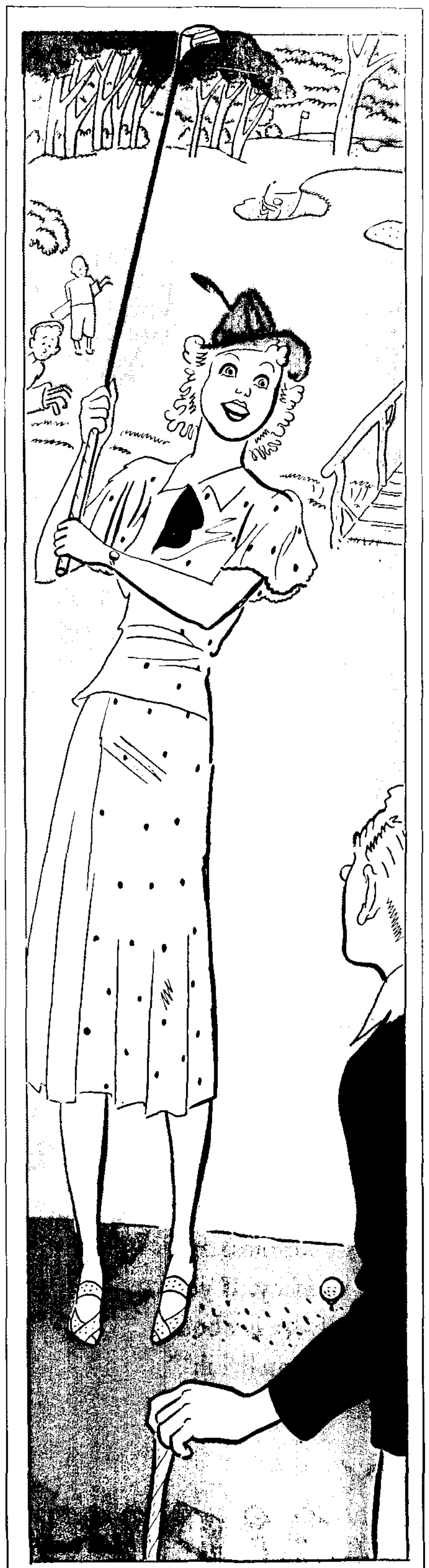
O Ethel ses Clem is not a tough guy. He is just full of pep. I remember how he used to like to tie my pig tails to his desk when we was little kids and he sat behind me in school. I ses look Ethel robbing a mail truck is a little different from tying your pig tails to a desk and it is something more than just pep too.

I ses that Clem is plenty tough now and Ethel ses well anyway I wish I knew where he is because Doc Curtcher ses old Missus Chambers cries for him all the time. She is the nicest old thing in this neighborhood and I am going to take her some soup in a little while. If you hear anything of Clem you be sure and tell me.

Thursday morning my wife Ethel woke me up and ses hey Joe it just ses on the radio that the cops have got Clem Chambers penned up in a building on Clinton Street and that two hundred cops and the fire department are around the place trying to get him out. They are shooting and throwing tear-gas bombs into the building but Clem just will not come out and he is shooting back at them too.

I ses they ought to try the fire hose on him Ethel. I ses when Clem was here the other night he did not smell to me like he had taken a bath since the time he pulled Petey Angelo out of the river. I ses I guess that two bucks I gave him is a goner all right although I did not expect anything else and Ethel ses well I am going to run over there and tell Clem his Moms is sick before something happens to him.

I ses from what you tell me the radio ses Ethel old Clem may not be seeing callers but Ethel ses Joe you come on now and stop arguing. Missus Chambers was pretty bad when I saw her last night and Doc Curtcher ses he will bet anybody she does not last two days longer and I promised I would bring Clem to her as soon as I could find him.



"Now don't expect me to make a hole in one right at first, Jack"

GARRETT PRICE

So my wife Ethel put on her new hat and I got out the old bucket and we drove down to Clinton Street. We found the street all roped off and just like the radio ses there was a lot of cops banging away with pistols and rifles at a building. It was a little flat one-story building that had been a store of some kind but was empty with the windows boarded up in front and sometimes some of the cops hit the building too but that was only the best shots.

My wife Ethel started to duck under a rope half a block away from the building and a cop pushed her back and ses you cannot go through that street. She ses why not? The cop ses because that is my orders. Ethel ses who gave you those orders? The cop ses my captain gave them to me and who wants to know anyway?

Ethel ses look cop I must go and speak to the fellow you have got penned up in that building. I must tell him about his Moms. She is sick and wants to see him. Doc Curtcher ses it will be for the last time so I have to hurry.

THE cop ses lady you must be crazy. Ethel ses well it is a good thing you are a cop or my husband here would slap you down for calling me crazy. The cop looked at me and ses don't let me being a cop bother you Mack. If you feel like slapping somebody down just start slapping now.

I ses look cop I am not after any trouble with anybody and my name is not Mack. It is Joe. I ses I am just here with my wife on an errand. O the cop ses then you are not going to slap me down like your wife says hey Mack? I ses cop I make my own matches not my wife and he laughed and ses well you are lucky Mack. It is sometimes the other way around with me. Anyway the best thing you two can do is to take a nice walk because this is a bad spot right now.

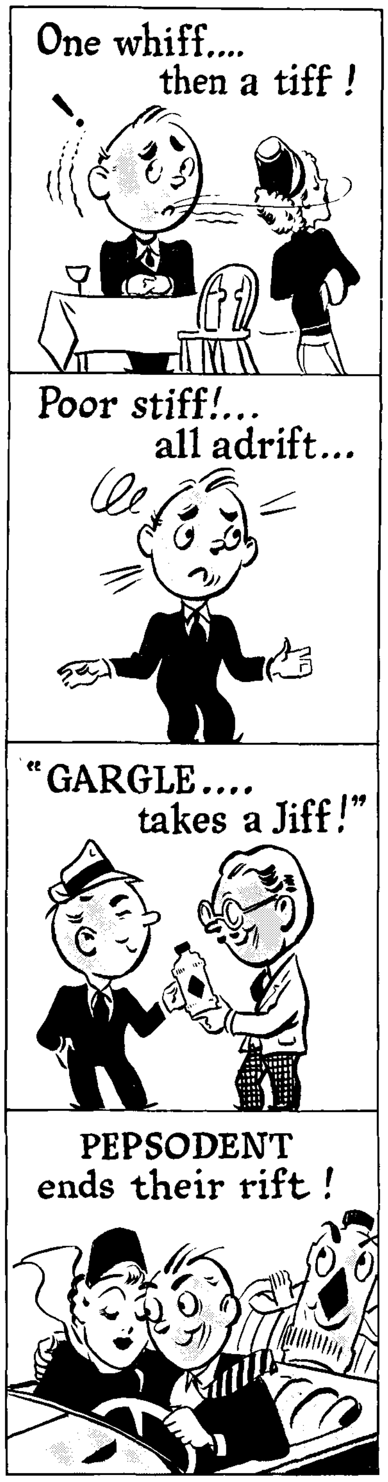
Ethel ses cop I tell you I must talk to the fellow in that building and tell him about his Moms. If your Moms was so sick she could not get well and she wanted to see you what would you think if a cop tried to keep somebody from telling you? The cop ses lady please go away because here comes my captain and he will be sore if he finds me talking to you.

The captain was a fat fellow and had a sour-looking face and Ethel ses to him Captain you are just the man I want to see. This cop here ses I cannot go through this rope to see the fellow you have got penned up in that building and tell him his Moms is sick.

The captain looked sourer than ever and ses you must be crazy and Ethel ses listen Captain do all the cops in Brooklyn go around telling people they are crazy? The captain ses yes when they talk like you. You look like a nice respectable lady but you talk awful crazy. Madam that fellow in that building is one of the most desperate men in the world.

Ethel ses O he is not. He is only Clem Chambers. I know him well. The captain ses O you do hey? Ethel ses yes I do and so does my husband Joe here. We was raised up with him. The captain looked at me and ses maybe I ought to lock you up and I ses what for? He ses I do not know yet but I may think of something later.

I ses look Captain you are big people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"GARGLE.... takes a Jiff!"
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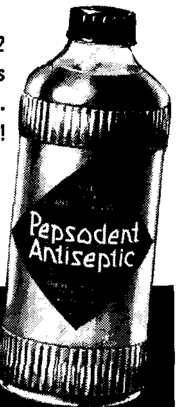

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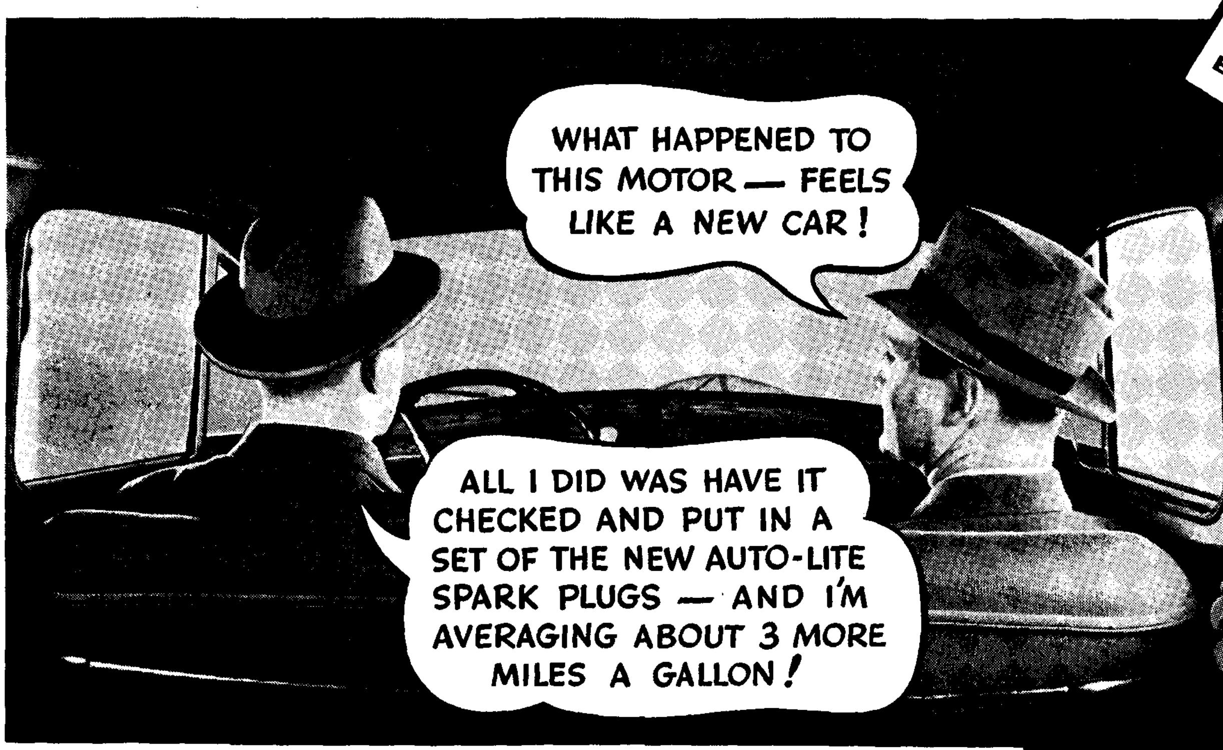
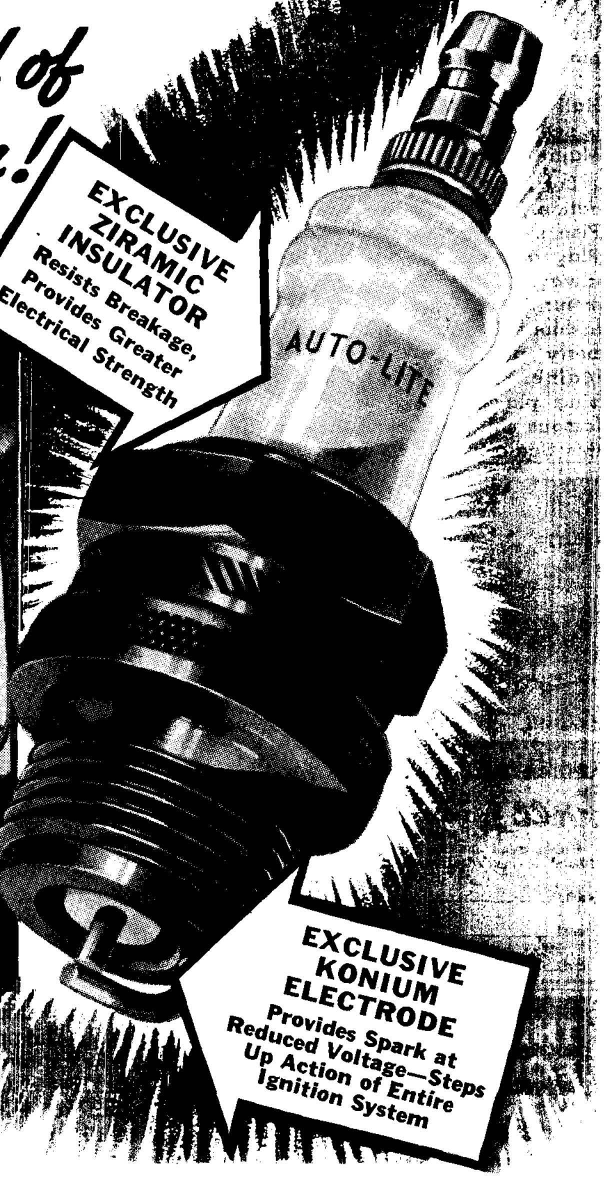

WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS MOTOR — FEELS LIKE A NEW CAR!
ALL I DID WAS HAVE IT CHECKED AND PUT IN A SET OF THE NEW AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS — AND I'M AVERAGING ABOUT 3 MORE MILES A GALLON!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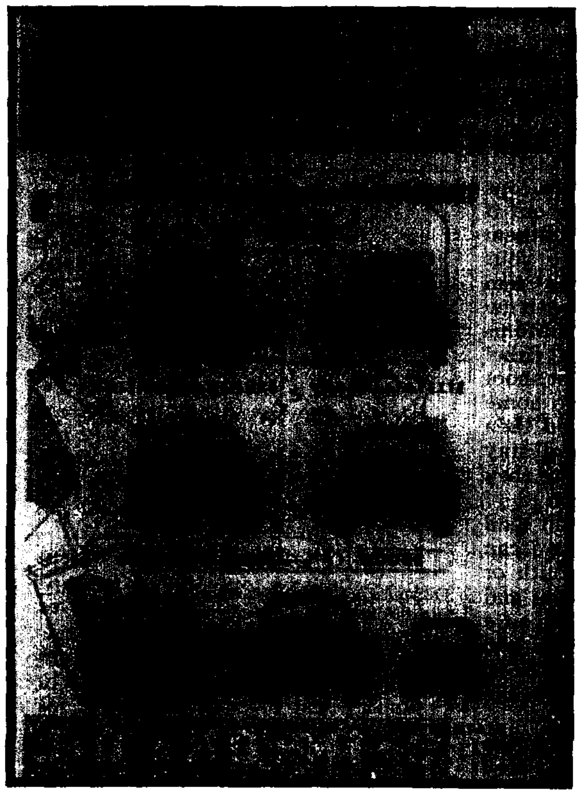
Provides Spark at Reduced Voltage—Steps Up Action of Entire Ignition System



MOST people do not realize how much the efficiency of their motor car depends on the action of their spark plugs.

For 26 years Auto-Lite engineers have specialized in starting, lighting and ignition equipment. They wanted a better spark plug, one that would ease the work of the entire ignition system—aid starting—stop gasoline waste—step up top speed.

They couldn't get it elsewhere—so they developed it themselves—tested it and improved it—until they had *exactly what they started out to get!*

You can see, at the left, what happened when the news of this significant accomplishment reached motor car engineers. *Already, nearly 30 per cent* of the new cars being sold today are equipped at the factories with this sensational new spark plug.

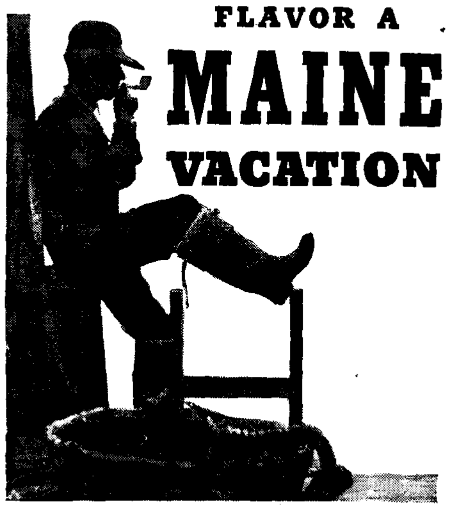
Here's the Auto-Lite secret! *This* spark plug is engineered as an integral, balanced unit of the ignition system by *ignition* engineers, instead of as an *accessory.*

Throw away your old plugs and get a set of Auto-Lites today—they make your car start easier—go faster—use less gasoline!

DEALERS AND SERVICE STATIONS: *Auto-Lite is on the move!* In the next few months millions of motorists will be told in dynamic advertising the advantages and benefits of this sensational new spark plug. Write The Electric Auto-Lite Co., Dept. C4, Toledo, Ohio, for details of the 1938 franchise and merchandising plan.

Ask for **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**

OLD SALTS, LIKE THIS, FLAVOR A MAINE VACATION



You'll have the time of your life meeting the men of Maine! Here are shrewd, dry old salts . . . and tall, rangy woodsmen . . . with yarns you can take or leave. Half the fun of getting away from home is seeing new and different people. And Maine is the place for that!

But there's much more to a Maine vacation. You can ride, hike, camp, canoe. Fish, swim, and sail in fresh or salt water. Play golf and tennis. Eat foods you've always wanted—fresh-caught Maine lobsters; clams baked beside the sea; old-fashioned chicken dinners; big, juicy berry pies! Fine hotels and inns in Maine. Inexpensive overnight stopping places. Marvelous roads. World-famous children's camps. Make it Maine this Summer! Mail the coupon now.

HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

Free! MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service, Dept. 62, St. John Street
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Please send me the new, illustrated Official Maine Vacation Guide for 1938.

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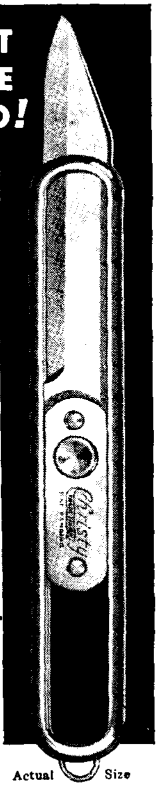
THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

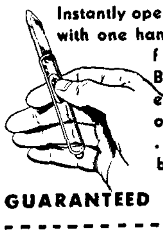


● Neat, handy, useful and durable ...Brass frame, heavily chromium plated...Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart . . . practical

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one



Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.

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Enclosed is $1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U.S.A. only.

C-6 __________ Actual Size

and we are only little people but do not be talking about locking somebody up unless they have done something and what have we done? I ses Captain I am a citizen of the United States of America and I know my rights. He ses O you do hey? I ses yes I do and he ses what else do you know?

I ses I know Sweeney the district leader and he will not stand for you locking me up unless I have done something. The captain ses you know Sweeney do you? I ses yes I do. I ses he ses hello to me any time I see him. Well the captain ses all right then you go on about your business and take your wife with you.

Ethel ses yes but I tell you I have got to see Clem Chambers and give him a message about his Moms and the captain ses Madam that fellow in there would shoot you down like a pigeon if you went near him. He has already winged three of my men and a bystander name of Coolidge and Coolidge is bad off.

O ETHEL ses you talk foolish. Clem would not shoot me down. If he shot your cops it was just in fun. He did not mean it. I do not know anything about that fellow Coolidge but what was he doing around here anyway? The captain ses O he did not mean it hey? It was just in fun hey? Well do you know he has also got a cop captured in there with him? He has got Officer Angelo and has probably shot him too by now.

Ethel ses that is funny and the captain ses what's funny? Ethel ses why that must be Petey Angelo. The captain ses his name is Pete all right. Do you know him too? Do you know everybody in Brooklyn? Ethel ses Clem Chambers and Petey Angelo are not everybody in Brooklyn but I know them all right and they are both nice fellows only Clem does not like Petey for going on the cops.

All this time there was shooting at the building going on from cops in doorways along the street inside the ropes and from the tops of other buildings and once in a while a shot came from the building and everybody ducked and the captain ses you see how dangerous it is around here? I ses yes I see only we were on the same side of the street as the building and at an angle where Clem Chambers shots were not liable to hit us unless he could throw curves like Mungo the Dodgers pitcher.

While I was talking to the captain my wife Ethel ducked under the rope and past the cop inside and ran down the sidewalk toward the building where Clem was and everybody yelled hey at her but she paid no attention.

The captain ses that woman is a dee fool. I ses Captain you are speaking about my wife and he ses so what? She is still a dee fool and what do you want to make of it? I ses nothing Captain. I ses you have got that uniform on and you are big people and I guess you can talk to little people like me any way you want but I will have to tell Sweeney you called my wife a dee fool. The captain ses all women are dee fools. I am a married man myself.

By this time Ethel was in front of the building pounding with her fist on one of the boarded-up windows and the cops had stopped shouting and were watching her. Ethel told me afterwards that when she had pounded her fist black and blue Clem Chambers ses who is it? Who is out there making all that racket?

Ethel ses it is me Clem. It is Ethel Turp and don't you go shooting off those pistols at me because I have got my new hat on. Clem says O hello Ethel. You better go away from here. This is no place for a lady. I will not shoot you but those cops might. They don't shoot very good and might hit you accidental. How is Joe?

Joe is all right Ethel ses. He is up the street now arguing with the cops. But I come to tell you about your Moms Clem. She is awful sick and she wants to see you. Clem I think you better go see her because she is sick in bed. Clem ses she is? Ethel ses yes she is. Another thing Clem what are you doing in there with Petey Angelo?

Clem ses why Ethel I am not doing a thing in this world with him. He climbed on the roof of this joint and was looking around for some way to get in and arrest me and he fell through the skylight right on top of me. He cut a big gash in his side on the glass coming through and if I was not here to bandage him up he would have bled to death.

Ethel ses what is he doing now? Clem ses he is laying here quiet. I have got him tied up with his shirt so he will not go near a window and get shot by those cops. I don't want Myrt blaming me for him getting shot. He does not feel good. Ethel ses tell him hello Clem. Tell him Joe and me are out here. Clem ses all right Ethel but I have got his mouth stuffed up so he cannot say hello back to you.

Ethel ses look Clem don't you let Petey Angelo come to no harm like choking to death and Clem ses hey Ethel if I had wanted him to come to harm I would not have bandaged him up or I would have shot him coming through the skylight. I don't want anything to happen to Myrt's only fellow any more than you do.

Ethel ses well I think it is a mean trick to stuff a fellow's mouth up so he cannot say hello to people. You ought to be ashamed of yourself Clem Chambers for doing a trick like that to an old friend. Clem ses he is no friend of mine. He was trying to cop a sneak on me but don't you worry about him and tell Myrt if you see her not to worry either.

Well all right Ethel ses but you come on out of there and go with me and Joe to see your Moms right away. Clem ses why Ethel those cops would pick me off the minute I stepped out of this place. I guess they will get me in the long run anyway but I will get some of them first.

Ethel ses look here Clem Chambers you stop this foolishness. Your Moms is not going to get well and she wants to see you before she goes away. So you come on out of there and bring Petey Angelo with you and take that stuffing out of his mouth.

CLEM ses Ethel you mean my Moms is going to die? Ethel said yes Clem that is what I mean and I am awfully sorry. Clem ses well that is different. If she is going to die I guess I ought to see her. I would hate for her to go without me seeing her. She was always a wonderful Moms to me Ethel but how am I going to get out of here without those cops picking me off?

Ethel ses why Clem I will ask the cops not to shoot you when you come out if you promise to give yourself up to them and then they can take you to your house and let you see your Moms. Clem ses I do not want any cops going with me when I see her. I do not want my Moms to know I am in trouble like that. Ethel you tell those cops if they will not shoot at me when I come out I will go home with you and see my Moms and then give myself up to them or else I will stay here and get plenty of them before they get me because I am a better shot.

Ethel ses all right Clem but you send Petey Angelo out here at once so I can take that stuffing out of his mouth or Myrt will be good and mad at you and Clem says okay Ethel but you be sure and tell Myrt that no matter how bad Petey looks I had nothing to do with it. He had no business falling through the skylight.

Then pretty soon the front door of the building opened a little ways and Petey

SANI-FLUSH IS "FIRST AID" FOR CLOGGED RADIATORS!

WHEN a car overheats—you lose power. You are headed for more serious trouble. Clean out radiators regularly, twice a year. You can do it yourself with SANI-FLUSH. It takes 10 minutes. It costs 10c. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

SANI-FLUSH is a scientific preparation that removes rust, scale, sediment and sludge that clog radiators. Just pour a little in the cooling system. Follow directions on the can. Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill with clean water. That's all! The delicate veins that circulate water are clean and open. The motor runs cool. SANI-FLUSH is perfectly safe. Can't hurt engine or fittings. You'll find SANI-FLUSH in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

Even men with fifteen valets
Give Ingram's thrifty cream their ballots.
—F. J. DOHERTY, N. Y.

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came out and he must have been pushed from behind by Clem because he almost fell over on Ethel. Petey was pretty white and weak as he leaned up against Ethel when they walked back to where I was still standing with the captain.

Ethel ses hello Captain I see you are still here. Well I talked with Clem and he ses if you cops will let him go with me to see his Moms he will give himself up to them afterwards. The captain ses O he does hey? That is very very nice of him. Madam do you know I may put you under arrest for communicating with a criminal? Ethel ses what is that? The captain ses what is what? Ethel ses what is communicating with a criminal?

The captain ses look Madam you ses yourself you talked to that fellow in that building yonder and that is communicating with a criminal. Ethel ses O you mean Clem Chambers. Why all I did was to take a message to him about his Moms and I got Petey Angelo here out of that place when he was laying there with his mouth stuffed up and I have brought a message back to you and I do not think it is very nice of you to talk of putting me under arrest.

The captain ses O is that so? Ethel ses yes that is so. If you want to arrest Clem Chambers without no more trouble you let him see his Moms first and then he will give himself up but if you want to try to arrest him anyway and get some more of your cops shot up why you just go ahead.

The captain ses O you are trying to dictate to somebody hey? Ethel ses no I am not but I see a lot of fellows up the street with cards in their hats and I bet they are newspaper reporters and if you get any more of your cops shot up by Clem Chambers when it is unnecessary I will tell them why it happened that way.

Look lady the captain ses will you please stop talking a while and let me think? How do you know this fellow will keep his word about giving himself up after he sees his Moms if we let him go there without any cops? Ethel ses well you let Petey Angelo here follow us if Petey is not too sick only he must not come too close because Clem does not like him since he went on the cops.

Petey ses I am all right except I am a little weak. He ses Captain if Clem Chambers told Missus Turp here he would give himself up he will do it. I will vouch for it myself.

The captain ses O you will huh? Well who will vouch for you? I ses I will Captain. I ses you ask Sweeney the district leader about me and he will tell you Joe Turp's word is as good as wheat in the bin. I ses Sweeney will tell you that I always vote the right way.

The captain thought a while and then he ses well maybe it is a good idea not to get any more cops shot up than is necessary. We need all the men we got in Brooklyn just now. Lady you go ahead and tell that fellow okay but keep away from those reporters. I will do all the talking to them that is to be done.

So my wife Ethel went back to the building and pounded on the boarded up window again and ses come on out Clem everything is all right and Clem came out and got in the old bucket with us and I drove him home and Petey Angelo followed on a motorcycle.

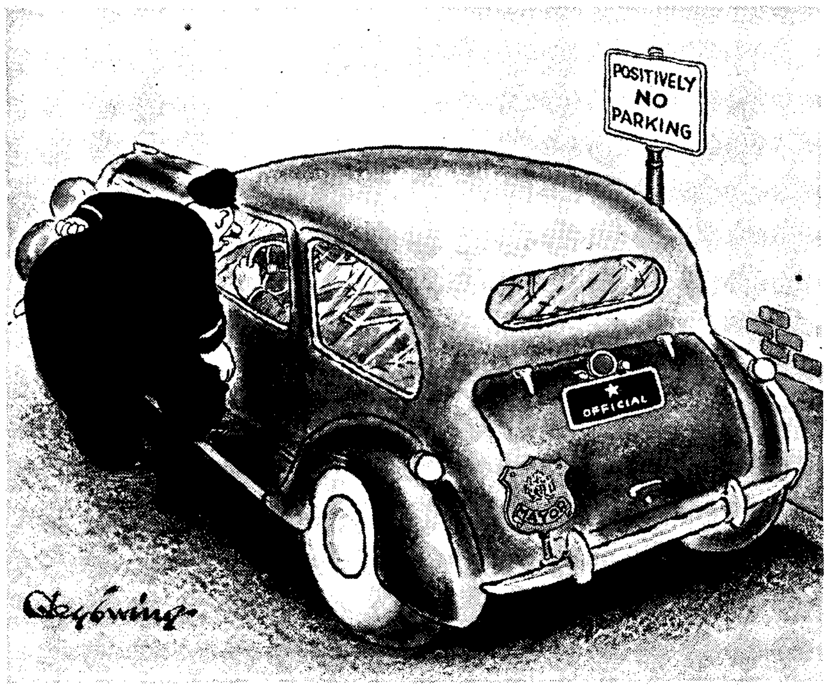
Thursday night Clem walked out of the front door of his house and Petey Angelo was setting on the door steps waiting for him and Clem ses well cop it is all over. Moms just died. Myrt is up there with her. Say cop I guess you can keep setting on my front door steps from now on.

MONDAY night six months later my wife Ethel ses to me Joe this is certainly the deadest neighborhood in Brooklyn. I do wish something would happen here once in a while and I ses Ethel they pushed Clem Chambers off at Sing Sing today for shooting that fellow that died the day after he gave himself up. I ses what was that fellow's name?

Ethel says his name was Coolidge. That's too bad about Clem. He was the only fellow in this neighborhood that ever had much pep but I am glad his Moms did not live to see how he ended up. Well maybe if he had not been unlucky in love he would have turned out different.

I ses Ethel I heard you crack something once before about Clem being in love with somebody. I ses I knew Clem Chambers pretty well all his life and I never knew him to be in love with anybody except himself and Ethel ses no Joe you did not know. In some ways Clem was a gentleman. He never told anybody but me.

I ses O then he loved you did he? I ses it is a fine thing for a man's wife to have a dirty crook like Clem Chambers in love with her and Ethel ses O Joe now I know you love me because you are jealous but Clem was not in love with me. If you must know Joe it was Petey Angelo's wife Myrt.



"All right, big shot! I suppose yuh gonna tell me, you and th' mayor is pals!"

JAY IRVING

Miss Violet's got *rhythm...*

Miss Violet Parsons, she gives piano lessons, so I'm tryin' to talk her language.

"*Miss Parsons,*" I says, "*drivin' a car nowadays is like doin' that 'Big Apple' dance. It's all stop and go. I bet you stop and start a dozen times a day, goin' around givin' kids lessons.*

"Well, when you do stop your car, your oil all drains off the movin' parts in your engine. Then you start up. Right there a lot of wear happens.

"That is, unless you use an oil that 'snaps into it'—flows fast, you know.

"Now, we got that kind of oil here," I says. "Golden Shell—and it's only a quarter.

"Gosh, Miss Violet, it just makes music in your motor! . . ."

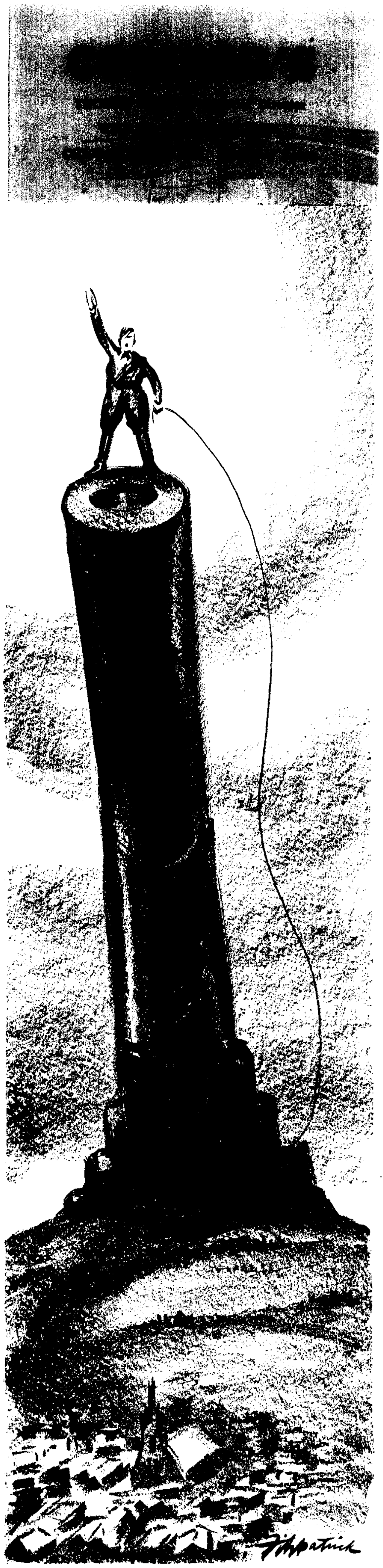
"All oil just looks gooey to me," she comes back.

* * *

Miss Parsons ain't mechanical, you see. But I ain't musical, so that makes us even, I guess. Anyway, Miss Violet's got rhythm in her motor since she took my advice and bought Golden Shell.

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



Blueprint of a Dictator

KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG, the last Austrian chancellor, will be fortunate if he is not murdered by Nazis. His predecessor, Dollfuss, was shot down by Nazi bands just as Al Capone's gangsters pitilessly murdered their Chicago business rivals while prohibition was still the law of our land. Schuschnigg is said to have made himself unpopular with the new masters of Austria by expressing the opinion that Hitler is crazy.

Judged by democratic and American standards, much of the government of the dictator-ruled countries is intolerant and oppressive to the point of insanity. The Russian trials and executions seem utterly lunatic to normal Americans. Hitler's earlier blood purge, in which his former intimate friends and a recent chancellor of Germany were shot down in hot blood, seemed beyond the bounds of reason. We had our civil war and the British had theirs in the days of Cromwell, but even during those struggles murders of political opponents were never done. Once the wars were over, reconciliation began.

Fourteen years ago, while he was a prisoner, after the failure of his first revolution, Adolf Hitler wrote a remarkable book that explains some of this insanity. Hitler was thirty-five years old then and not a man of conventional education. He put down on paper the thoughts and feelings that surged through him. That book, "My Battle," forecast all too accurately the abrupt courses he followed when he had seized authority.

It is an incredible book. Hitler wrote out policies in the same spirit in which Mohammed must have composed the Koran. His assertions, however amazing, were true to him and to his followers because he uttered them.

Even in this book he began his pretension of acting as a god. For example, he says that as a young man in Vienna "I became a fanatical anti-Semite. . . . Thus did I now believe I must act in the sense of the Almighty Creator! By defending myself against the Jews I am fighting for the Lord's work."

Ordinarily when a man gets the delusion that he is God, or even Napoleon or Caesar, he is sent to a hospital for observation and treatment. Hitler, in contrast, was given supreme power to enforce his ideas.

The ideas he wrote down for the guidance of his followers amaze Americans. Here are some of his sayings, which actually determine the policies of his government:

"Democracy in the West today is the forerunner of Marxism which would be inconceivable without Democracy. . . . In its outward form of expression—the parliamentary system—it appeared as a monstrosity of filth and fire.

"One thing we must and may never forget: a majority can never be a substitute for a *Man.* It is always the advocate not only of the stupid but also of cowardly policies: and just as a hundred fools do not make one wise man, a heroic decision is not likely to come from a hundred cowards."

Believing these things, it is easy to see why Hitler made Schuschnigg's plebiscite the occasion for invading and capturing Austria. A vote of the people is the highest crime in the eyes of a dictator who, by his own words, "must act in the sense of the Almighty Creator."

The important matter for those outside of Germany is what Hitler intends to do to them. The world knows what he has done and is doing to Austria. What about the other countries of Europe?

Hitler apparently would like to get on with Great Britain. For example, he said: "Cool and cautious consideration shows that it is these two states, England and Italy, whose own most natural interests are least in opposition to the conditions essential to the existence of the German nation, and are, in fact, to a certain extent, identical with them."

On the other hand, in his words: "France is by far the most terrible enemy of Germany." There are, also, those comments concerning the South Tirol, now in Italian hands: "It must be thoroughly understood that the lost lands will never be won back by solemn appeal to the good God, nor by pious hopes in the League of Nations, but only by the force of arms." Memory of this may explain the mixed emotions of the Italians over the capture of Austria. No wonder they needed reassurance from Mussolini.

Hitler was plain enough in his talk of expansion when he said:

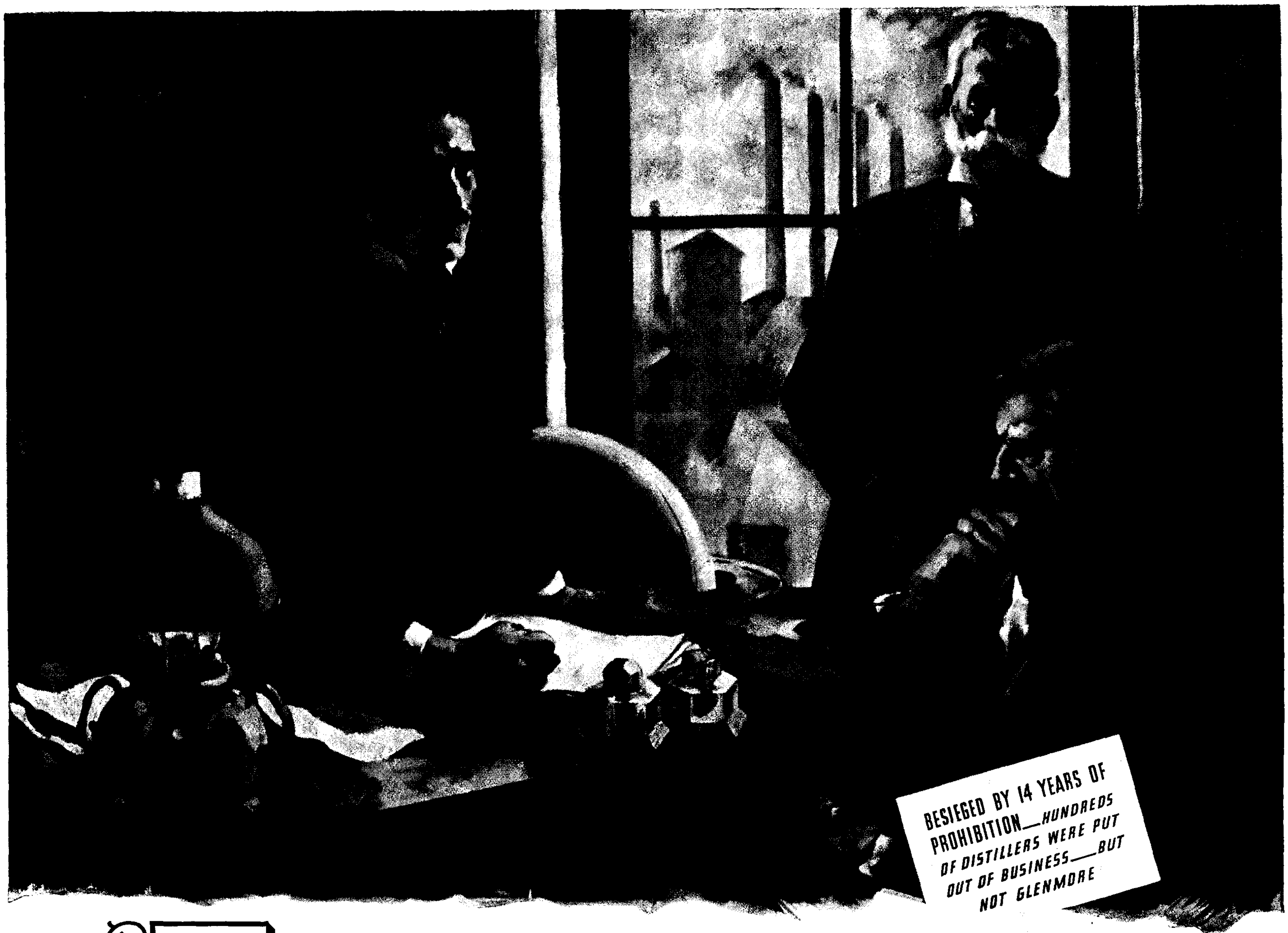
"When we talk of new lands in Europe we are bound to think first of Russia and her border states. Fate itself seems to wish to give us our direction. When fate abandoned Russia to bolshevism, it robbed the Russian people of the educated class which once created and guaranteed their existence as a state. . . . The immense empire is ripe for collapse." Czechoslovakia is practically a border state to Russia and is therefore envied. So too is Poland.

The justification for invasion, he says, is power. Here are his words:

"No nation on earth holds a square yard of territory by any right derived from Heaven. Frontiers are made and altered by human agency alone. The fact that a nation succeeds in acquiring an unfair share of territory is no superior reason for its being respected forever. It merely proves the strength of the conqueror and the weakness of those who lose by it. This strength alone constitutes the right to possess."

Bitter and crude principles these. Yet for the time the man who preaches them is, by his very recklessness, the most powerful individual in Europe. Not in long generations has one man had such power over so many people.

That the German people who, historically, contributed so much idealism to the world through the great musicians, scientists, philosophers, poets and teachers of religion, should in this present day have fallen under the domination of a Hitler is one of the great ironies of history. Ultimately, of course, the doctrine of pitiless power will be rejected by the German people for principles better adapted to civilized living. Meantime, Hitler is the number-one problem of the European world.


BESIEGED BY 14 YEARS OF PROHIBITION—HUNDREDS OF DISTILLERS WERE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS—BUT NOT GLENMORE

"We'll ride it out... keep the wheels turning"

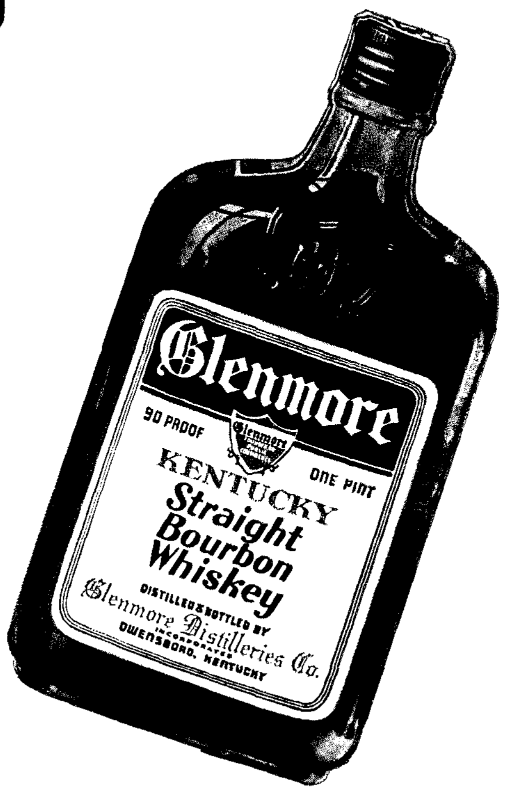
"It can't last—it's confiscation," exclaimed James Thompson, founder of the Glenmore Distilleries, when Prohibition came. "The public will never stand for it. We'll ride it out—keep the wheels turning. Good whiskey will come back, and we'll be making it."

But it did last—14 years. To most distillers it meant destruction. To Thompson it meant a long drawn siege. But he kept the metal bright, kept the wheels turning, held together his force of expert workers—and his faith was justified, though he did not live to see the Repeal he prophesied.

WHENEVER YOU SEE THE COLONEL THINK OF GLENMORE

Today, under the second generation of Thompson ownership and management, Glenmore is still making the good whiskies which the American public demands—produced by that same force of expert workers who rode out the 14 year siege with James Thompson.

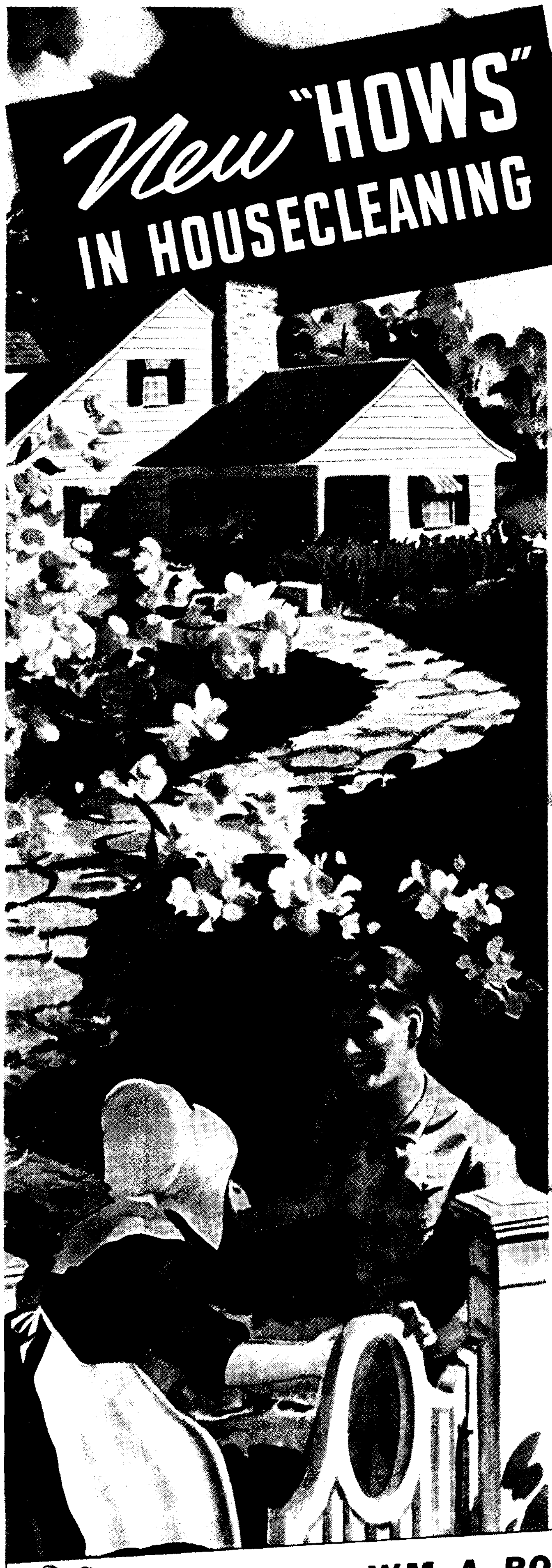
We call Glenmore's Glenmore *"The whiskey of a lifetime"*—for these "Old Timers" of ours have given *their lifetime* to the production of this fine, full-bodied, full-flavored Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville—Owensboro, Kentucky.


Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

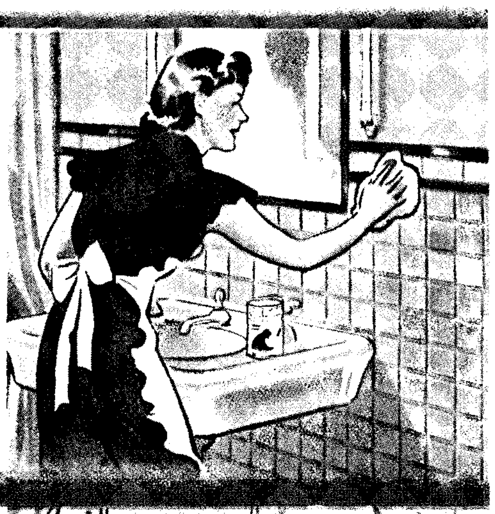
Glenmore

Founded on Public Confidence

New "HOWS" IN HOUSECLEANING

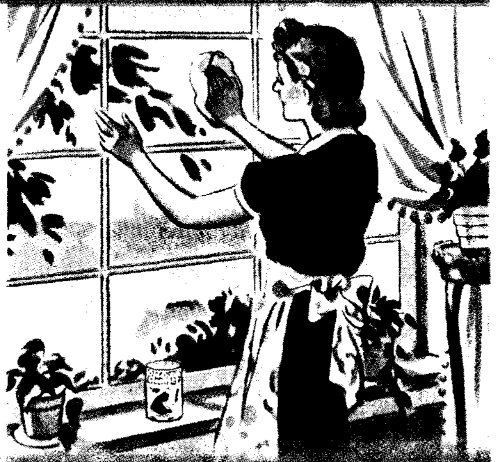


WALLS



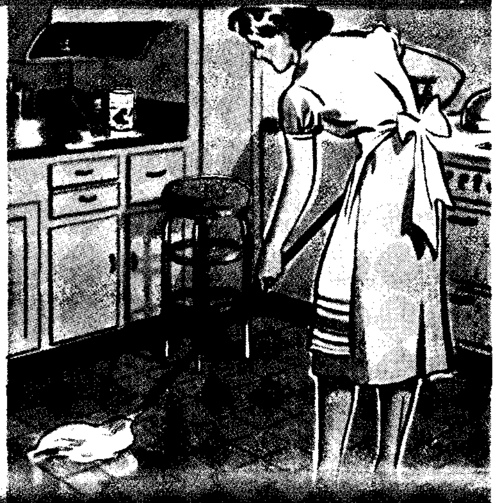
HERE'S HOW to clean tile and painted walls. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on a damp cloth and rub lightly. Rinse and wipe dry. Old Dutch (made with Seismotite) is especially desirable for cleaning porcelain, enamel, painted surfaces and all bathroom fixtures, because it *Doesn't Scratch.*

WINDOWS



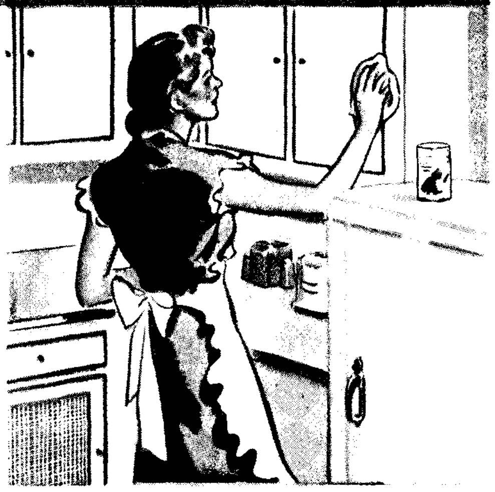
HERE'S HOW to "dry-clean" windows inside and out without roughening hands, in raw weather. Sprinkle Old Dutch on a thin, soft cloth, fold over and rub on the panes. This method allows you to wear gloves. If you prefer, use a damp cloth. Use Old Dutch also on mirrors, glassware, chromium, nickel, brass and copper.

FLOORS

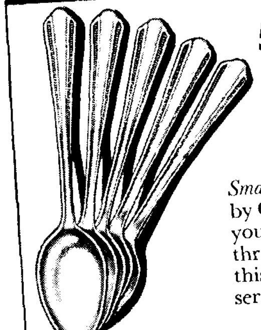


HERE'S HOW to give painted or linoleum floors that "thoroughly cleaned" look without hands-and-knees scrubbing. Use a few sprinkles of Old Dutch and a damp mop. Very little water is needed for rinsing. Ground in dirt, heel marks, etc. disappear. Try this same labor-saving method on porch floors and steps, inside and out.

WOODWORK



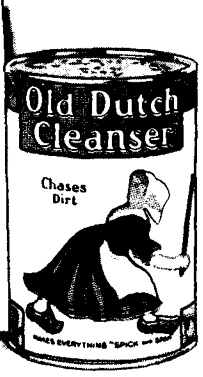
HERE'S HOW to clean painted woodwork, painted furniture, all painted surfaces. Use a soft damp cloth and Old Dutch. Rub lightly with overlapping strokes. To save time and steps always keep a can of Old Dutch in kitchen, bathroom, laundry and garage. *P.S. And Old Dutch is economical because a little goes so far!*



5 LOVELY WM. A. ROGERS TEASPOONS

$1.25 Value FOR ONLY 50¢ [60¢ in Canada] **and 3 Old Dutch labels**

Smart Croydon Pattern. A-1 plus quality silverware. Made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. $1.25 value, but through this special Old Dutch offer you get them for 50¢ [60¢ in Canada] and the windmill panels from three Old Dutch labels [or complete labels]. You'll be proud to use this quality silverware on your table. Start today to get a complete service. Coupon at the right tells you how.



THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY IN THE U. S. AND CANADA AND EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1938

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S410, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing______windmill panels from Old Dutch labels [or complete labels] and______cents for which please send me:

☐ Five Teaspoons
☐ Three Salad Forks
☐ One Cold Meat Fork
☐ One Gravy Ladle
☐ One Dinner Knife and Fork
☐ Three Oval Soup Spoons
☐ Three Butter Spreaders
☐ Three Oyster or Cocktail Forks
☐ Three Table or Serving Spoons
☐ One Butter Knife and One Sugar Spoon

You may order as many units as you like. Each unit requires 50¢ [60¢ in Canada] and windmill panels from 3 Old Dutch labels [or complete labels].

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

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